

Australian

PENTHOUSE

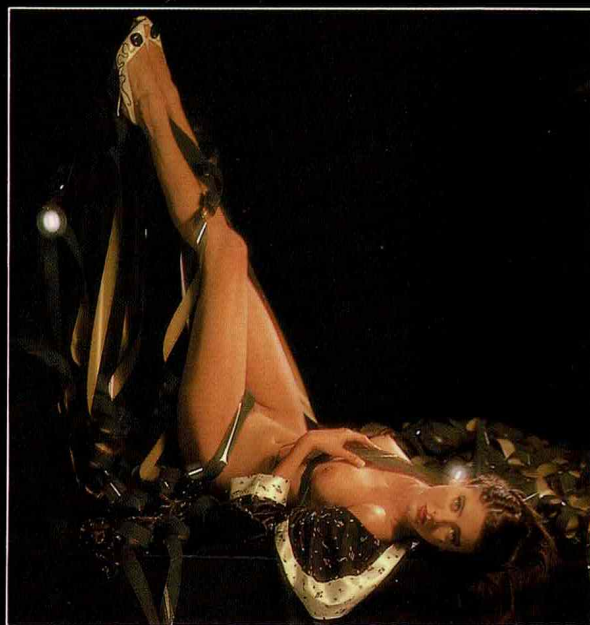
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1987

**EXCLUSIVE
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FIFI THE FRENCH MAID

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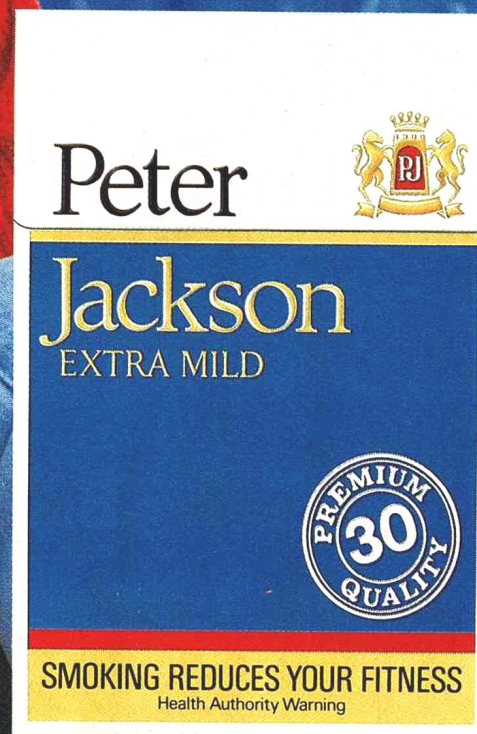
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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 12/December 1987



Asylum Night



One Nerd in Bangkok



Ilona Staller — Porno Politician



Fifi The French Maid

REGULARS

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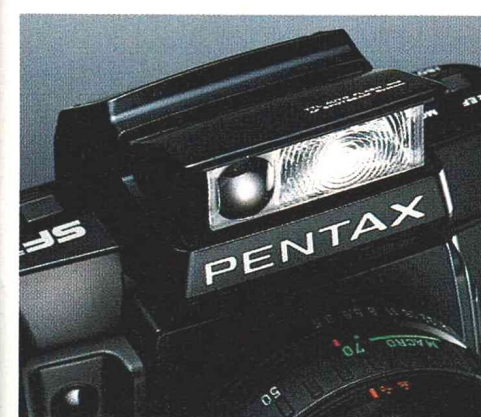
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Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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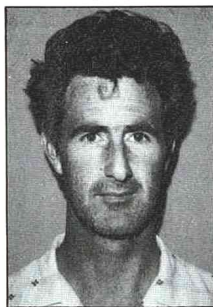
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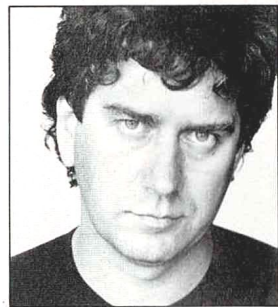
C.J. MACKAY



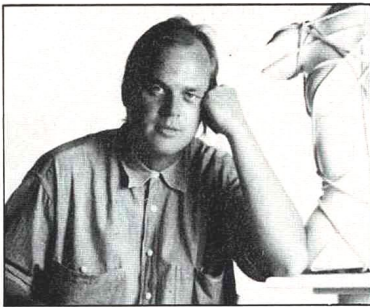
MIRELLA BORDIGNON



RAY CONDON



STEVE J. SPEARS



NICK BROKENSHA

HOUSECALL

CHRISTMAS CHEER

The December issue of *Penthouse* is a joke. Or rather, a series of jokes — a kaleidoscopic assortment of entertainments, amusements and devilish diversions. So we're calling it the Special Christmas Cheer Edition and we guarantee it'll give you a lift in more ways than one. But before you dive into this barrel of festive fun, you have a serious duty to perform. Today is Election Day, and your vote counts. Turn to page 101, cast a critical eye over the six sensational contenders for the title of 1988 *Penthouse* Pet of the Year, and make your selections.

FIFI THE FRENCH MAID

Margaret Duncan, aka Fifi L'Amour, became the best-known stripper in all the land when she was arrested earlier this year on charges of indecent behavior. Oddly enough, the Queensland wallpapers had to look long and hard at her act before determining that the feisty Fifi had placed her audience in moral danger by exposing her genitals. "It was an accident," she told the court. The same can't be said of our centrefold pictorial, where you'll see what the boys in blue saw — and a lot more. Turn to page 67. The photos are by Nick Brokensha.

BEYOND A JOKE

If you thought C.J. Mackay scraped the bottom of the barrel for the original 101 Offensive Jokes published one year ago, you ain't seen nothing yet. In response to overwhelming public demand, C.J. has actually burrowed underground to come up with 101 Even More Offensive Jokes that really put the gag back into gag. Turn to Mirella Bordignon's illustrations on page 61.

CHRISTMAS TURKEY CATALOGUE

Christmas is a time for giving people something they don't want because it's cheaper than giving them what they do want. Ric West has taken this maxim one step further by producing a list of hilarious Chrissie presents that no-one could possibly want to receive but everyone would truly love to give. That's on page 50, with illustrations by Mark Tremlett.

GIVE 'EM HELL

We've got burgers, we've got fries, we've got Yank Wank up to our eyes — but the one thing we've been lacking is a real live Southern foot-stompin', Bible-bashin', belly-achin' evangelist. Well, Mr Jack Sonnemann is here, and Gahd help us. Dan Reid's rollicking profile, illustrated by Michael Farrell, starts on page 32.

ONE NERD IN BANGKOK

Steve J. Spears, actor, playwright and near-legendary rager and womaniser, finally met his match in the seedy backrooms of a Bangkok blowjob bar. Steve, or "noodle dick" as he came to be called among the natives, failed to rise to the occasion. What did he learn from this deflating experience? Turn to Ray Condon's illustration on page 82.

DAVID PENINGTON INTERVIEW

If you still need cheering up, chances are you are suffering from AIDSophobia, or fear of the Grim Reaper. The condition can be cured by turning to page 94, where Australia's foremost authority on AIDS puts paid to the myth of a heterosexual epidemic in a comprehensive interview with Senior Editor Greg Hunter. The photo was shot by Rodney Stewart. ☐

We believe that two-timing is good for the heart.



It is somehow fitting that the only people in the world to insist that a pure heart can only be reached by a process of duplicity, are French.

And a very special breed of Frenchmen at that — the Cognacais.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian Penthouse—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Strange Customs

The article Strange Customs by David Halpin in the September issue of *Australian Penthouse* would have been amusing for its shabby unprofessionalism and bias if it had not sought to denigrate the 5000 dedicated members of the Australian Customs Service.

To put the record straight, it is necessary to first consider the background of the writer's informant, who is an ex-customs officer, has not worked for customs for more than three years and is a paid Staff Association official. His association was effectively disenfranchised by the Conciliation and Arbitration Commission late last year because it was considered to lack the constitutional capacity to properly represent its members.

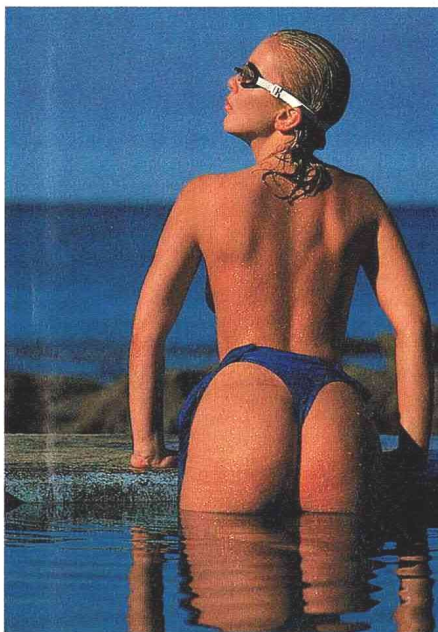
The Mahoney report in 1983 found that "The COA representative in public hearing stated that unsubstantiated allegations of corruption had been made to the media for the purpose of gaining public support for the objectives of the association." That your article repeated such allegations is an indictment of your journalistic standards; that the writer failed to seek comment from the organisation under attack is as incomprehensible as it is unethical.

He points out, in one apparent revelation of his investigative skills, that *Penthouse* "managed to obtain the final Task Force report", which is a public document — freely available — and has been since the Australian Customs Service released it at a press conference in Canberra on April 22, 1987. Had your writer possessed either the courtesy or the journalistic integrity to contact me, I would have happily provided him with not only a copy of the report, but responses by customs to the allegations.

I have little hope that you will attempt to redress the abysmal imbalance of your article but you should at least realise now that you've been led up the garden path by a man with an axe to grind. — Bernard Shirely, A/g Director Public Affairs, Australian Customs Service

Strange Customs' writer David Halpin replies:

Like any desk-bound public relations flack, Mr Shirley believes journalists meeting deadlines prefer to go through the PR system rather than direct to the top spokesmen for an organisation, as I did. I made a number of attempts to contact Mr



Tracy Wynters' heat treatment

Murphy, the Customs Service Collector in Sydney, but my calls were never returned.

I also attempted to get the Task Force report from customs but against time I finally procured it from another source. Clearly it was not as easy to obtain as Shirley alleges.

As for his attempt to use the old trick of attacking the messenger rather than the message: What does it matter if Bob Spanswick — the "informant" I presume Shirley refers to — is an ex-customs officer, hasn't worked for customs for three years or is a paid "Staff Association official"?

Before I spoke to Spanswick I telephoned a number of senior journalists across Australia who have used material from him to stand up many good stories. They all said he was a militant in union matters but had never misled them nor made unsubstantiated allegations to them. They also warned me that the Customs Service had been gunning for him.

Obviously Spanswick was not the only contact used for the story. Why doesn't Mr Shirley attack the other informants named in my story? Can he explain why the AMWSU and the ACOA have also slammed customs for its failure to cope with tariff evasion and fraud? Can he say why there was a need to hold 11 inquiries in the past 14 years? Or why the National

Crime Authority found it necessary to interview Frank Duggan about, among other matters, his customs fraud allegations? If Mr Shirley believes I have acted in an unethical manner he knows he can lay a charge against me with the Judiciary Committee of the Australian Journalists Association. As a long-term member of the AJA I have served a number of terms on the Ethics Committee (as it used to be known) and I'd be happy to have my so-called unprofessionalism raised before my peers.

As for his sarcastic reference to my investigative skills, I've been a senior journalist for over 30 years, and I've broken more good stories than Shirley has put out boring press releases which end up on the spike. If he wants a debate I'd be happy to oblige him any time. However, I'd need to know his telephone number, which doesn't appear on his letter-head. A strange practice for a professional communicator, but then the whole tone of his letter resonates with the closed mind of a public service clerk.

Perhaps Mr Shirley should try working as a journalist, attempting to explain for the public benefit the mysteries of large and expensive bureaucratic machines instead of acting to further the cover-up.

Black Label buff

Absolutely brilliant! I am of course talking about your unbelievable September *Penthouse*. As an avid reader of your Black Label edition, I also buy the regular *Penthouse* at newsagents because I like to see what people are missing out on. If you are not a Black Label subscriber become one now — it is well worth the initial expense.

I am writing in response to your pictorial of Tracy Wynters. What can I say? Ever thought of becoming a weekly? Keep on outdoing yourself. — Name and address withheld

The bottom line

I'd like to thank C.J. Mackay for the large amount of amusement I get from her columns in *Australian Penthouse*. September's was great. It made me laugh and it made me slightly nervous. (How come I've never been invited to play such games?) It's not just Australian males who suffer from this anal obsession. Are you aware that the American term for close male friends is "asshole buddies"? — Name and address withheld

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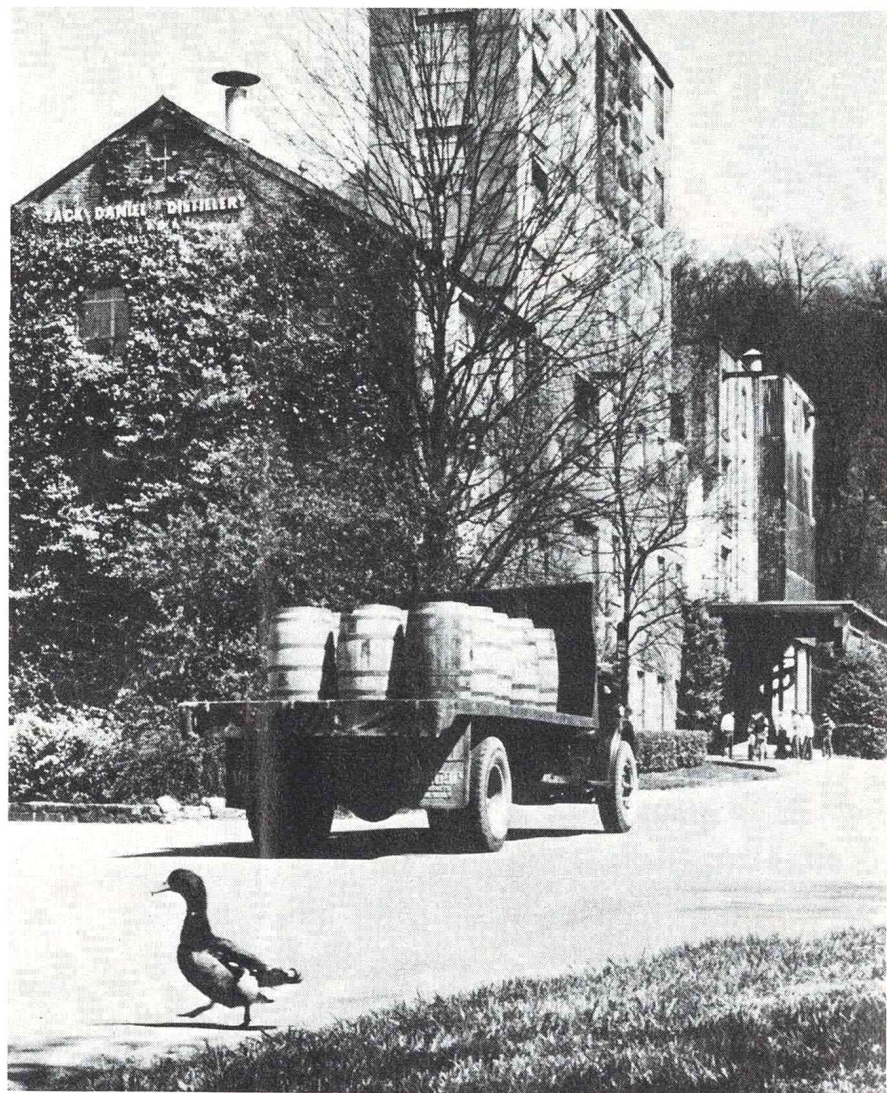
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Girls just wanna have fun

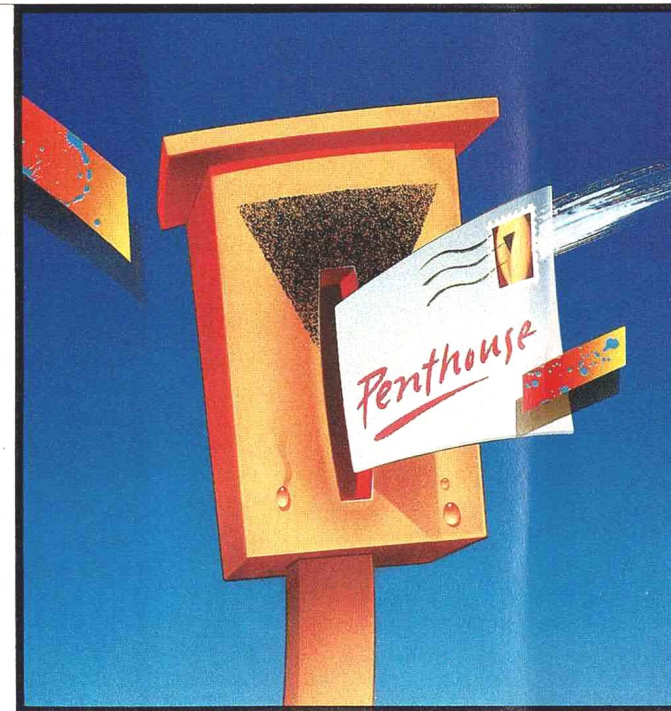
I am an attractive 21-year-old female and I attend a fairly large university. Due to housing problems, I had to move in with three other girls whom I previously didn't know. All of them were pretty, and I figured none of them would have any problems getting dates.

The first weekend after I moved in, Lila went out with a hunk named Jeremy, and Karen had a date with Ben, a muscular footballer. That left me and Helen dateless, so we decided to go to a party. Helen must have been really horny, because she couldn't keep her hands off any of the men there. I decided to go into another room where four guys were hanging out. They were nice, but none were my material, so I went back to the party, found Helen, and drank for a couple more hours before we decided we'd better leave.

As soon as we got home, we discovered we had forgotten our keys. Luckily, the door was unlocked. When we walked in, my jaw dropped: Lila and Karen were completely naked on the couch in a sixty-nine position. I was so stunned I couldn't speak. They finally acknowledged our presence by glancing up at us, but they continued with passion. I have had fantasies about making it with other women, but I thought it would never happen. It was so beautiful to see them going at each other I just couldn't resist, and I began rubbing my crotch as fast as my hands would fly. I was burning up with desire and so was Helen. I grabbed her and shot my tongue down her throat. We undressed as fast as we could. Helen has a very beautiful body, and I couldn't keep my eyes off her.

We wrapped our arms around each other and started to French-kiss. Our breasts rubbed against each other's, making my nipples stick out long and hard. Her nipples were like large red cherries, and I began to flick my tongue across them. When I put my hand near her pussy, she said, "Play with me. Lick my clit." I was curious as to how a woman tasted, and I wasn't let down. She was so sweet I thought I was tasting honey.

We were in a world all our own, when all of a sudden I felt something long and hard



enter my pussy. I looked over my shoulder and saw Lila behind me with a vibrator strapped to her waist. It felt great! She used it expertly, going slowly at first, then pounding me as hard as she could. I must have had four orgasms by this time, but wasn't quite finished yet.

Lila handed me the vibrator, after licking my juices off it. She got on her back and said, "Fuck me, you Amazon, you!" So I strapped it around my waist and slipped it up her pussy. I fucked her until she was screaming at the top of her lungs. I pulled it out of her, and Karen was right at my side. Karen wrapped her lips around it, sucking all of Lila's juices into her mouth.

By the time we were finished, the sun was coming up. We lay in one another's arms kissing each other on the lips and rubbing each other's bodies. We made a pact that we would do this only on special occasions, but it hasn't worked yet. We shower together in the morning and sleep together at night. We wear one another's underwear and masturbate on it. Although we haven't given up on guys completely, I will never forget this semester's thrilling experiment. — Name and address withheld

Working stiff

Recently, I was asked to attend a training session on a new system being implemented by our company. After a lot of discussion concerning who would attend

these meetings, it was finally decided that Roberta, a beautiful redhead working for me, would participate. One day, while discussing what we would need to answer at the meetings, Roberta mentioned she had never flown before and was looking forward to the chance.

We took a night flight, since the meeting would not start till 8am the next morning. We boarded about 7pm and started on the sessions we were to have the next day. As we taxied to the end of the runway, Roberta asked if she could hold my hand, since she was getting nervous. I said sure, and she grabbed my hand before I had a chance to reach for hers. The forces of the jet taking off caused her elbow to slide up and rest against my crotch.

Roberta made no effort to move her elbow. I was trying to assure her there was nothing to worry about, but her grip on my hand remained tight. Roberta's elbow was now starting to cause some problems, since my member was starting to "rise to the occasion." Every time I tried to move Roberta's elbow, she would just move it back.

We finally landed and got to the motel to check in. I had reserved connecting rooms when I had made the reservations to allow us easy access to each other. On the way to the rooms, I got some mixers and asked Roberta to join me for a drink before she retired. She said she was going to hang up her clothes and would knock on the connecting door when she was through.

I had hung my suits and shirts, fixed myself a drink, and was watching a soccer game on TV when I heard Roberta knock on the door. When I opened it, I was surprised to find Roberta clothed in her nightgown and robe. It was not revealing, but it surprised me that she would come to my room dressed that way. I fixed myself a drink and sat on the bed facing the chair Roberta was sitting in.

Roberta started talking about how nice the flight had been and that I had been right about her enjoying it once we got into the air. I couldn't help wondering about whether she meant that she enjoyed the flight, or rubbing her elbow against my

FORUM

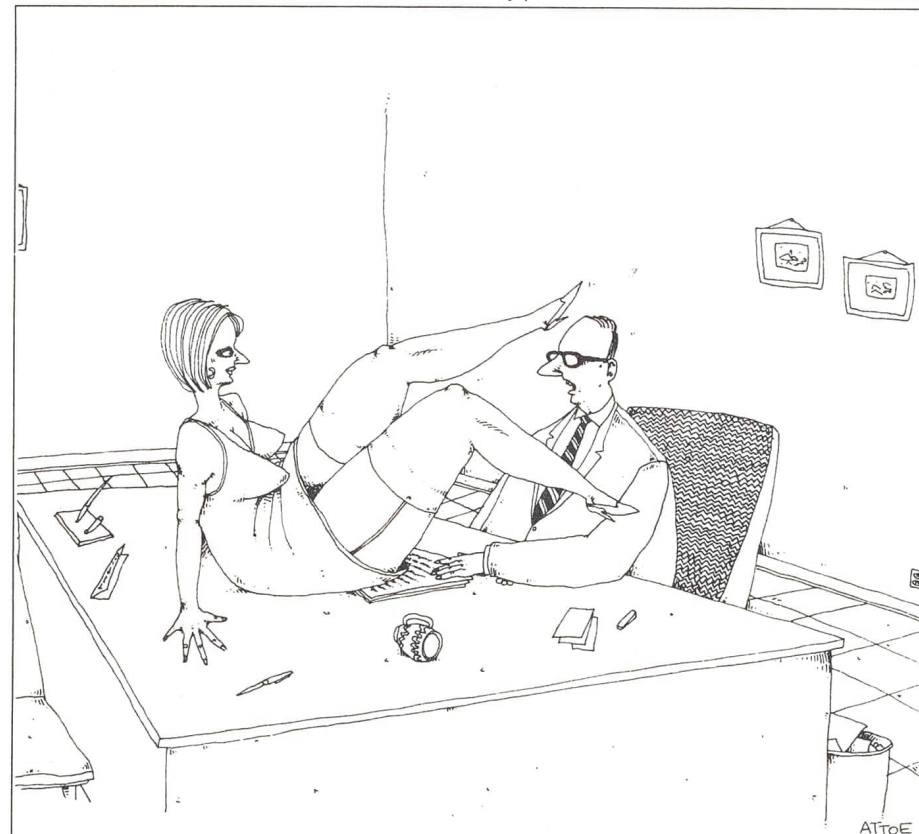
crotch. We continued talking while I got up to fix us another drink. When I finished, Roberta had moved her chair close enough to the bed to prop her feet up on it. I sat back down and noticed that her knee-length gown and robe were now about mid-thigh. My member began to swell again as my eyes became riveted to the end of Roberta's robe, and I wondered how far she would let it go before closing off the view. She uncrossed her legs and reached for her drink, and suddenly I had a clear view of Roberta's cunt. I now had the answer to a question that had been going around our office since I hired Roberta. She was red at both ends. Roberta did not bother to cross her legs back, and I sat there with this wonderful view and a member that was trying to come out of my pants.

My curiosity was killing me — I had to know if Roberta was teasing, meant business, or had no idea what she was doing. I asked if she would mind if I got comfortable. She replied that she was surprised I had stayed in my suit as long as I had. I took off my tie, shirt, shoes, and began moving about the room, which gave my member more room to expand. I was sure she had noticed the huge bulge in my pants.

I had calculated my next move to determine if Roberta was aware of what she had

been doing. I picked up my suitcase, went into the bathroom, and asked her if she would mind if I changed into my pyjamas. She said of course not, she was in hers and we were both adults. With that, my heart sank, realising that Roberta had not been aware of what she had been doing. I did not know what to do. I decided I had to come out in some form of bed apparel, but I had none in my suitcase. My plan had been to come out in my boxer shorts, which is what I sleep in at home, and upon seeing my hard-on, she would either go to her room or stay. Although my hard-on had now subsided, I decided to go ahead and come out in my boxer shorts.

When I came out, Roberta looked and remarked that that was what her husband slept in. Not thinking, I went back to the end of the bed and sat down. Roberta had not moved, and I suddenly realised I still had the same wonderful view. I could feel my penis start to rise, but I did not have my pants to conceal it this time. Roberta suddenly covered her mouth, and I looked down to see my penis coming through the hole in my boxer shorts. I turned my back towards Roberta and told her I could not help it, her red-headed cunt had been causing me problems all night. Roberta laughed, stood up, and said that she was sorry for the problems I had gone through. She untied her robe and let it fall to the floor. When I saw that, I quit trying to hide my penis and fell back on the bed. Roberta



"Do you mind? I'm trying to read your résumé."

took off my shorts and started giving me a wonderful blowjob. While she continued to work on my member, Roberta turned around and sat her red-haired cunt down on my face for me to start working on. She suddenly stopped sucking on my cock and moaned that she was coming. After her orgasm, she went back to work on my member and brought me off. Roberta kept a tight clamp on my dick until she had drained the last drop.

I removed her nightgown, wanting to get a full view of those beautifully shaped breasts of hers. I grabbed a handful and started playing with them. Roberta commented that she knew I had wanted to play around since she noticed my erection on the plane. I told her I could not figure out if she knew what she was doing or not. As I continued to fondle Roberta's breasts with one hand, I moved my other hand down to her red love nest and started fondling her there. Roberta reached for my now-limp member and asked how long it would be before I was ready again. As she was talking, it started to rise, and she remarked that I had a quick turnaround time. While we were playing with each other, we started kissing. Roberta rolled on top of me and put my throbbing member into her hot red box. As soon as I started shooting my load, she had her orgasm.

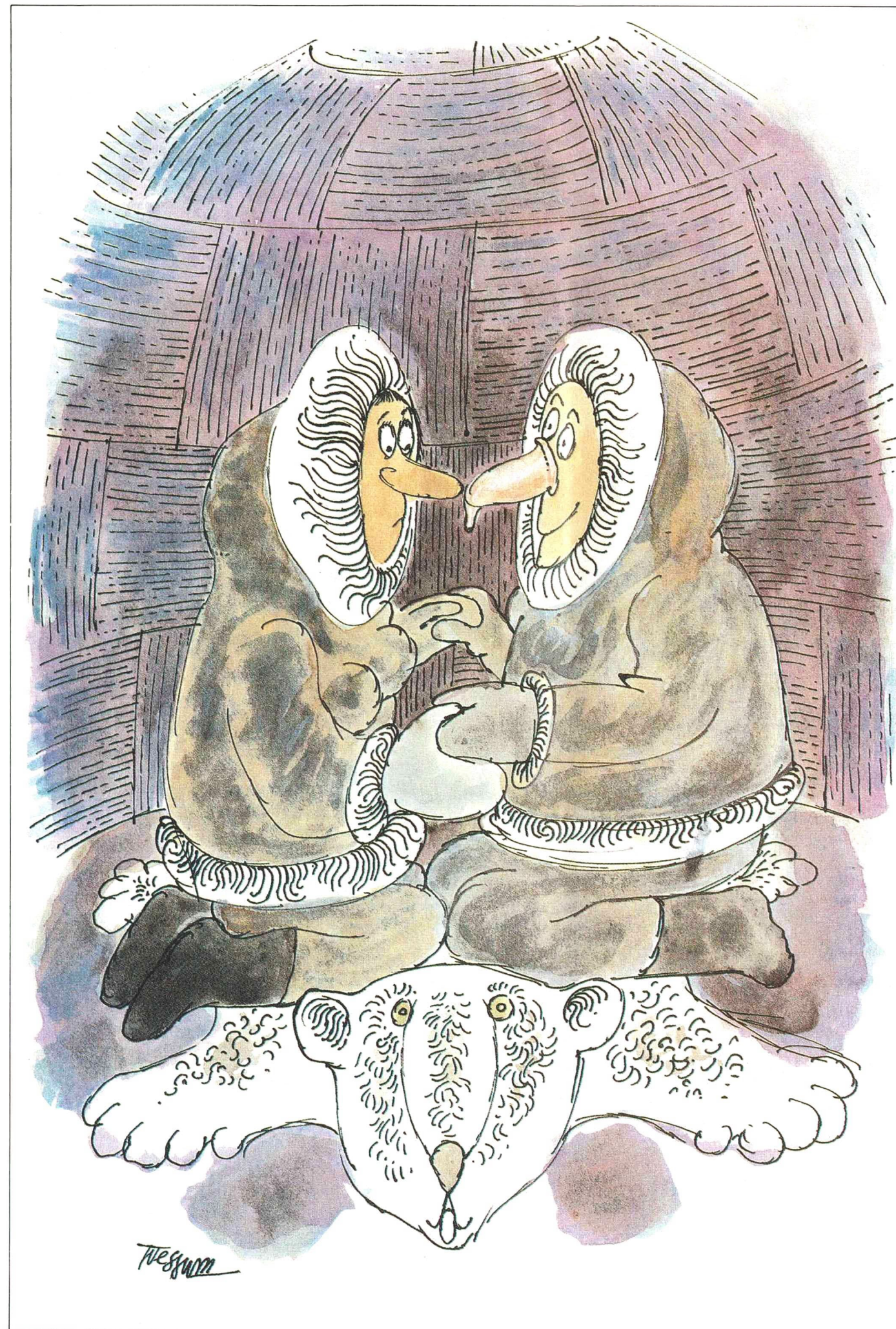
As we sat there relaxing, Roberta's room phone rang. She ran to pick it up and found her husband on the other end of the line. I got up and went to the connecting door. She was telling him she had just gotten out of the shower and was getting ready to give him a call. She looked at me and started smiling. I went over to the bed and took a mouthful of breast and a handful of still-steaming slit. Roberta was having trouble talking to her husband while I was fondling her body, and when she finally got through talking to him, she asked me if I was trying to get her in trouble. We made love again and then went to bed together.

We continued this through the entire three-day session and, as a result, the trip was a tremendous success, both in business and in pleasure. — Name and address withheld

Bubbling over

I had a party at my home the other night. After the last couple had left, my friend Marcy told me that Don was up in my room waiting for me. I ran up the stairs, then slowly walked to the door of my room. I knocked, then walked in. Don was standing in front of the bed with two glasses of champagne in his hands. "Hi, baby," he said, staring at my tits. I reached up and kissed him on the lips as I ran my fingers across his chest muscles. He was wearing jeans, and I could see his erection poking through. I reached down to unzip his pants; he had no underwear on, and his full erection popped out as his jeans fell to the floor.

I quickly took my panties off and



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TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

Ogilvy MIA 0009

FORUM

grabbed his cock with both hands. I squeezed his balls as I sucked his penis. Then I slowly ran my tongue along the underside of his long shaft. It was too big for me to suck all of it, so I rolled my tongue around its head and wrapped my lips around it. "Don, please fuck me," I pleaded as I lay on the bed with my legs spread open. Don knelt in front of me with his cock in hand. He put the head of his penis in first, then pushed himself in deeper. I let out a scream and yelled, "Give me more!" Don then inserted his last six inches, and I ground down on his cock.

We were both breathing heavily as Don thrust in and out of my dripping pussy. We were really going at it. I had my legs wrapped around him, and you could hear the sound of his wet balls slapping against my buttocks. I must have had three orgasms, and when Don came, it was with a scream.

Then in walked Marcy. To my surprise, she came over to the bed, then took off her clothes. "Lie back, Don, and we'll have you hard again in no time," she said to him with a smile. She started licking his cock while I knelt over his face. He lapped at our combined love juices as his hands played with my swinging tits, squeezing my nipples, making me come even more.

In no time, Don had another hard-on, and Marcy mounted him. She was really hot and wet. "Oh, Don, it feels so good!" Marcy screamed as she bounced up and down on

him. Don let go of my tits and reached for Marcy's hips as she ground down on him harder and harder. Both orgasmed wildly at the same time. Exhausted, Don finally removed his tongue from my pussy, and the three of us fell asleep in one another's arms. It had been some party. —*Name and address withheld*

Screen gems

Like many others, I never envisioned in my wildest dreams that I would have anything worth writing to Forum about — that is, until now. I am the maintenance supervisor at a large shopping mall. It contains several television viewing areas that are all under the control of one central operator in an electronic surveillance compound. One night, when the chief operator was ill, she asked if I would fill in for her, and I gladly agreed.

After the mall had closed and I had been given control of the electronic brain of the mall, my girlfriend and I decided to view a videotape of one of our fervent lovemaking sessions. Not thinking for a moment that this come-flying extravaganza was being broadcast over all of the TV pits in the mall, we relaxed with a few drinks and re-enacted the tumultuous "slide" show.

The next day, while performing my usual duties, I was approached by Pam, a redhaired vixen who works in the lingerie boutique. She asked if I could help her move a heavy box in her stockroom, and when she led me into the back of the store, it became apparent to me that the only box that was in the room was hers. As I turned

to her with an inquisitive look, she smiled and anxiously removed her clothing.

As the girth of my seven-inch throbbing love tool began to swell, she said that she wanted me to pound it into her the same way that she had seen me do it on TV last night. Only then did I realise that Pam had been working late that night and saw all. To my astonishment, the sexcapade was even better with a leading lady. While we were thrusting and grinding, she screamed in ecstasy. Just as the vibrations of my up-coming explosion began to focus upon the epicentre of my diamond-hard jism pumper, Pam threw me on to my back and sucked my knob so hard that I thought my balls would pop out of the end of my pud. When I blasted my load of hot liquid protein deeply into her tight, hungry throat, she sucked down every drop as if she were starving.

Since that lust-filled evening, it seems as though there have been a lot of heavy boxes needing to be moved throughout the mall. —*Name and address withheld*

World affairs

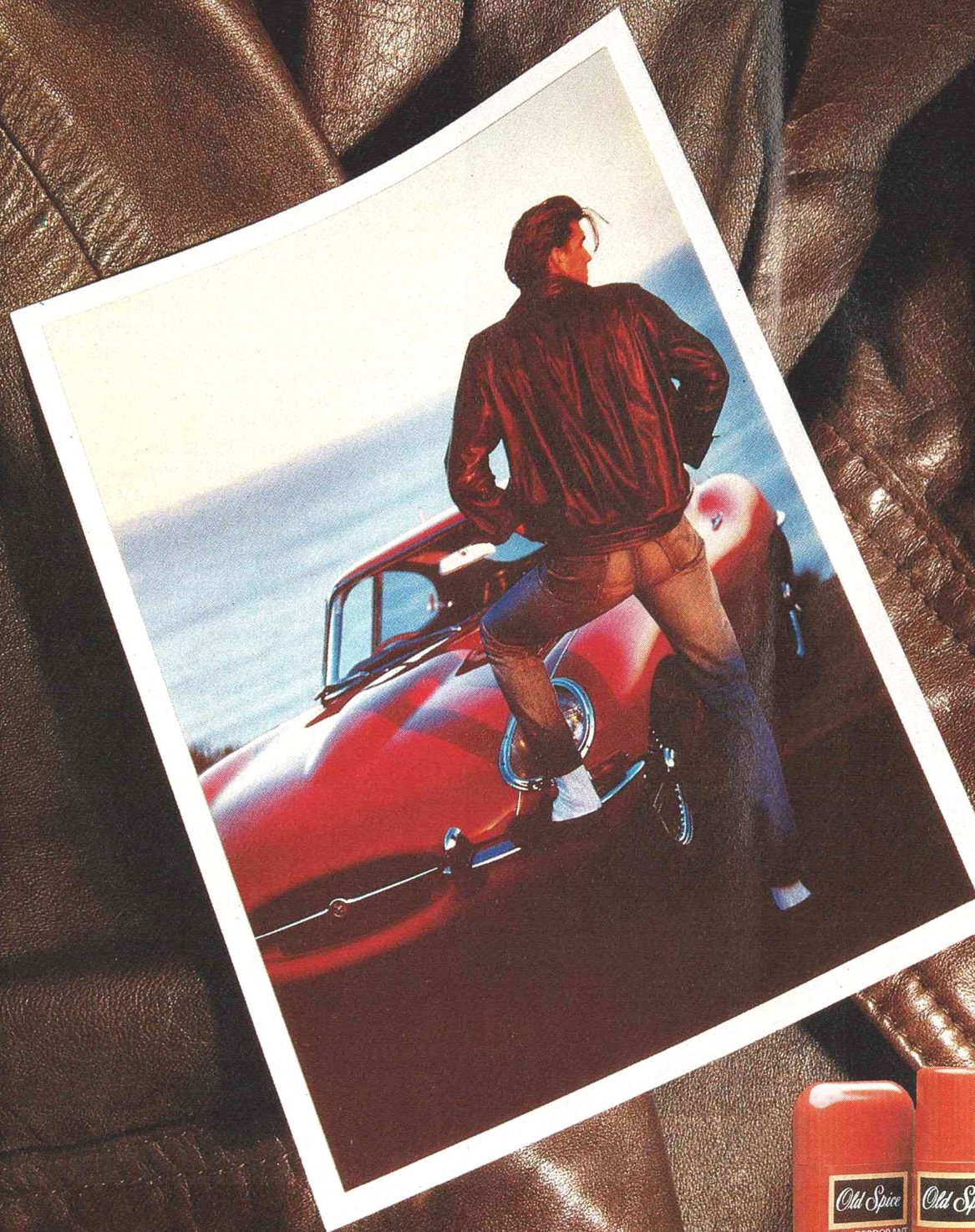
I am a 70-year-old widower who has just returned from a trip around the world. Although I thought I was old enough to have "seen it all," this year-long voyage, a birthday present from my six children, open my tired old eyes in more ways than one.

My trip began in Paris, in late May of 1986, where I rented a car and drove around. After about ten days, I found myself at the Riviera. Although I had not been near a woman for over six years, I had no desire in me whatsoever. While at the beach one day, sitting at a table reading a French paper (I had studied French many years earlier), two American women in their twenties asked to sit at my table as the place was crowded. There were basically two kinds of wardrobe at this particular resort — topless or completely bare. These two were topless, each wearing a G-string. Thinking I was French, they spoke to each other in English. Their talk certainly would've been shocking to their parents, as they related to each other how they'd spent yesterday and the night before.

One told of having met her lover in the water. He was a member of a water-ballet team, and she asked him if it was difficult keeping rhythm with one another in the water. He told her no, and offered to show her how he and his teammates had learned how to do it. Then he told her to hold his ankles and just kick her feet as they swam; when he dipped his right foot, it meant they would turn to the left and over. As they swam, she couldn't help noticing his balls and part of his cock occasionally peeking out of his suit, and she felt her juices starting to flow. Then he told her to try leading, and he took her ankles. She knew when she spread her legs that he could see her snatch, because her G-string was loose. As she got into the swing of the bal-

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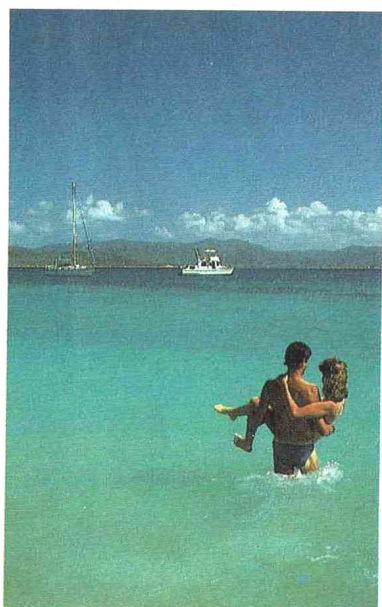
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FORUM

let, he raised his hands to her knees, then to her thighs. She thought she would explode when he suddenly put his head underwater and began to lick and suck her throbbing pussy. She was in ecstasy, and just kept floating on the water. After she came — "in waves" — she told him to swim on his back while she swam between his legs and sucked him off. It was the most exciting thing that she had ever experienced in her life. Believe it or not, I was not aroused at hearing this, and I got up and left.

After a few uneventful days in Switzerland, I decided to take a two-week bus tour in Tel Aviv. The next day, after an early breakfast, I boarded the bus with about 30 others, most of whom spoke English. Most were couples, except for three pairs of American college students and two Irish women in their fifties. The first day and night was spent at a new kibbutz just outside of Gaza, and I learned that evening that the two women were friends. The older one, Maggie, told me that Deborah had lost her husband two years ago and was still depressed about it. Maggie was married, with six children, and had left her family to see if she could help her friend. She felt that visiting the many holy church areas would be uplifting. The next day we did some sight-seeing (which included a tour of the home of Ben-Gurion) and swimming at the beach, then stopped for the night at a kibbutz that was celebrating a wine festival.

The wine flowed freely, of course, and everyone sang and danced around a large campfire. I sat between Maggie and Deborah, the three of us watching the festivities. I wasn't drinking, as I'm not a wine person, but the two women were passing the bottle back and forth in front of me, occasionally getting up to join in the dancing. Soon they were really tipsy, and would grab me either around the waist or by my thighs to balance themselves while they filled their cups. Every once in a while, one of them would take hold of my cock, and it wasn't long before Maggie was putting her hand under my khaki shorts. I was really dumbfounded and didn't know what to do — I didn't know whether she was doing it accidentally or on purpose. This went on for over a half hour. Suddenly, Deborah seemed to pass out, and I was asked to help take her to the cottage she'd be sleeping in.

I carried her to her bed and placed her upon the double-sized mattress she'd later be sharing with her friend. Maggie asked me to help undress her. At first I hesitated, but seeing she needed my help, I decided to assist. Deborah had firm, full tits and flaming red pubic hair, the same color as the hair on her head. I just stood there, un-

Continued on page 137

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE BEACH IS A BITCH

Historically, the middle-aged Australian male is not regarded as an adventurous chap. Any adventurous streak carried over from a torrid youth quickly disappears when he assumes the burdens that middle age demands. Responsibilities like the moral development of his children while keeping them distant from rabid dogs and anything marked "Poison." Burdens like a best girl who employs credit cards as others use tissues. Sadly, his spirit of adventure takes a lengthy sabbatical, likely to return only if he wins the lottery. Or is divorced. Everest will remain untrammelled by Keith the accountant. The Amazon will never resound to the co-ees of Gary and Glen, the advertising men.

Don't despair, lads, there is one final chance for glory. It'll get you madder than you've ever been. The adrenalin will pump, the panic will strike like a firebolt. But it's your big chance to shed that build-up of anxious energy. The anger will be therapeutic, the almighty pain in the arse a catharsis. We're talking, of course, of A Trip To The Beach.

It will begin on an innocent Sunday morning. Pre-occupied with planning all the little jobs you can put off till next week, all seems calm. Except for the kids, who are screaming and throwing things and acting like a wrecking ball. "Let's go to the beach," your best girl says.

Upon hearing this, it is not uncommon for Middle Aged Man to wander away feigning deafness, get into his car and go play golf. The ears of his offspring, however, are sensitised to these words within a radius of 200 paces, and an average of seven seconds will elapse before they are lined up at the door with towels, buckets and spades, cossies, hats and Mr Seahorse, a felonious floating article that habitually deflates as its young rider drifts out past the shark net. The Adventure Has Begun.

What should be a short car trip will become a maddening crawl. Internal cabin temperature idles at 52 degrees. The air conditioning will overload as the mind of the driver dwells uncomfortably on the knowledge that the only swimming costume he possesses was purchased by his mother at a Best And Less sale. A voluminous nylon garment imprinted with the likenesses of tiny muscle men. It is the mark of the pusillanimous to become disheartened or ill-tempered at this point. For there is more, much more, to come.

Parking the car only a short cab ride from the beach, Middle Aged Man and his family can at last discern the first hint of a cooling sea breeze.

Nostrils uptilt to catch salt air in heady combination with the tang of sunscreen lotion. Momentarily, the wafts dispel the agony and frustration. Perhaps it will be All Worthwhile.

But lo! How could it have occurred to this average man and his average family that every other human being in the state would be visiting the very same beach at this exact minute? Beach? There is no beach, only flesh and hair and a shifting layer of flies. Middle-Aged Man wants to go home. The sand is burning his soles and though barely two minutes have elapsed, his kids have become lost.

It is his trusty spouse who, smiling wanly, wades into the carpet of oiled bodies. He follows dejectedly, praying for rain.

Then a truce is signalled as the umbrella is unfurled above a patch of vacant sand, followed by the laying on of towels and the ritual casting of the children into the ocean. Relax. Here, spreadeagled upon the scorching sand like a roasting pig, Middle-Aged Man can at last glory in his conquest. He has made it. He has taken on The Beach and won! From here it is a simple matter of observing a few rules of battle.

1. Never let your eyes stray to the curvy blonde rubbing greasy, oozing lotion over her breasts, eyes closed, lips parted. The tiny musclemen on your cossie may, without warning, turn into bulging Schwarzeneggers.
2. Do not stroll along the shoreline while aroused.
3. Staring at topless women is un-hip. Memorise them for later.
4. Do not be shocked by the brevity of bikinis. It is an admission of age.
5. Never lose sight of your children. There is not enough available water space for them to drown, but they may scatter sand over an Aryan gorilla with a hair-trigger temper.

6. Avoid European couples with lots of children. They all have radios.

7. Do not run down to the water and with a grand leap dive into a wave. You may hit bottom. And it looks gumpy.

8. If you choose to wear shoes and long socks on to the beach — Hah hah hah hah!

9. Do not ask a surfer if you can try out his board. He will punch you.

10. The right time to leave the beach is after being rescued by the lifesavers.

For the next week if the simmering anger at having to do the whole thing again come Sunday doesn't get you, the sunburn will. But be satisfied: going to the beach is the most dangerous Middle Aged Male Adventure and you made it back alive. Wait till you tell the lads. — Steven Gibbs

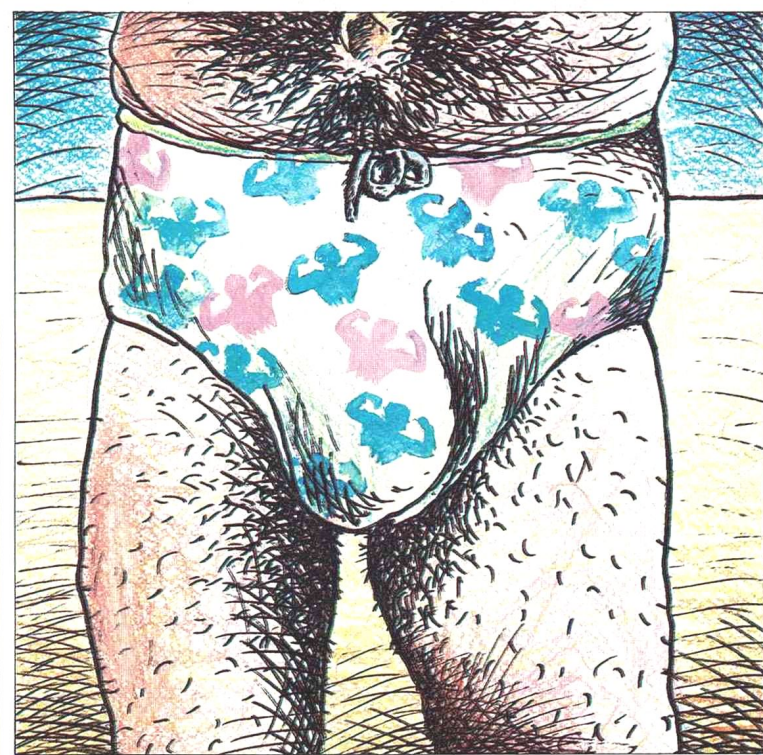


Illustration by Graham Rendoth

LUST



PHONE AYATOLLAH-FREE

The Koran forbids fornication and adultery and, by implication, any hanky-panky that might lead thereto. In Iran, where every jot and tittle of the glorious *Koran* is binding as law, the fervid zealots of the Islamic Revolution take pains to ensure not only that believers resist the temptations of the flesh, but that as far as possible they never come within cooee of them. Loose talk and unseemly dealings between young men and women unrelated by blood or marriage are sternly frowned upon. Discos, singles bars and smooching at the movies are out.

Unable to socialise freely with members of the opposite sex in public — and in Iran few aspects of life are not subject to the scrutiny of revolutionary guards or busybody neighbors — young Iranians disinclined to celibacy and galvanised by frustration have found a way to party under cover. They meet, flirt, and even get it off over the telephone.

The technique is more subtle than crude heavy breathing or talking dirty, but when and if it gets to the romantic stage, it's a lot hotter and heavier than mere billing and cooing.

Because they have reputations to protect and are therefore more vulnerable to the tricks of pranksters or jealous fiancés (or husbands), girls do the calling — sometimes in groups for a giggle at all-girl parties but almost always under an assumed *nom de phone*. In a sort of numerical *Perfect Match* they trade phone numbers ("It didn't work out for me but you might have better luck") or take the Lotto approach and dial at random, hoping to hit the combination that will land them a boyfriend, or even a husband.

The prescribed opening lines are seemingly nonchalant but carefully coded, the password-and-response *pas de deux* of spies identifying themselves to each other as willing players in the game. "Hello?" "Is that Mr Ahmadi's house?" "No, you must have the wrong number." "Oh. Sorry." Hang up. Phone rings again. "Hello?" "Is that Mr Ahmadi's house?" and so on until, by the third consecutive wrong number, she having decided that she likes his voice and he that it could be worth his while to keep answering the phone, they get down to business.

For Westerners accustomed to

tioned without shame or embarrassment to either. Oddly, though, in a culture where men are men and (despite the Prophet's instructions to the contrary) women's place is underneath them, when it comes to telephone sex the women are in charge. They have their man's number, at any rate — almost never vice versa — and they make the calls, until their parents (or husbands) query the size of the phone bill.

To a Western bugger listening in, the talk may not at first seem very promising. On the other hand, any self-appointed defender of the faith, anxious to anticipate the minutest breaches of the strictures of Allah, would find it tantalising. Hence, perhaps, the initial coyness of our Blind Daters' conversation.

Lies and boasting play a big part in courtship in the Middle East, and the anonymity conferred by playing the game out "behind the telephone" in the Iranian phrase only encourages their proliferation. He tells her what everyone knows girls want to hear: he is a doctor or an engineer, has an American car and a big house; and vice versa: she is rich, educated, and has dozens of ardent suitors (but is still a virgin).

sexual licence and instant gratification, seduction by telephone the Iranian way seems unnecessarily circuitous. Despite the fact that both caller and callee are anonymous, it may take weeks of persistent dialling and tedious small talk before sex can be men-

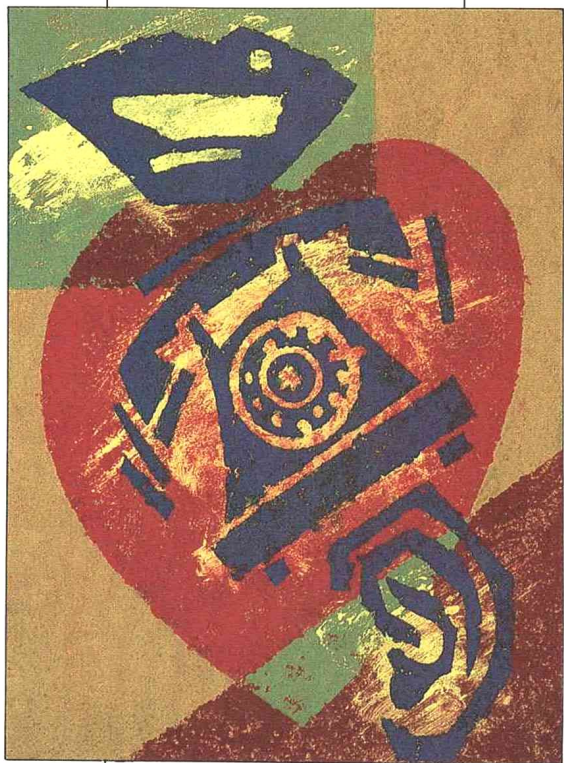
The fibs are almost routine, the fibbers unfazed even when exposure is staring them in the face. But when romance is one long teleconference there's no need to confine yourself to the boring old truth: as long as you are consistent you can go on adding

curlicues and arabesques of fiction until the result is as ornate as a Persian carpet, as semiotically sexual as a labyrinth.

But if, when all's been said, dial-a-dalliances still hanker after a close encounter, they can always arrange to meet, or at least have a look at each other. She'll have the choice of rendezvous — preferably in a crowded place like the bazaar — but both of them will try to keep a trick or two up their sleeves and do some strategic sidestepping. Maybe she won't be waiting exactly where she said she'd be — she might be in the shop across the road looking through the window, afraid to show herself but eager for just a glimpse to fuel her flights of fancy. And he might slink past the designated spot a couple of times without stopping, or not show up at all and when she calls again bluff his way out with the old "Where were you?" routine.

But the voyeuristic polka has to pall some time. Then, if they don't just call it quits, our long-distance lovers move their extended foreplay into higher gear. Whoever is the bolder will weasel in and tickle the conversation in the direction they've both been waiting for — not sex exactly, but ladies' underwear (which, being as foreign and exotic to unmarried Iranian men as sex, amounts to the same thing). Now all the other unmentionables can be mentioned as, with nothing between them but the telephone line, they let their fingers do the walking.

Talking on the phone to strangers is second only to tea-drinking and thumb-twiddling as a leisure activity among Iranians unconvinced that revolutionary monasticism is fun. Not that there's much else you can do in the way of having a good time in a country where dancing is banned, movies are censored into incomprehensibility and listening to music while under the influence could get you a good flogging. You'll get a hiding for telephone sex too, for that matter — but there's less chance that you'll be caught. — E. Day



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AVARICE



YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

It is because, I suppose, Australia is such a young country that we take too often the short-term view, leaving the long run to look after itself. A bit like when we were kids. Everything was provided for so there was no need to consider anything other than our immediate needs.

From the perspective of a five-year-old another 65 years of life seems an eternity. It is, almost, limitless — there'll be enough time for anything.

Now, as I reach my whatever-it-isth year I can assure you young people out there the future — at least for this little Vegemite — is not limitless and there is not enough time for everything. For instance, even if I started training now I am not going to ever keep wicket for Australia, nor play on the wing in the State-of-Origin.

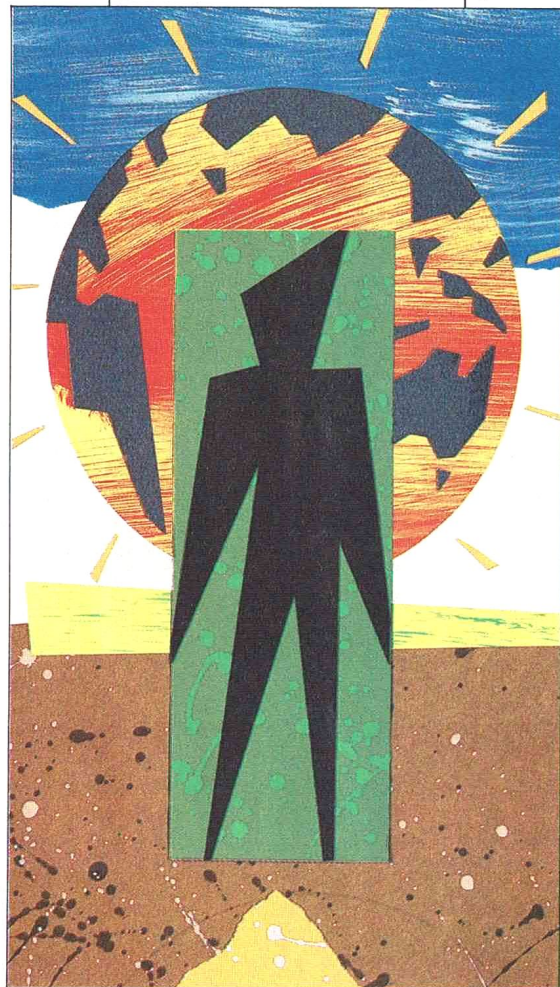
Perversely then, as my horizons contract so do my perspectives expand.

Now I think not only of next week, or next month, but I think of what I'll need in 20 years time. So I'm putting a little away here and there for when I'm 65 should I ever make it. And I'm taking a different view to this business of investment.

A quick quid is good but a long quid is better — that's a quid that lasts, that even repeats itself, that may only come in portions but it keeps on coming.

Okay, take the bloke who invented those little reflective cat's eyes that they stick in the yellowlines on highways so that at night you can tell where the lane markers are. Ever counted 'em? Of course not, there's too many.

How would you like a cent for each one? Say there's one every metre — that's \$10 per kilometre of one lane high-



way; say Brisbane to Maryborough is 300k but not all good road say 150k that's \$1500 double it for the two lane sections quadruple for four lane sections and then take the lot around Australia from Mossman to Wyndham and back and forth across the continent and there's a few bob in Australia alone. Then try the same exercise in the home of the superhighway, the US, and then Germany and so on.

Or would you invent the cat's eye and sell out for \$25,000 upfront?

The real inventor refused to sell out completely and was thus unable to afford a Porsche straight

away. A couple of years down the track he could have bought the entire Porsche works.

Now my broker is infected with this myopia that too often gives us a quick quid in return for giving to the Japs or whoever the repeat business. "There's a good profit there so sell," he says. So I say I'll sell half and he says I'm stupid, that I'll end up with a portfolio of little bits and pieces and too many stocks to follow.

Well, I tell him, there ain't too many investments that if I've got money in I won't look after; putting a quid into something is a powerful way of searing it into your memory. And, I say, again and again, I'd rather a portfolio of rag tag and bobtail, most of them in profit and some even paying dividends, than a whole pile of quick quids sunk into some scam that went wrong.

In and out like Mighty Mouse's prick — that's okay for Mighty Mouse, or Robert Holmes a Court. But we're not either. We're not so good as to maximise profit on the trading so why not relax and let time work in our favor? Eventually, things will be better tomorrow than they are today. Basic law of Evolution. Crikey, the passive investor — that's one who puts up his money and retires to do the gardening — has Natural Law on his side.

You all know the story of the bloke who had one of the original one-seventh shares in BHP and who, in order to pay a few debts incurred in gambling and

drinking, sold it for a couple of quid: that is, a share that even back then was worth a few thousand within a few years and today would be worth a couple of billion bucks.

No doubt he enjoyed himself for a while and, being dead, couldn't care two hoots what the share would be worth today. But that is not the attitude we can take with our nation — even though it seems we do.

We find a big mineral deposit and because we must have more foreign exchange to buy Danish cheese and German cars with push-button windows and Bang-Olufsen stereo color TV and Italian shoes we have to dig that stuff out as quickly as we can so we can sell it and buy all this imported bullshit.

This is a big country, but sooner or later we'll end up like Nauru, with nought but a whole lot of holes and us living elsewhere.

Or we'll buy a house and because six months later someone will offer us a lot more than we paid we'll flick it on to 'em and buy another one and when six months later someone offers us more than we paid we'll flick it on to 'em and so on until we end up in a mansion which no-one else can afford and in the meantime the price of houses has risen so much because everyone's been flicking them on that only the Japanese and Hong Kong tigers can afford them and the ordinary Australian is living in a Housing Commission flat.

Or we'll rip out our venerable forests because there's good money in timber and woodchips and replant with pinus radiata because it's a fast grower and cover the hills from here to Billyo with the one boring tree in whose branches live only worms and black birds.

As individuals we bequeath to our children little but photos of us having a good time and as a nation we leave them to inherit the same problems our parents left us — that is if we're allowed to pass on our Housing Commission flat. — David Quicksilver

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The XR-M turns any place into a perfect setting.



Another elegant SLR that is always seen in all the best places, the Ricoh XR-10.

You never have to doubt the accuracy of its TTL full open metering system that works in conjunction with the electronically controlled vertically moving focal plane shutter.

You can even adjust the exposure to suit your own creativity.

And there's a self timer that provides a 10 second delay so you need never be left out of the picture.

The XR-10 functions are controlled by a large scale integrated circuit driven by the exclusive, patented Ricoh computer chip.

There's a range of accessories, including flash guns, Ricoh lenses, power winders and direct contact for a databack.

Show the XR-10 the right places and it will do all the rest beautifully.

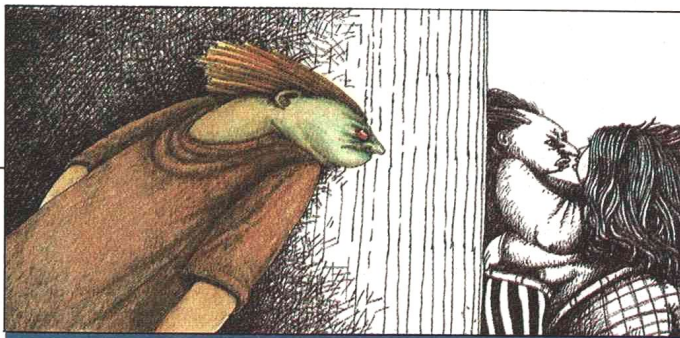


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RASL5635

ENVY



FILTHY RICH

All of us, at some time, dream of having a million dollars. Your six from thirty-six comes up on Saturday night. Or you're sorting through the attic and find an old painting that once belonged to an uncle. You are about to throw it out with the rubbish and on an impulse you take it to a dealer to have it valued. It turns out to be an early Picasso. Still rubbish, but now it's valuable.

Suddenly you're wealthy. Very wealthy. You've arrived. You're the envy of all your poor friends. What will you do with all that money? If you're like most people you have it spent already. On a Porsche Targa perhaps; or a six-month cruise around the world; even a waterfront home at Point Piper.

This poses an interesting question: what do *real* millionaires do with *their* money?

A Porsche Targa? Nothing so mundane for Nuban Gilbenkian, the millionaire financier back in the Sixties. He bought himself a chauffeur driven taxi, and customised the roof so that he could sit in it without taking his top hat off. He told reporters: "They tell me it can turn on a sixpence . . . whatever that is."

Rock superstar David Bowie recently went one better. He bought himself an electric blue Lincoln Continental and had a Moog synthesiser, a television, painting and even a hanging garden installed inside it.

A six-month world cruise? Aristotle Onassis had his own cruise liner built. Sometimes laughingly referred to as a yacht, the *Christina* was actually a Canadian navy frigate which was totally refurbished at a cost of something like \$A19,000,000 in today's terms. The interior was lavished with two El Grecos and

the clothes on the dolls in the nursery were by Dior. There were the obligatory gold taps and Italian marble in the bathroom and the bar stools were covered with whale testicles.

A waterfront home at Point Piper? The Baron Edouard Empain built his own house in Heliopolis on the outskirts of Cairo, overlooking the pyramids. Magnificently conspicuous in design — Gothic red brick with statuettes of naked youths frolicking about the battlements — it was mounted on a train turntable enabling it to revolve so that it constantly faced the sun.

Obviously then being Filthy

Rich. It's also very powerful.

If you or I turn up at a restaurant without a reservation and demand the best seat in the house, we'd probably get kicked out the door.

Money can make all the difference in this situation. When newspaper magnate James Gordon-Bennett found someone sitting at his favorite table he resolved the problem by summoning the owner and buying the restaurant on the spot.

He then had the group who were sitting at his favored position thrown out into the street, halfway through their main course. He was then able to sit down to enjoy his own meal in peace. The service was good — not surprisingly — and so he gave the waiter a tip.

He gave him the restaurant.

The place was then named after the lucky *garçon* and it's still there — *Ciro's* in Monte Carlo.

Although it's hard for the rest of us poor sods to imagine it, it is possible to have more money than you can spend. In fact there have been those who have been so loaded down with the filthy stuff, they've had to give it away.

James Gordon-Bennett, the newspaper magnate of *Ciro's* fame, once threw a bundle of banknotes on to a fire. The reason? They were in his back pocket and made it uncomfortable for him to sit down.

Andrew Carnegie, the US steel baron, put his spare cash to better use. Wealthy beyond most

people's imagination, he dedicated much of his life to trying to give it away. Among other donations he gave away the equivalent of \$450 million worth of books and over 7000 church organs during his lifetime. He still had two billion to go when he finally shuffled off this mortal coil. He bequeathed 90 percent of that to charity.

During the Vietnam War computer tycoon C. Ross Perot decided to send a Christmas present to every POW in Hanoi. Thousands of gifts were purchased and wrapped in festive paper, and a fleet of 707s were chartered to freight the gifts to North Vietnam.

However he struck a problem when the Hanoi government refused to have anything to do with him or his planes. Undeterred, Perot directed the 707s to Moscow instead and had an aide post all the parcels one at a time at the Moscow Central Post Office.

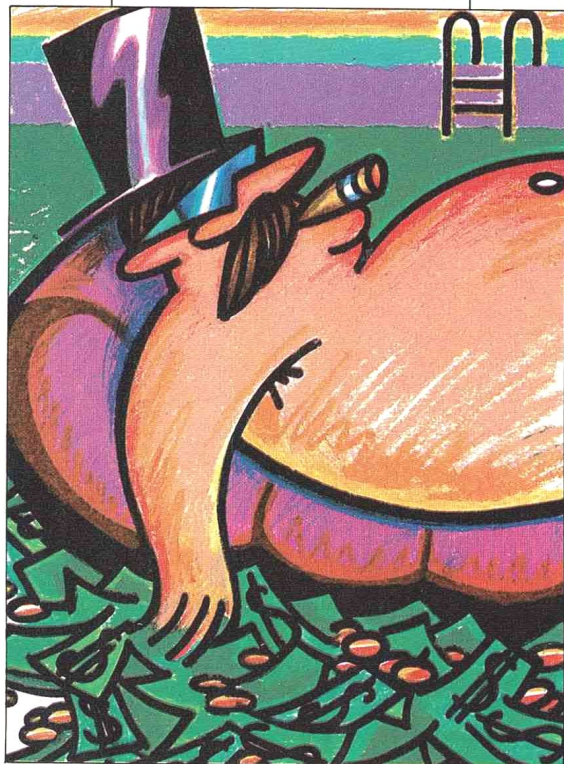
The gifts were delivered safely.

While you're busy dreaming about the things you'd do if you had a million bucks, it's probably as well to remember that money's not the most important thing in the world. No matter how much money you've got, you can never buy yourself more time.

Perhaps the most poignant testimony to this was the sinking of the *Titanic* in 1912. Down with her went some of the wealthiest men of the age; Astor, Guggenheim, Wider, Strauss and the ship's owner Bruce Ismay all drowned that night. Their combined worth — at today's values — would have been around \$3.75 billion.

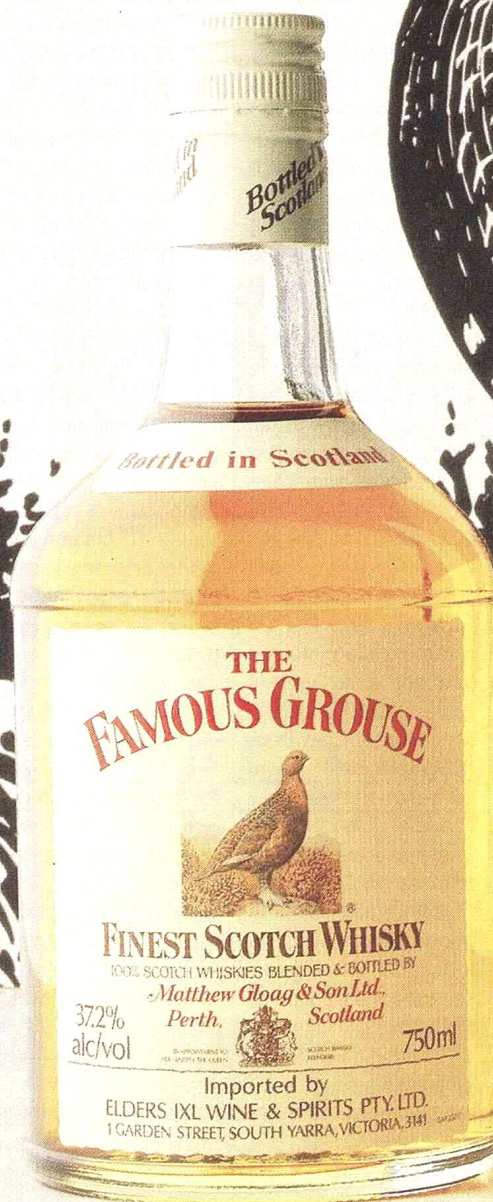
So money can't buy you health and it can't guarantee a long life. They even say it can't make you happy. Perhaps. But it can probably create a better atmosphere to be miserable in.

So who wants to be a millionaire? Well I do, for one, and I imagine you've got your hands up too. As Woody Allen once said: "Money is better than poverty — if only for financial reasons." — *Dennis Mitchell*



Rich does not just require great wealth. It also requires imagination, a penchant for conspicuous waste and often a complete lack of good taste.

It was Paul Getty who once remarked that you weren't rich if you could count all your money.



Quality in an age of change. Bottled exclusively in Scotland.

designers have out-Britted the Brits with their use of bold tweeds in sports jackets, teaming them with patterned knit sweaters.

Chaps who are a little short of the readies for imported *clobbeur* can pick up less expensive versions in good Australian labels such as Najee, a consistent Australian fashion award winner, and Cuggi, who also do a terrific job adapting the European mood to Australia.

Denim is popular, as always — studded, stressed or done up to look like something else (American football jackets, for instance). Cuggi do a nice line in denim with jeans in blue and black. Jackets

choice between matches or lighter will affect one's presentation. There's no contest if you're the kind of bloke who "don't like nuthin' fancy." In which case a box of Redheads is the only choice. You can always help yourself to the courtesy matches at formal occasions. This also works for the fellow who is always losing lighters. According to Freud, there is no such thing as an accident; probably what your subconscious is trying to tell you is that it thinks lighters are a waste of time — so it just leaves them behind.

Still, for the smooth operator who has effected more than one self-introduction by appearing at a lady's side, lighter at the ready, just as she takes a cigarette from her evening bag, this piece of equipment is as necessary as a little black book.

Dunhill and Cartier make excellent chased gold and silver lighters for upwards of \$250. My favorite, from Dunhill, is tortoiseshell with 18 carat trim — very French aristocrat. There are also copies of these styles in base metals in any smoking goods shop, giving the look and fairly good service for a fraction of the price.

Reconditioned Zippos can be scouted out at antique shops. Very chic for tucking sleeve of your Fifties lean lookalike denim jacket over old standby Bic variety. Your stance as a man of style. So will those Red-

come lined in contrasting tones, trimmed with braid or with pockets on the sleeve for a real Fifties retro feel.

But man does not live by braid alone. Just as important is what you put into those strategically placed pockets. For smokers, the

into the sleeve of your Fifties Jimmy Dean lookalike denim jacket. The old standby Bic variety affirms your stance as a man of the people. So will those Red-heads.

So much for lighters. What you choose to light is up to you. Ciga-

rettes have lost ground among a lot of people these days for reasons that need not be gone into here. Still, Paul Henreid was the only man I ever found madly suave with a cigarette — and only in *Now Voyager*.

To affect an air of quiet contemplation, nothing beats a pipe. Tall or short, intellectual or possessed of a 49 IQ, all men look good with a pipe clamped between their teeth. But the choices within the pipe category are many indeed. Probably the oldest variety was made of clay, and these are still extant — a simple and awkward looking thing it is, but nevertheless cheap. One can be got for as little as \$1.65 and even the long-stemmed version, of the type smoked by the 19th Century common man US President Andrew Jackson and his wife, only cost a few dollars today.

Briar pipes are much more common. They range in shade from pale ale to a dark rosewood (and why not, since the briar is a species of rose?) Briar pipe men are good looking in a craggy and thoughtful fashion and regard the world with amusement from beneath shaggy intellectual eyebrows — or so I imagine. Briar pipe men would *never* wear James Dean denim.

Dunhill sell briar pipes with either straight or bent stem for between \$270 and \$520. Of course, for that sort of money you will also get a solid silver or gold ferrule (the metal bit that joins stem to barrel). Sol Levy, Tobacconist in Sydney's Haymarket, has briar pipes from between \$4 and \$200.

Tobacco flavors range from the sweet, infused with port, vanilla, molasses or even chocolate, to mysterious Turkish blends and heathery Irish mixtures. Like a perfume, pipe tobacco speaks volumes about the user's personality. You can spend literally hours musing over the myriad blends on offer in a good tobacconist's shop. The best way to make a selection is to choose a

Continued on page 118

DEEP THROAT II

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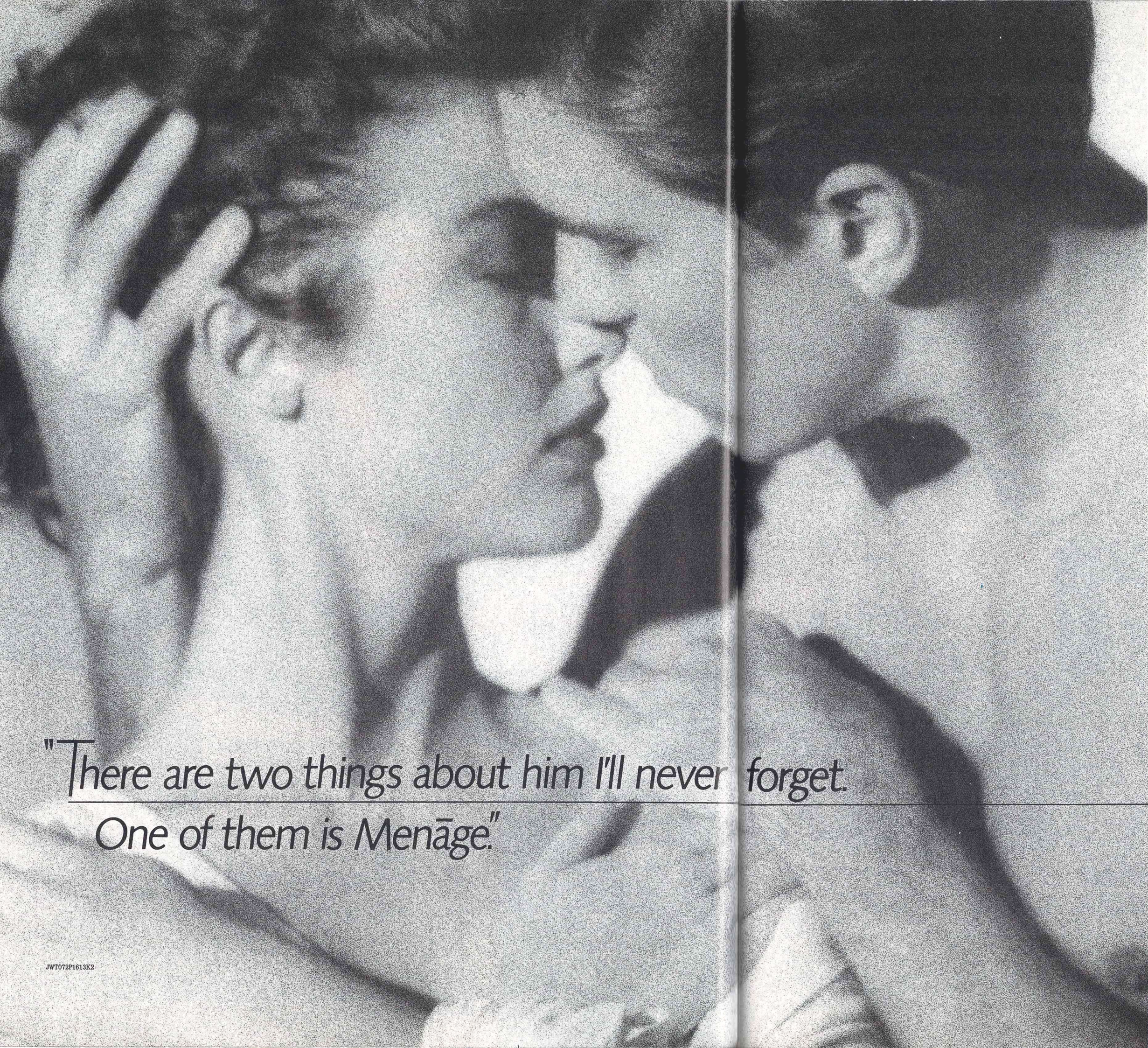
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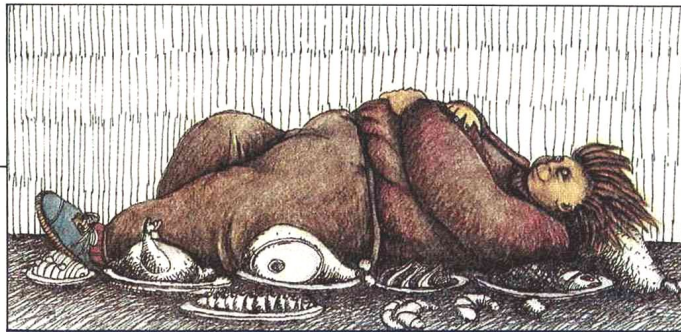
"There are two things about him I'll never forget.
One of them is Menāge."



Some
things
linger
in
a
woman's
memory.



GLUTTONY



'TIS THE SEASON TO BE DRUNK

All the advertising hype about the Festive Season never mentions the downside of Christmas. The horrible awakenings when you need at least two hours to develop the capacity to shape primal grunts into words approximating the English language. The terrifying struggle to convince yourself that some indescribably evil alien being hasn't slipped in during the night to transform you into the prototype for a new lower form of humanity.

The secret of avoiding a temporary loss of status as a human being isn't the hair of the dog — it's the whole Doberman Pinscher itself. How can there be a morning after if there's no — well — morning after? The simplest hangover remedy is to stay pissed for the entire month of December.

To any non-Temperance Leaguer, drinking from lunchtime onwards is a piece of cake, it's the mornings that pose the biggest problem. Enter: eye-openers. In select languages distilled spirits are known as waters of life; to you they are a lifeline when mixed with nutritious eggs, fruit and vegetable juices. Your only problem in the New Year will be trying to explain why you let your morning "health kick" lapse.

Some of the most popular eye-openers are known as fizzes. Tart, refreshing and remarkably soothing, die-hards still say they are best made with a cocktail shaker (at a pinch use a jar with a tight-fitting lid), but the less fussy will get the desired result with a blender. A fizz should do just what the name suggests. This means that if you are doing the shaking manually, or in your case letting the mid-morning shudder do it for you, the blending should be vigorous.

Fruit juices, especially citrus,

combined with tequila, vodka or white rum make excellent mixed drinks for the morning hours. The Screwdriver, reputedly invented by oilmen who first mixed up this neat concoction of vodka and orange juice using their screwdrivers (and that's no euphemism), is a perfect example. Try gin instead for an Orange Blossom. Lemon and grapefruit juices add an appealing thirst-quenching aspect to spirits while pineapple juice gives a touch of natural sweetness. White rum in particular brings out fruitiness, making a feeling of health and well-being almost palpable. And if you feel up to it, top up a basic vodka and

is, of course, the Bloody Mary. The best example ever invented of combining both the poison and the antidote, the Bloody Mary is probably the drink which spearheaded the vodka invasion of the West. Basically vodka, tomato juice, lemon juice and seasoning, it can be varied by adding celery leaves or the white of an egg. You can also substitute aquavit for vodka, V-8 juice for the tomato and add a heftier slug of lemon juice.

Not as popular as the Bloody Mary, the Bullshot is a rather acquired taste of beef stock, vodka, lemon juice, salt, pepper and Tabasco sauce. It also has a reputation as a heartstarter and true devotees specify Campbells beef consomme makes the ultimate blend. If the taste is too hearty for you, use half tomato juice to make a Bloodshot — which is probably a fairer description of the state of your eyes.

You've tried hard but one unfortunate morning the demon drink refuses to be exorcised. That horrible spectre you've been trying to avoid finally catches you — the hangover.

You know the tell-tale signs instantly. Your tongue feels like it's been tilled by a fertiliser rake, taking two or three steps is a monumental achievement

and you can hear the paint peeling off the walls; relief is the only thing left on the scattered tatters of your mind. Despite the millions of dollars spent on medical research, there is little hope at hand. However, a few traditional remedies are well worth trying.

Drinks made with tomato and other vegetable juices have the happy quality of being both eye-openers and revivers after a very heavy night. The best known one

fruit juice with champagne and watch the sun climb over the yard-arm.

After all, what more have you got to lose?

Alcohol causes dehydration which results in all that disconcerting trembling because of its diuretic effect. So, stay away from coffee, which is also a diuretic. Vitamin C helps the liver de-toxify the blood so a glass of fresh orange juice is a much better way to defuse that raging thirst. And it is also rumored that fructose increases the rate at which the body gets rid of alcohol, so dissolving honey (a rich source of fructose) in a drink just might do the trick.

Alcoholic bitters like Underberg, Angostura and Fernet Branca also have vintage reputations as hangover cures, based on the assumption that their strength is so powerful it will match and overcome the ferocity of your hangover. The really masochistic can always, at a last resort, have recourse to that horror recipe for Prairie Oyster.

But for those determined to spend Christmas in an alcoholic haze, here are a few ignition fuels.

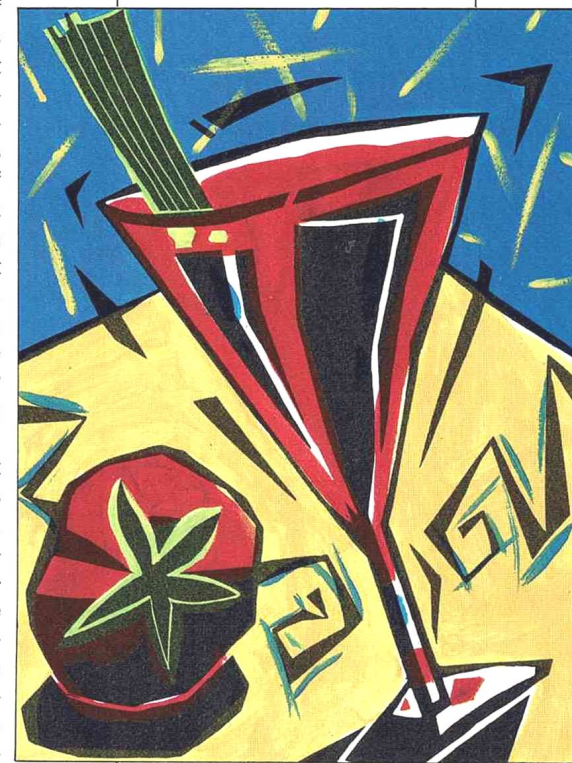
Gin Fizz: Place 60ml gin, 30ml lemon juice, 1 tablespoon caster sugar and 4 cubes crushed ice in a shaker or jar. Shake and strain.

Eldorado: Combine 1 tablespoon honey, 45ml lemon juice and 60ml tequila. Shake well in a shaker jar, strain over cracked ice and top with an orange slice.

White Knight: Place 45ml white rum in a tall glass, add 4 ice cubes and 120ml unsweetened pineapple juice. Fill glass with sparkling mineral water.

Bloody Mary: Mix together 45ml vodka, 90ml tomato juice, a dash each Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco, salt and pepper to taste.

Prairie Oyster: Break an egg into a medium-sized glass taking care not to break the yolk. Blend together 30ml brandy, a teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon red wine vinegar, black pepper and a few dashes of Tabasco sauce. Carefully pour over the egg. Take courage and drink the lot in one mouthful. — *Elisabeth King*



INTRODUCING

BENSON & HEDGES 25s

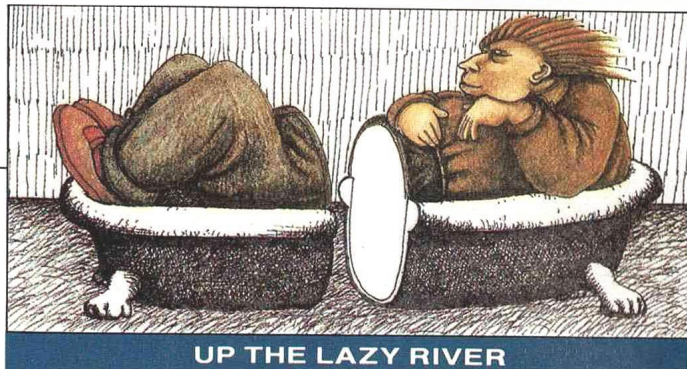
WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS*

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

SLOTH



UP THE LAZY RIVER

When you really think about a trip on one of these hyper-luxury cruise liners — with visions of shipboard sex, lounging on the deck while waiters ply you with icy amber fluid, brilliant conversation at the Captain's Table, and dining on gourmet food — is the realisation ever as good as the anticipation? Would you actually find that the endless ocean horizon is dead boring, that the ship's constant motion makes you too queasy to chase the available women, that the food becomes monotonous, the beer is warm, and the Captain proves to be a crashing bore? And you're stuck for ten days with the same old mob, and the weather turns foul, and a black Irish mood descends to convince you the whole thing was a waste of money.

Cheer up. The dream can become reality. Here's a brilliant

mini-cruise only 50 kilometres from Sydney where the water is always glassy smooth, the scenery changes, the food is in the Leo Schofield class of restaurants, and all the advantages of shipboard life are available. This stunning new ship, the *Lady Hawkesbury*, was launched (yes, built in Australia, too) last Christmas, so it's one of our new and little known tourist secrets.

I have to admit some bias, because I've always believed that the magnificent Hawkesbury River, winding down to Broken Bay and Pittwater from the riverflats of Windsor and Richmond, has never been fully appreciated, even by Sydney-dwellers.

This is the biggest river on the East Coast, and if Captain Phillip hadn't explored it in a longboat to find suitable farming land for the infant colony in 1789, the little settlement at Sydney Cove may

not have survived. The Hawkesbury is redolent with our history. In natural beauty, with rugged ochre-red gorges and high sandstone escarpments breaking the dense carpet of gum-trees, the Hawkesbury is Australia's answer to the Mississippi, the Amazon or the Rhine, and let no colonial cringe gainsay that opinion.

Now Captain Cook Cruises, which also profits from cruisers carrying tourists around Sydney Harbor, has banked on our tourist future being as glittering as everyone from Joh to John Brown keeps saying. They spent over \$8 million for this superb cruise ship.

fine restaurant which converts into a plush nightclub, a sauna and spa, and a comfortable lounge bar high above the river and beneath the huge sun deck space on top of the fourth deck. From the time you first confront this gleaming white vessel at Kangaroo Point, near Brooklyn, she appears to be a full-size ocean liner.

I've always been too broke to sweep masterfully up the gangplank of something like the *Queen Mary*, but I imagine boarding the new First Lady of Australian river cruising is not all that different. Even though you know you're only spending the weekend

aboard, from Friday night to Sunday evening, and the vessel's movements are limited to the 900 kilometres of shoreline along the river, Broken Bay and the tributaries, there's a feeling of excitement, of cutting everyday ties for a great escape.

The illusion of ocean-going size is never dispelled, even when the great vessel moves slowly from the dock and slides under the two bridges across the Hawkesbury at Brooklyn. Gaping passengers watch the grey steel of the roadbridge approaching, certain that the ship will be too high out of the water to make it, but she does, if only by a few feet.

As the first wonderful meal ends on Friday night, she anchors in a quiet spot near Broken Bay with Bob Barnard's Jazz Band playing late into the night. The ship carries only 26 crew, and most of them can do everything, so the lissome young blonde who

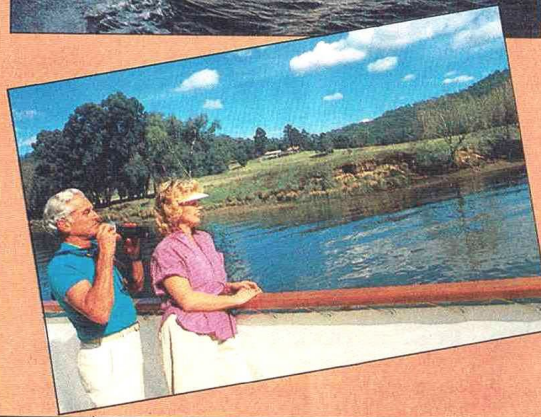
welcomed you at the Purser's Office is likely to pour the champagne at dinner, or help to raise the massive anchor when the vessel moves off upriver on the Saturday morning.

Maybe it was the sea air and the shedding of landborne responsibilities, but all the 80 passengers who turned up for the special jazz weekend rhapsodised about the quality of the food at every meal, from the lobster, prawns and oysters to the kippers, tropical fruits and fine quality wines. The price of the floating weekend is not cheap — from \$350 per person for sharing a deluxe stateroom to \$265 for a cabin — but the great food (included in the cost) seemed to satisfy most passengers of value for money.

With Sydney's major hotels now charging up to \$200 a night for luxury rooms, with food and beverage charges to match, the *Lady Hawkesbury* is good value, even if she only remained tied up to the wharf at Brooklyn. When you throw in the unique scenery and life aboard what is after all a giant luxury yacht, the package is very attractive.

Waking up with the shoreline only a stone's throw away is just one of the bonuses of this weekend jaunt. There's nothing in Sydney to compare, not even the view of Circular Quay from the Regent Hotel. A wave of relaxation washes over you when you stumble from your cabin and into the breakfast room as the mini-liner glides silently upriver towards Wiseman's Ferry. The Captain, Ralph Langham, uses the ship's loudspeaker system to provide a commentary as the many fascinating places come into view along the shoreline. The pool bar opens at ten and the heated pool provides a warm oasis, even in mid-winter.

The Hawkesbury is so full of history and interest it's probably worth taking the Monday-to-Friday cruise, but for a weekend the *Lady Hawkesbury* is unlikely to remain one of Sydney's best-kept secrets very much longer. — David Halpin



The *Lady Hawkesbury* is 68 metres long, weighs 1250 tonnes, and provides 60 five-star standard cabins and staterooms along her upper decks.

She can carry 138 passengers in absolute luxury, with a heated pool on the promenade deck, a

UNMISTAKABLY GORDON'S.



UDG225APB 2491-A



Is Jack Sonnemann
on a mission from Gahd?

BY DAN REID

Jack Sonnemann's fruity Memphis voice rises to an hysterical pitch: "Ah am sick and tarred of seeing the perverts and the pedophiles, the lesbians and the homosexuals and all the other perverts come out into the open and gain acceptance! It's taahm fuh the people of Gahd to come out into the open and start standing upon the principles of Gahd! We are going to see pornography removed from the marketplace in Australia!"

So says Australia's self-appointed guardian of all things pure . . . and right now the good Mr Sonnemann is putting theory into practice, criss-crossing the eastern states to drum up support for his Australian Federation for Decency (AFD). A grandiose title, one might think, for an organisation which so far consists of just one ex-building contractor from Tennessee and his Born Again wife Margaret ("Ain't she the kindest, sweetest thing you could imagine?"). Magazines like *Australian*

GIVE 'EM HELL

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FARRELL

31-7-87

Penthouse Diamonds
Hinton House
255 Pitt St.
Sydney 2000

Dear Sir or Madam,
It has been brought to my attention that your company recently advertised in PENTHOUSE. Are you aware that this magazine and others of its type are purchased by sex abusers, child molesters and rapists?
I am sorry I can no longer purchase your product while you continue to support the destruction of the family, immorality and pornography. I will also endeavour to tell as many people and friends as I can to do the same until I hear that you have ceased to support such magazines. I await your reply.
Mrs Rayda Tait.

MANZO *Park Lane* DIAMONDS
Incorporated in N.S.W.

PARK LANE MANUFACTURING PTY. LTD. T/A MANZO PARK LANE DIAMONDS
FINE DIAMOND RINGS • MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS • CERTIFIED GEMMOLOGISTS • DIAMOND MERCHANTS

4th August, 1987

Dear Mrs Tait,

Thank you for your recent letter regarding our Penthouse advertisement.

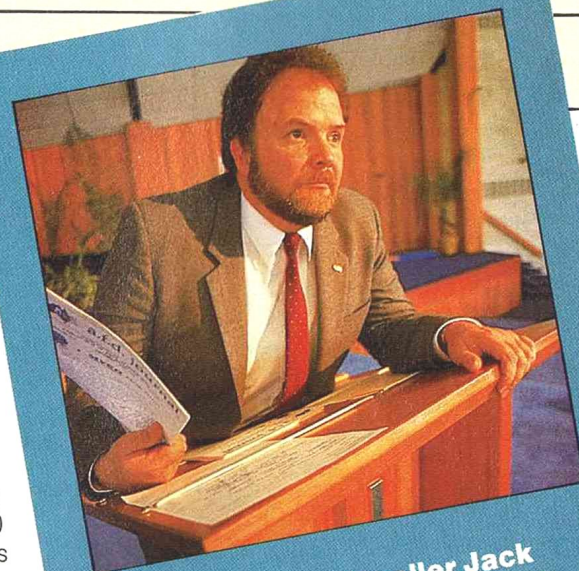
Our advertising policy covers a wide range of media, including charitable organisations and is aimed at reaching a large cross-section of the jewellery buying public.

We live in a free-thinking democratic society and it is far beyond our power and nor do we wish to change it.

There is some comfort in the fact that everyone is entitled to an opinion. We thank you for taking the time to express yours, although we have received a few letters with similar wording and wonder whether it is your opinion you are expressing.

Yours sincerely,

W.K. Manzo
Managing Director



Tennessee holy roller Jack Sonnemann, self-appointed guardian of Australian decency. Top: Inspired outrage. Members of the flock show their "form" alongside the replies they weren't waiting for.

Penthouse are among Sonnemann's prime targets.

The enterprising Mr Sonnemann is looking to big things in the future. His newsletter, begun with a circulation of 50 among like-minded acquaintances, has expanded its market to 20,000. By the end of the year, he estimates he'll hit 30,000... with a target of 100,000 by 1990.

Followers are beseeched to "help aht" Sonneman with an annual \$10 donation. They don't have to, mind. But seeing it's a Christian cause, they almost always do.

Mr Sonnemann will be able to exert a power of good with \$1 million annually. Heavens! He might even be able to afford airfares to take him from meeting to meeting instead of having to dr-aah-ve everywhere in that silly old campervan. For holy rollers like Sonnemann, Australia is virgin territory, ripe for the plucking.

Australians simply don't have millionaire preachers on the scale of, say, Jim Bakker and Tammy Faye — those glam evangelists who creamed off a fortune from gullible fundamentalists, then blew it all in a bizarre God-and-sex-and-greed scandal. Nor do we have evangelistic barnstormers like the Bhagwan (remember? the Orange Person who had the pith taken out of him) or Billy Graham at his peak. Australia can lay claim to some faith healers and a gaggle of Krishnas. That's all. Nothing BIG. Not yet.

Yessirree. Australia is a great place to set up in the Bible business. All you need is

one good idea. And Jack Sonnemann found his model in an American organisation known as the National Federation for Decency (NFD) — a strident anti-pornography lobby begun in 1977 by Methodist minister Donald E. Wildmon, from Tupelo, Mississippi.

Wildmon's group, which claims a membership of 1600 Christian leaders, bombards selected targets with threatening letters and phone calls. The targets are rarely the TV programs or adult publications whose content Wildmon opposes. Rather, he hits at advertisers and program sponsors — orchestrating his campaigns via his radio show (carried on nearly 200 gospel stations) and through the columns of his glossy 32-page magazine, the *NFD Journal* (readership 800,000). Advertisers, who mostly rely on independent agencies to place commercials for maximum effect, tend to take direct complaints very seriously. If one morning 2000 letters arrive, each from a correspondent vowing boycott because of real or imagined support of smut, they panic.

In the 1980-81 season Proctor and Gamble, one of America's biggest advertisers, withdrew sponsorship from 50 pro-

grams and TV movies — including seven of the top ten TV series deemed by Wildmon to be "sex oriented." By comparison, Sonnemann is small potatoes. Yet he is also having an impact — albeit one at variance with his boasted "kill" sheet.

By Sonnemann's account, the AFD has brought around 15 giants of Australian business to their knees in whimpering capitulation... for daring to advertise in adult sophisticated magazines or prime time TV

17th July, 1987.

The Managing Director,
Park Lane Diamonds,
Hilton Hotel,
255 Pitt Street,
Sydney, 2000.

Dear Sir,

I was so surprised to hear that you had recently advertised in PENTHOUSE magazine.

I could not believe that a product of your incredible quality would advertise in a magazine that is pulling down the moral standards of this nation. It is a proven fact that PENTHOUSE AND PLAYBOY are responsible for the increase of rape and sexual abuse in this nation. I am sure that you would never mean to do this and must be ignorant of these facts.

I do trust that you can change your advertising outlets. I am sure that your product is worthy of a much higher standard of publication than PENTHOUSE.

Awaiting your reply,

Yours sincerely,

Nancy Campbell (Mrs)

MANZO *Park Lane* DIAMONDS
Incorporated in N.S.W.

555-255 PITT STREET PTY. LTD. T/A MANZO PARK LANE DIAMONDS
FINE DIAMOND RINGS • MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS • CERTIFIED GEMMOLOGISTS • DIAMOND MERCHANTS

31st August, 1987

Dear Mrs Campbell,

I appreciate your efforts to stop the destruction of stable marriage and family life. I am comforted that you are actively concerned. However you seemed to have missed my point. I do heartily agree with your principle, but I disagree that Penthouse is a contributing factor in the increase of sexual crimes.

Penthouse has a proper place in this society. It is a magazine that glorifies the female body as an object of beauty with much the same attitude as a beauty quest. Part of its value is in a similar vein to the service fulfilled by organized and legalised prostitution. My view is that Penthouse serves to diminish sex-related crime.

There could be more effort in the community directed towards restraining media that condones sexual violence. There is an abundance of perverse magazines and videos easily available and an underlying element promoting violence as acceptable. I would like to see you take your stand for morality against these elements that are directly linked with the perversion of our society.

Furthermore I feel it is quite an intrusion and object to you putting me in a position where I am compelled to explain our advertising policy. We run an honest and reputable business and in many ways encourage a high level of morality within our community circle. I also find it amusing that you presumed I was a man.

Once again, I respect your right to your views but I do feel that this brings our debate to a close.

Yours sincerely,

W.K. Manzo (N.S.W.)

SHOP 555 ROYAL ARCADE, 255 PITT STREET, SYDNEY 2000 PHONE 267 7222

shows in which sex is a component. His accounts of abjectly apologetic responses to his poison pen campaigns may be colorful and embellished... but, in some cases, there is a basis of truth.

GM- Holden did withdraw sponsorship of television's *Lace* mini-series in the wake of a wave of complaints from AFD followers, although the change of heart may have had less to do with Mr Sonnemann's agitations than he would like to suggest. As a spokesman for McCann Erickson, the agency responsible, explained: "We sponsored *Lace* / because we wanted to launch a product with fast-moving connotations. When *Lace* // went to air, we didn't need to have the weight of sponsorship." Sonnemann's campaign no doubt brought focus to the issue. In this case, AFD's attitude ran parallel to a world-wide GM-H edict seeking to associate the company only with wholesome, family-style entertainments. On another level, the agency man pointed out, there had been disappointment out in viewerland. *Lace* / bore little connection with the sex and sin promised in the station's promotions.

Indeed, from their letters, it was apparent that most of the people complaining had responded to the promos — not the program, which turned out to be rather tame. Sonnemann's elaborate account of his skirmish with GM-H is worth repeating — if only by way of contrast with the agency version. Says Sonnemann: "Mah

attention was drawn to a mini-series called *Lace* openly promoting and condoning virtually every form of blasphemy, indecency and obscenity you can imagine — proudly brought to you by GM-H.

"Well, Ah wrote to Mr Chapman, the managing director. Ah told him Ah was the proud owner of a fair engine red Holden Commodore... but Ah would never darken the door of a Holden dealership as long as they continued to promote perversion, and to invade the homes of normal, decent people with smut.

"Well, *Lace* // came out proudly brought to you by nobody. Not only that, they had a hard time selling the advertising space because we'd written to the other advertisers also."

Sonnemann's "success" list includes such majors as Qantas, Westpac bank, K-Mart, David Jones stores, Bob Jane T-Marts, CBS/Fox, Coca Cola and Arnotts Biscuits. The way he tells it, all have quaked with fear before his righteous wrath. Actually, if one or two did cave in, the rest either humored him or, while noting his complaints, quaked, in the main, with ill-concealed mirth.

One firm, targeted for an AFD letter campaign following sponsorship of a TV show concerning the occult, received protest mail from districts in which the offending program had never been shown. The letters were also almost identical — down to grammatical and typographical errors. A

clue may be found in the recruitment blurb in Sonnemann's flimsy newsletters. "Your voice counts!" screams the text. "Join with the thousands of other concerned people around this nation who have cared enough to spend maybe ten minutes per week in the fight to see a better Australia for our children. WE EVEN SHOW YOU HOW TO WRITE A TWO MINUTE LETTER."

So it goes. And the wily Sonnemann is forever on the lookout for people with time on their hands — and sufficient strength in their fingers to pen a quavery note objecting to a show or magazine which they may never have seen.

"Old folks!" he says with the air of side-show magician pulling a rabbit out of a hat. "If you want to see some old folks get excited, you ought to come with me when Ah speak to a retirement village. Ah seen some little old ladies 'bout to jump out of their wheelchairs."

In the last retreats of the dying, Sonnemann sees his best storm troopers. Pensioners who, having been raised in an era of repression, can share his narrow view of the world. Not much is required to be one of Sonnemann's soldiers for Christ. Just a pen and sufficient co-ordination to follow Sonnemann's form letters.

"Old folks are the people who have gone before me and purchased the freedoms Ah enjoy today," he says. "They would not have allowed a 16-year-old girl to be a centrefold... yet there was one just re-

GIVE 'EM HELL

cently. They had standards they adhered to and we've thrown them all out the window . . . and Ah want to give them a voice. Somebody told me there were 250,000 old people out there," he adds. I did some rapid mental arithmetic and arrived at the sum of \$2.5 million annually.

"Listen, the administration and people who work there tell me they've actually seen a therapeutic change in their people by taking part. They can do it right within the walls of their retirement room. They never have to leave. Yet they can see the society their grandchildren are being raised in affected for the good. Pornography is not good for any society."

Watch out, businessmen of Australia. You're about to be deluged by a grey wave — churning out Sonnemann's two-minute letters by the gross.

Pudgily bearded, and with the obligatory twinkle in his eyes, Jack Sonnemann was hard at work throwing up McDonalds fast food palaces across the southern states of America when his wife received her call from the Lord. Sonnemann himself was somehow overlooked by the Supreme Being at that time . . . leaving our defender of public morality to find salvation in his own time and using his own devices.

When he finally located God, Sonnemann looked at America and de-

cided his place of birth had become a cesspool of lascivious and depraved activity . . . and so he headed out to Australia for a life among the gum trees. Alas! On arrival, our pilgrim discovered Australia's attitudes to sex and colorful language were even more relaxed than those he'd left behind. He found Australia to be a boiling cauldron of wickedness. He investigated Kings Cross and saw prostitutes openly plying their wares. He looked at news stands — purely in the interests of research — and observed artful photographs of girls in states of undress.

Jack Sonnemann consulted various of his acquaintances and deduced from them that "virtually nobody liked being assaulted by pornography every time they walked into a local newsagency — yet nobody was doing anything about it. We toyed with the ah-deah for a year and a half before we did anything. In fact, we tried to interest other Christian groups. They weren't interested. They said: 'Oh no! That's an American concept, it'll never work here.'"

"Ah said: 'Ah don't think it's an American ah-deah, Ah think it's a decent ah-deah.' And so we were more or less forced into doing it ourselves. We didn't think an American should do it. We thought it best Australians do it for themselves but they were a bit irresponsible of the need so we decided to go ahead."

Lucky us! Saved from ourselves by a

good ole boy from Memphis — a town previously distinguished as the object of Chuck Berry's long distance call and as the place where Malcolm Fraser lost his credibility and his trousers.

So let's listen to Brother Sonnemann as he lays down the gospel, describing his winning style when dealing with the nabobs of big business — in this case Ansett Airlines. The point at issue? An advertisement in a gay publication, pointing out the advantages of group concessions to persons travelling from Sydney to Melbourne to attend a gay mardi gras.

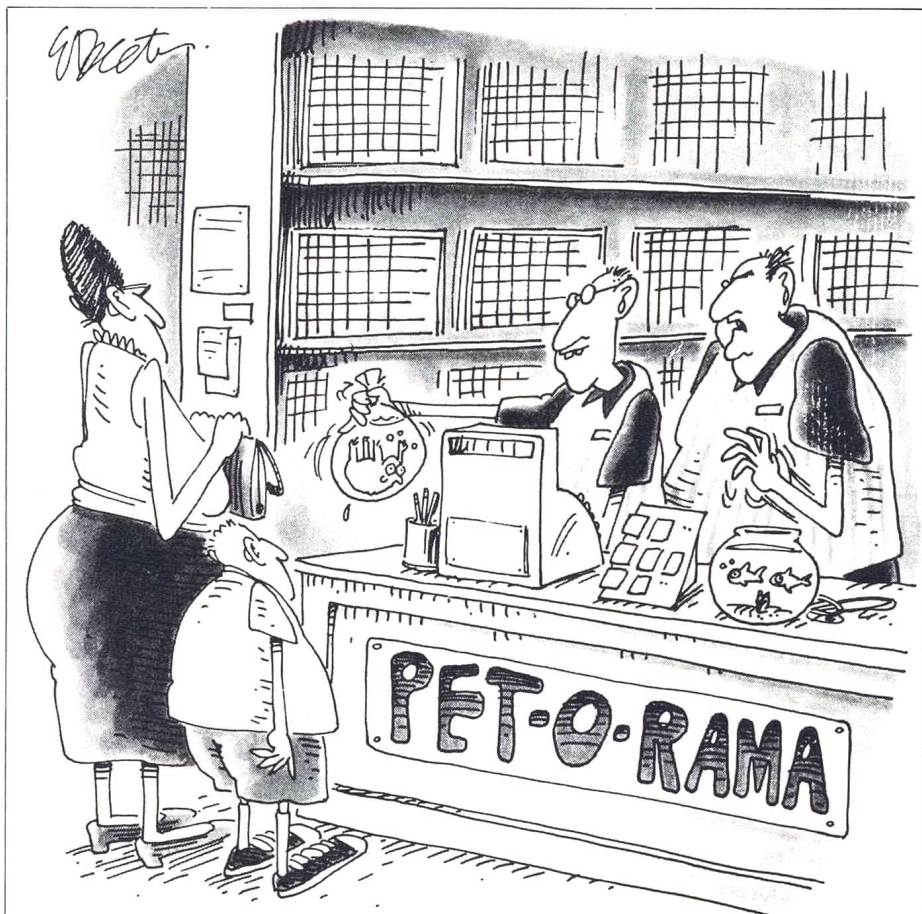
As we enter the room, Brother Sonnemann is painting a verbal portrait of a perspiring Ansett executive — helpless before Sonnemann's all-sweeping majesty. The executive is assuring Brother Sonnemann that the matter of gay airfare concessions has been given top priority at a nationwide board of directors meeting. But Brother Sonnemann isn't satisfied — not by a long shot.

"Ah said, 'Well, praise Gahd. Give me a promise in writing from them that they will never do it again.' He said, 'Oh no, Mr Sonnemann, this is Ansett Airlines.' He went on for ten or 15 minutes and he would have won an Academy Award. You would have thought Ansett Airlines would have hung the moon and stars. In fact, everybody in this room would have wanted to stand up and put their hand over their heart listening to him extoll the virtues of Ansett Airlines. He finished up with a serious and concerned look on his face. He said: 'That's all, Mr Sonnemann. Ansett Airlines represents the people of Australia.' Ah said, 'You represent the perverts of Australia. Ah said you aren't offering this fare to the people, you aren't blessing the people with cheap airfare and accommodation and everything. This was only to the perverts. Don't tell me you represent the people. Besides that, if you don't promise me in writing that you'll never do it again, then the headline in mah next journal will be 'Ansett Refuses To Co-operate.'"

"Eight o'clock that night mah telephone is ringing and here he is on the phone. 'You are to be congratulated. You win. This is to give you a verbal guarantee that we will never do it again. We're having it typed right now and hand delivered by special courier immediately.' When the board of directors of Ansett Airlines meets Jesus Christ, they bow their knees — whether they want to or not."

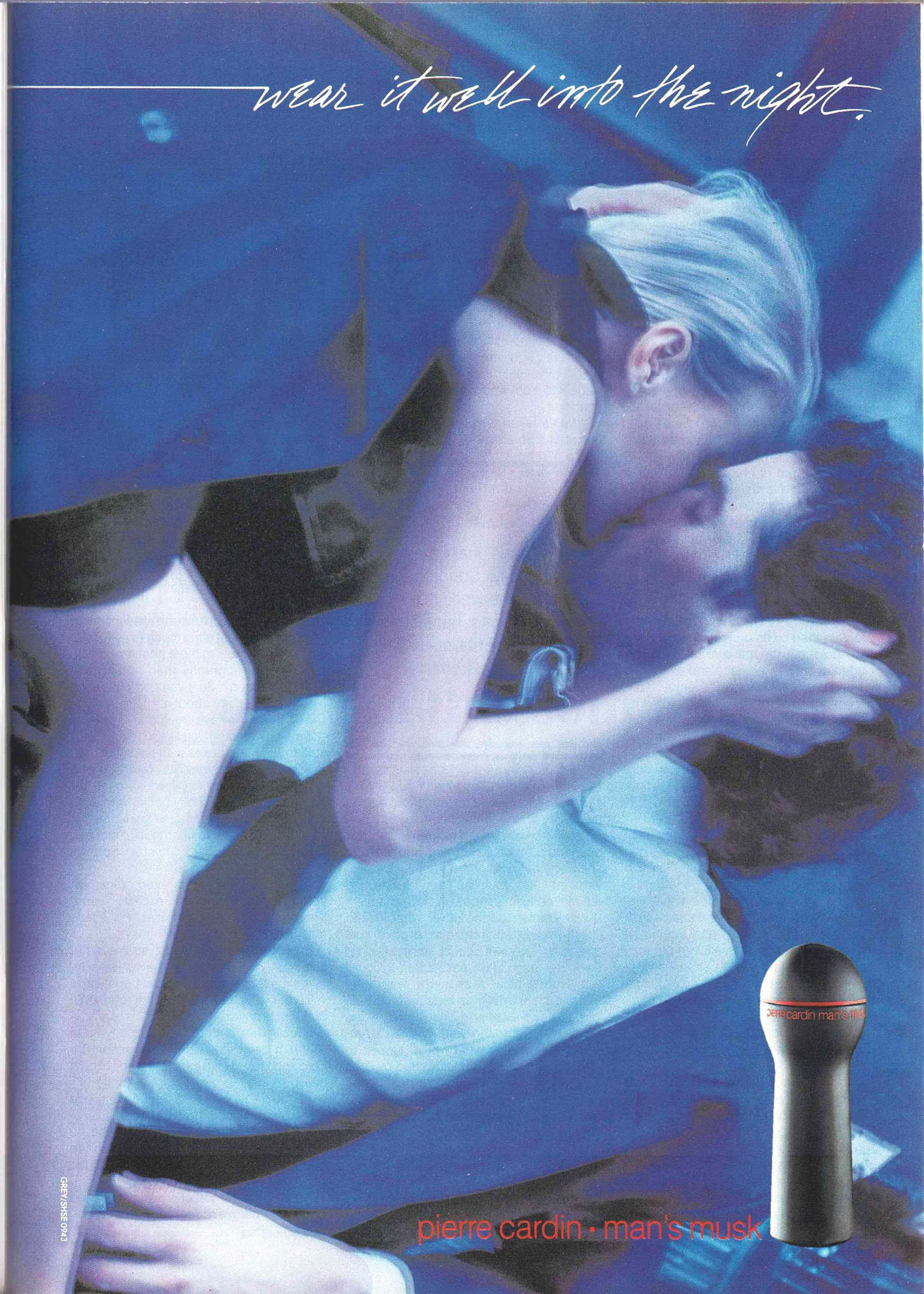
Sadly, Mr Sonnemann's recall of that meeting differs from that of Ansett's representatives. Ansett's media spokesman Tony Hill remembers the incident of the gay group concession — and some ensuing news coverage. He does not, however, remember Mr Sonnemann — and neither does anyone else at Ansett.

Truth is, the gays' concessions, which were the same as for any group travelling *en masse*, were not advertised by Ansett but by the organisers of the mardi gras



"No, no, no, you moron! The hamsters go in the little yellow boxes and the fish go in the plastic bags filled with water!"

wear it well into the night.



pierre cardin • man's musk

event. As Tony Hill says: "Every Australian has the right to fly with Ansett irrespective of race, color, creed or sexual persuasion."

There are others on Jack Sonnenmann's hit list who are no less mystified by his tales of grovelling compliance from big business. Nelson Knight Advertising media manager Karen Whiting gives Mr Sonnenmann no credit whatsoever for the repositioning of an ad for Bob Jane T-Mart formerly published in this magazine.

Some of these replies try to explain, logically and patiently, that advertising placement is determined less by the content of a program than by its projected viewership. They point out the massive difficulties included in previewing each and every television program which may enjoy close proximity to one of their advertisements. Occasionally they remind Mr Sonnemann that the world is for everyone, not just fundamentalists and moral extremists.

"Degrading use of ministers and nuns," howls Sonnemann. He makes simple connections, using selective data. His flock are not of the intelligentsia. He is fond of quoting "experts" . . . not always well known and not always in context. If he shines, it is in the pulpit, where tales of his own derring-do are mingled with creaking gags and old-fashioned sermonising — rallying Christian soldiers for one victorious push against occult Twisties, demonic Cheezels.

"We're not going to have a perfect society until Jesus returns . . . but we do not have to allow our women and children to be raped and sexually molested so often. We have to start lifting up the name of Jesus. When we do, God comes rushing into the

"We've taken a million and half dollars out of each magazine," he says, proudly

"It depicted on the cover what looked like homosexual transvestite child pornography," says Mr Sonnemann, calling on the imagination of the assembled to figure out exactly what that might resemble. "That's sick! Well, we masqueraded as pervers and went and bought that video and sent it over to the United States of America, not knowing what would happen to it. Well, that video was distributed by RCA Columbia Pictures, which happens to be owned by the Coca Cola Company. And when the US Senate Commission on Pornography subpoenaed the chairman of the board of the Coca Cola Company, he apologised profusely and said: 'I can assure you and the people of Australia that the Coca Cola Company will never again have anything to do with distribution of pornographic material.' When the chairman of

Now, that's the sort of providin' the good
Mr Sonnemann's Federation could use.
Amen! ○—

or fill in this coupon.



Yes! ☐ I would like to donate \$ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.



Postcode: _____



Working the night shift
can take a lot out of a
girl. The deadpan
bedpan round from
midnight to dawn will
take the spring out of
any nursing sister's
regulation white
sneakers. For milady's
malady sleep is the only
antidote . . .

CARRY ON NURSE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



Sleep, as Shakespeare would have it, perchance to dream. Knit up the ravelled sleeve of care and all that. Aye, there's the rub for the aching extremities. Dream walking is easy on the insteps.



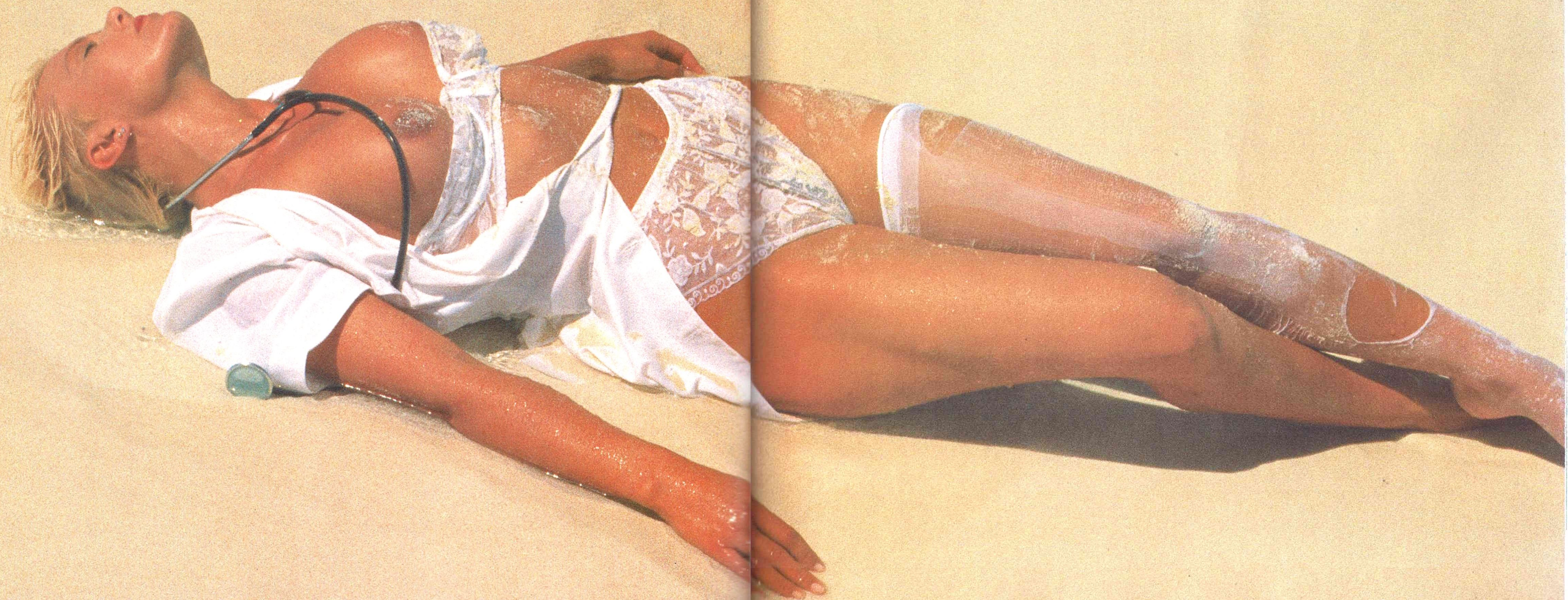
Helicopter from Lloyd Helicopters, Cairns, Qld (070) 52 1244; Nurse Uniform from Neat 'N' Trim, Castlereagh St., Sydney; White Lingerie from I.M. Lingerie, QVB Sydney.

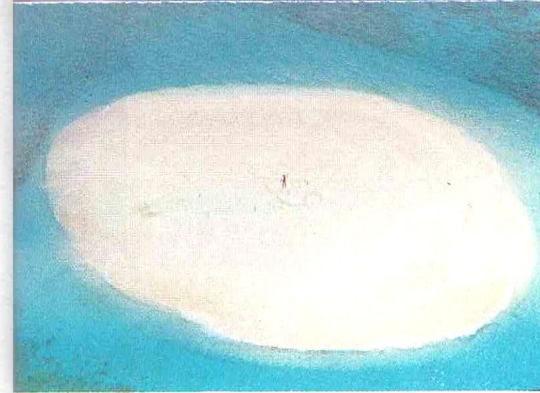


Marooned in sandman land, a sleeping sister can throw off all those cares and woes or all her clothes for that matter and soothe herself in the cooling waves at water's edge. This dream is getting wetter by the minute.



But there's trouble in paradise. If a girl's to dream herself into the role of Robinson Crusoe, the script calls for a co-star. A man called Friday is required, and when all else fails what's a nurse to do but look to the sky?





Is it a bird? Is it a plane? For crying out loud it's a helicopter, and just what the doctor ordered for an emotional rescue. Nothing like a chopper to give a girl a welcome lift. Carry on nurse.



THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY CATALOGUE

A fruitcake of Christmas gift ideas — to
pollute your Yuletide.

HUMOR BY RIC WEST



It had to happen. Entering into the true spirit of our modern Christmas — a unique mixture of poor taste and commercial avarice — a company in America has introduced a Baby Jesus Doll just in time for the Yuletide bonanza.

The doll is dressed in baby-blue swaddling clothes, has a detachable non-toxic halo that glows in the dark and is available in three models: Negro, Hispanic and Anglo-Saxon.

This is not a joke.

It seems that a lot of Australian companies are missing the boat. In the face of this sort of entrepreneurial genius, Australian companies obviously aren't displaying enough imagination.

After all, Christmas is a time for giving people who have hardly anything something they don't really need because it's cheaper than giving them what they really want.

What this country needs is a few good two-bit gift ideas to flog the most out of during this season of peace on Earth and big bills to all men. Gifts that will really sock the true meaning of Christmas back into the stockings of all Australians. Ones that when unwrapped and gazed upon, will incite in their recipients the awful words: "Jeeesus Christ!" Try these for size:

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

SUNGLASS RENOVATION KIT

This little kit is for those who'd like to be trendy but can't afford it. Ideal Christmas gift for unemployed architects and ABC television producers. Kit has miniature paint gun enabling you to respray those cheap ten dollar specials you got at the 24-hour pharmacy and make them look like a new pair of Ray-Bans. Kit also includes engraving gun with standard logos; choose from Vuarnet, Carrera and Porsche.

CLUEDO

The gift for the person who has caught *everything*. This clever new board game combines sleuthing with casual sex. A game of skill and deduction for any number of players, your job as private dick is to work out who gave the butler AIDS. Make Sam Spade look like a wimp! Make Magnum P.I. look like a prude! Make sure the butler doesn't spit in your tea!

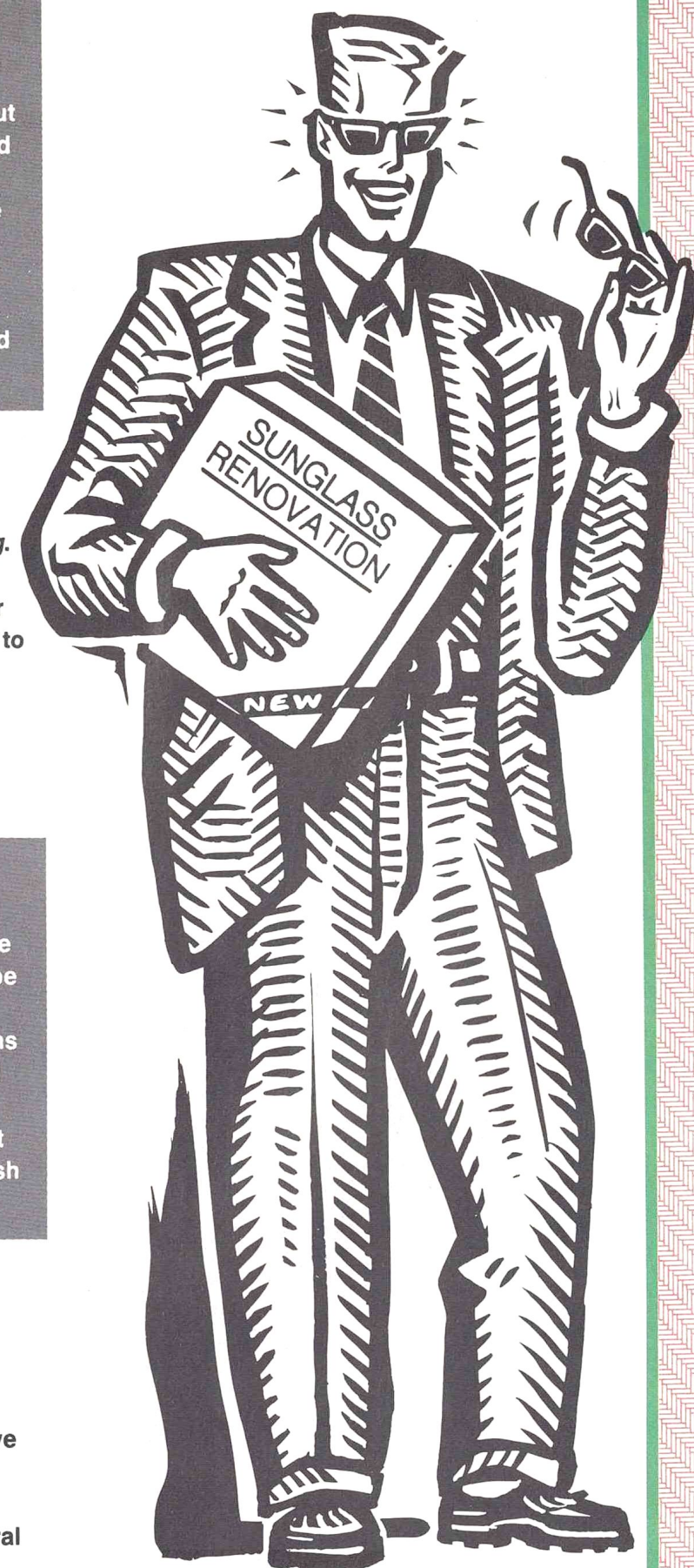
THE ALTERNATIVE KIT

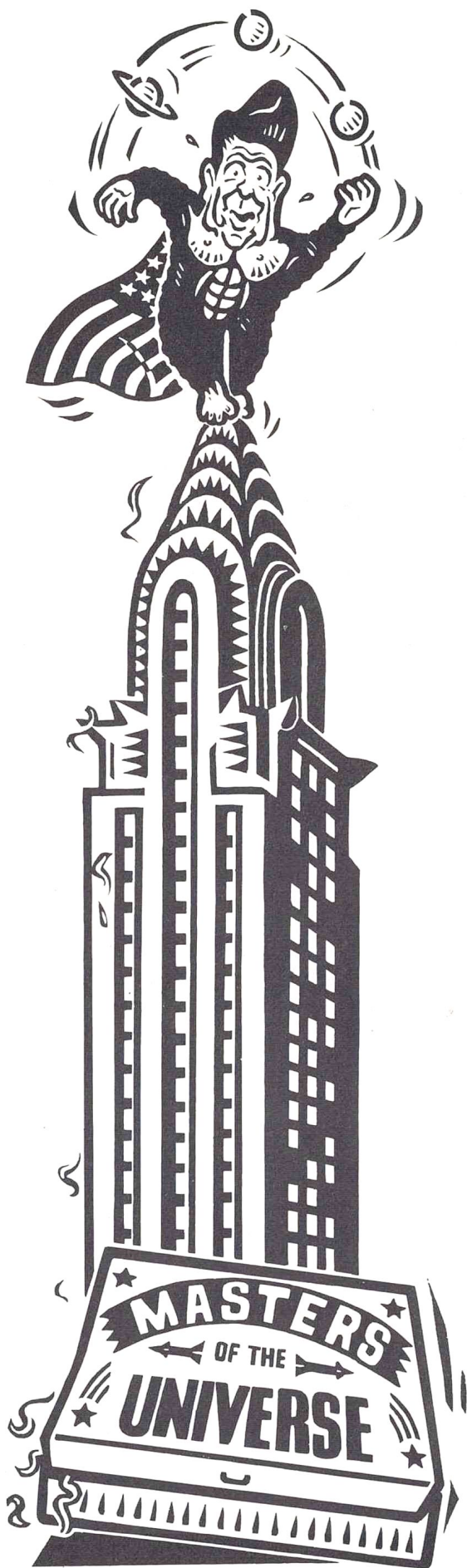
Sure to be a big hit in Paddington this year! It's the Alternative Kit for all those yuppies who want to be a part of the health revolution without the inconvenience. Kit includes Basic Primer (explains arcane terms such as rannet-free, irradiation and mung bean casserole), a stick of celery, and a special carrot-enhanced breath freshener so that you can always smell like you've been eating fresh vegetables even after a big plate of spag bog.

TWITCH WATCH

New trendy wristwatch with digital read-out that automatically tells you how many shopping days there are until the next election. Watchstraps have their own aroma, enabling you to smell a rat in advance.

The perfect gift for all nervous State and Federal Opposition leaders.





MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE

From the popular and long-running television production, this game features STINKOR the Russian premier, and VACUUM HEAD, the American President, as they battle for control of the world. These plastic toy figures have few movable parts and look dead — *JUST LIKE THE REAL THING!!* Other figures include HE-MAN the Prime Minister of Britain, SLIME the Middle East terrorist, and SCOREMAN the Democrat contender who's half-man, half-penis and has a SKELETOR in the cupboard.

WEEKEND SAILOR'S TIT WINCH

A must for every middle-aged advertising executive with a fifty-foot Bertram and a fifty-year-old wife who insists on taking off her bikini top on the Hawkesbury. This handy little gadget prevents breasts from dragging on the deck and tripping up the helmsman. Also has attachable nipple rings hung with dried herring. Simply flop over the edge and use for lobster bait.

MANGERMEN

The new fun-filled computer game for all the family! The baby Jesus has been born in Bethlehem. The object of the game is to get him out of town in the face of King Herod's marauding soldiers, Roman census-takers and a whooping cough epidemic. For one to four players. From Crassgames.

IVAN BOESKY PAGER

Every keen shares trader and stock market analyst will appreciate this in his cashmere stocking! Works like a standard pager, instantly alerting you to stock market opportunities. All the market rumors are flashed on the screen the instant they reach your office. There's no longer any need to miss the opportunity to cash in on insider trading simply because you're out on your yacht rogering your private secretary!

BOTTLE OF REAL BONDI SEAWATER

Ideal gift for loved ones visiting from overseas. A souvenir they can take home with them to remind them of the beach that has become synonymous with Australia. The water is guaranteed to have been collected no further than a hundred metres from the beach and contains not less than 25 percent per volume of effluent, urine and white grease. A large brown turd is standard in the family bottle.

AGGRAVATION

The brilliant new hi-tech electronics game, ideal for the executive with time on his hands. Starter pack includes telephone, wires and your very own phonebook. Hours of fun trying to get connected.

Advanced players can try getting through to Difficulties and Faults. For one to sixteen million players. From Telecom.

TEST MATCH

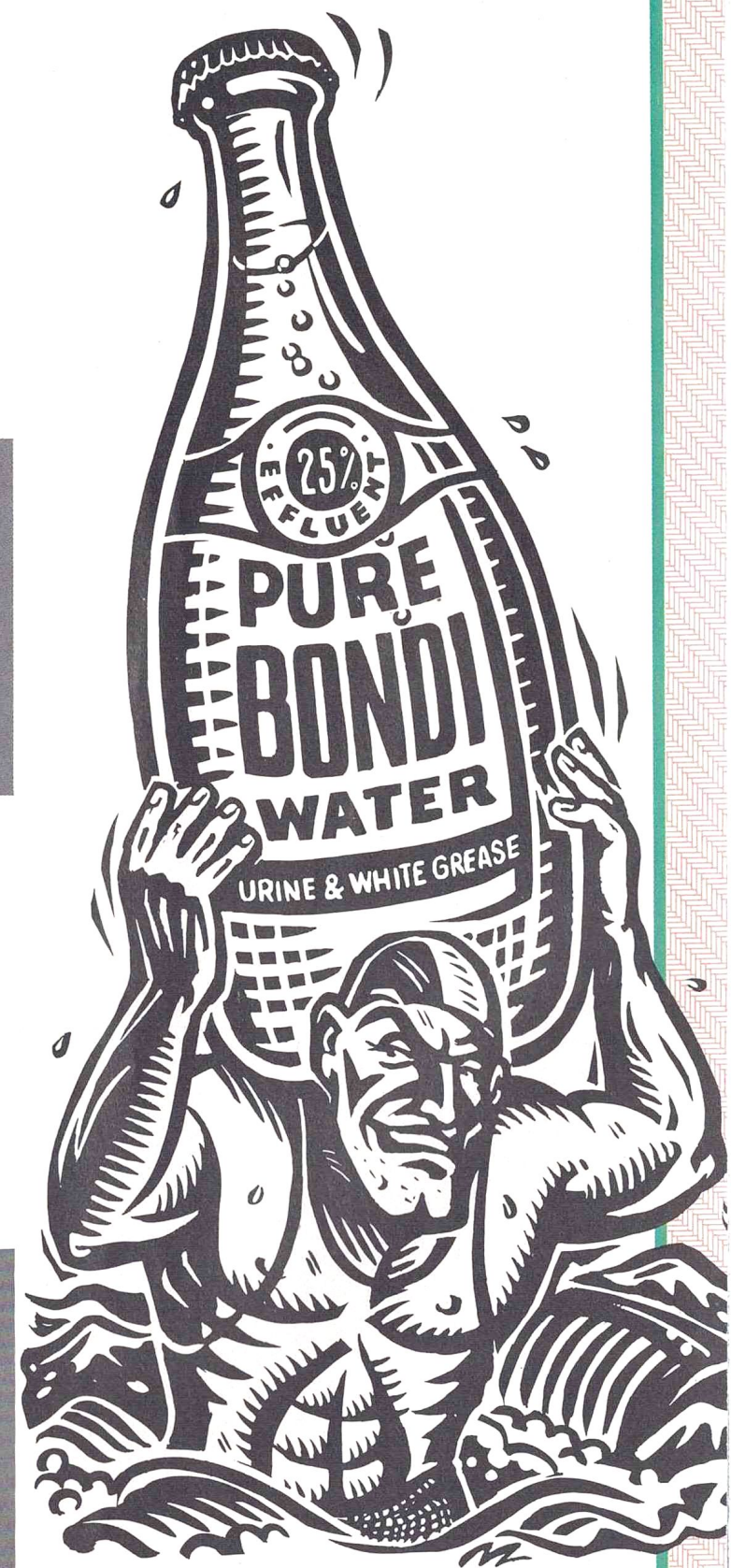
Lifelike cricket game with miniature pitch, miniature wicket and miniature players. Also with miniature bats, the same size our own Test batsmen use!

Be captain of Australia and pick your own team! Then watch them play! Each game comes complete with anti-depressant pills, box of tissues and razor blades.

LA COST. FOR HIM. FOR HER. FOR YANKS.

This season sees the release of the new La Cost range of perfumes and after shaves from France. Now you too can smell like a crocodile.

La Cost also have a new range of casual sportswear that proved very popular with Americans last season. Each item has a crocodile on it. A real one.



So have a happy Christmas. And whatever else you plan to get this Christmas, if you've been drinking, it's my heart-felt wish that you don't get on the same stretch of road as me.



ILONA STALLER PORNO POLITICIAN



Her campaign trail streamed across Italy. The jaunty Renault convertible — shocking red, to match her brightly painted lips — screeched to a halt in the centre of the sleepy little Italian village. Lovely Ilona Staller (aka "Cicciolina," or "little fleshy one") peeled down the top of her tight pink dress, flashed her ample breasts and declared her candidacy for the tenth postwar Parliament. A flurry of leaflets and kisses were blown into the crowd of utterly astonished locals.

"Vote Cicciolina, No 49" exhorted the colorful Radical party leaflets that fluttered into the hands of the shocked citizenry of Fornello, a small village on the outskirts of Rome. "If you love sex, nature, and love, give me your vote," cried Cicciolina. In a nation well-known for its outrageous political street theatre, this magnetic porn star-turned-politico managed to redden more than a few cheeks. As she perched high above the crowd with her naked breasts pointed in proud salute to the paparazzi, party members became increasingly alarmed by the antics of their concupiscent contender. But the biggest bombshell of all dropped in June 1987. Cicciolina won the election.

Coyly batting her long, luxuriant lashes, the lissome Ilona begins her story in the throaty, thickly accented voice that eventually made her famous. Born 37 years ago in Budapest, Hungary, Ilona Staller arrived in Italy on a tourist's visa at the tender age of 20. Her arresting good looks won her a role in a local movie called *Incontro d'Amore*. Enchanted by the limelight and *la dolce vita*, Ilona decided to remain in Italy to try and parlay her first lucky break into a successful career. A brief marriage and ten forgettable films followed before her fortunes changed, placing the Hungarian beauty at the very apex of Italy's steamy erotic underground scene.

Blame it on Riccardo. Photographer-cum-manager Riccardo Schicchi helped nurture Ilona's longtime interest in nude modelling. And when the Italian government deregulated the airwaves in 1976, Staller and Schicchi crafted a fiercely erotic late-night talk show for the private Radio Luna station. It was then that Ilona's now infamous Cicciolina alter ego was born. A runaway hit, the impossibly deep-throated siren moaned and sighed her way into the hearts, minds, and crotches of all Italian stallions within striking distance.

Her brilliantly executed brand of aural erotica soon made Cicciolina

• Cicciolina set out to make it known that raising one's dress or lowering one's pants is hardly the most reprehensible act a politician can commit •





a palpitating standard-bearer for sexual libertarians everywhere. But at the same time, her provocative monologues were stimulating ejaculations of a somewhat less than licentious nature. Self-appointed moral watchdogs waxed apoplectic about their determination to cleanse the airwaves of Cicciolina.

Meanwhile, destiny decreed that Ilona's talents were much too vast to be constrained any longer within the sterile confines of the broadcasting booth. In 1982, her admittedly exhibitionist nature found full flower in the more lucrative hotbed of hard-core pornography. A series of explicit photos and fiery feature films soon made Ilona's prodigious figure as familiar as her magnificently modulated moans. The time was ripe to take this show on the road.

Her penchant for instant gratification was satisfied by the hundreds of adoring fans who flocked to see Cicciolina perform in salty live revues with titles such as *Daring* and *Exquisite Curves*. Patrons were treated to a veritable three-ring circus of the erotic, often featuring the five-foot-eleven Ilona locked in mortal combat with a live python. Audiences went wild watching the serpent slither across her naked, translucent flesh.

As Ilona's fame escalated, so did a plague of criminal prosecutions under the arcane Article 528 of the Italian penal code. Ilona explains that this is a law that prohibits public exhibition and commerce of obscene material. "It authorises any police agent to seize any cassette or porno review at any time he sees fit, which is too often used for political convenience and not because the sense of decency has been violated." Her anger rising, Ilona's languid voice becomes more animated. "But how can I offend the common sense of decency if my show is performed before paying customers, in a closed area forbidden to minors?"

As the magistrates continued to pursue her under the auspices of Article 528, Ilona began to wonder why nobody had amended the antiquated statute so that it would "change with the times and reflect the evolution of society." Because pornography, states Ilona, "is a liberty that represents true enlightenment . . . I fight against hypocrisy, and against repression in sexual matters."

Enter the Italian Radical party. Attracted by her simpatico politics, and always on the lookout for a candidate provocative enough to get an otherwise apathetic electorate out to the polls, the





small party seized on Cicciolina. Here was one aspirant who would be certain to generate much-needed press coverage during the critical national elections, when a staggering 10,907 contenders would jockey for 945 legislative seats. According to Radical party leader Marco Pannella, "This is a candidacy against sex mania and phobia."

And so it began in that small village on the outskirts of Rome. Blonde-haired, blue-eyed Ilona Staller shed her top and announced her intention to crash the imposing gates of Italy's august Chamber of Deputies.

The startling news made headlines around the world as the carnal caravan churned through countless courtyards and piazzas. And there was Ilona Staller, clutching a teddy bear and crowned in pearls, breasts bared, as she admonished the photographers. "Men, please, a little farther back. Don't crowd me — I'm skinny, my darlings!"

At one point during the campaign, the Cicciolina bandwagon made a surprise whistle-stop before the very portals of Parliament itself, in flagrant violation of the laws prohibiting transit of that nature through the streets of the historical district. A gaggle of thoroughly flummoxed policemen gaped as a topless Ilona flung herself into the arms of a senator's chauffeur. The paparazzi clicked furiously and the crowd, as always, went wild. When local authorities later warned manager Schicchi to tighten the reins on his exuberant candidate, he replied: "For us, the elections are a popular holiday, something colorful. We have hundreds of followers who, in small teams, are going to put up 150,000 posters for Cicciolina. It's kind of a creative act."

Naturally, most of the support for her campaign has come from men, married or otherwise. In spite of the heavy press coverage, Pannella claimed that the explosive publicity surrounding the campaign was beginning to become a cause for concern within his own ranks. "Even here, there have been moments of cowardice, weakness, and perplexity, because it could cost us votes!" But Ilona amazed them all when she pulled the party's second-highest vote, winning herself a seat as deputy to Parliament representing the Lazio District, comprising Rome and its surrounding communities. True to form, she celebrated her win with a lavish display of skin before frantic crowds in Rome's Plaza Navona.

Ilona assured the media that she would take her newly won position as a member of Parliament very seriously. Contrary to popular expectation, she accepted her seat fully clothed, clad in an inaugural ensemble of virgin white, from her form-fitting dress down to her sheer stockings. To this model assembly she added a gold

crucifix and a pink makeup case.

Up until a mere three decades ago, women were not even permitted to cast ballots in Italian elections. And it was during that crucial election of the summer of 1946 that the Italian people voted in favor of a republic, thus ousting the monarchy rule. Fast-forward to 1987, and we find a new kind of royalty poised to take her place among the nation's rulers — a pretty porn queen whose presence in the Chamber is causing a royal flush among her fellow deputies.

Did Ilona plan to carry her striptease act into the corridors of power, or would she keep her well-stocked community chest under wraps? "If I am elected to Parliament as deputy," she once said, "I may introduce one of my 'performances' just to color the atmosphere and wake up the mummies from their chronic lethargy. Parliament is precisely the place where one sees the most sad, dull, lifeless beings. I'd like to sexually provoke a few Christian Democratic deputies purposely chosen for their questionable ethics. By staging one of my 'spectacles' in this manner, I'll succeed where the Commission of Investigation [High Court of Justice] has failed."

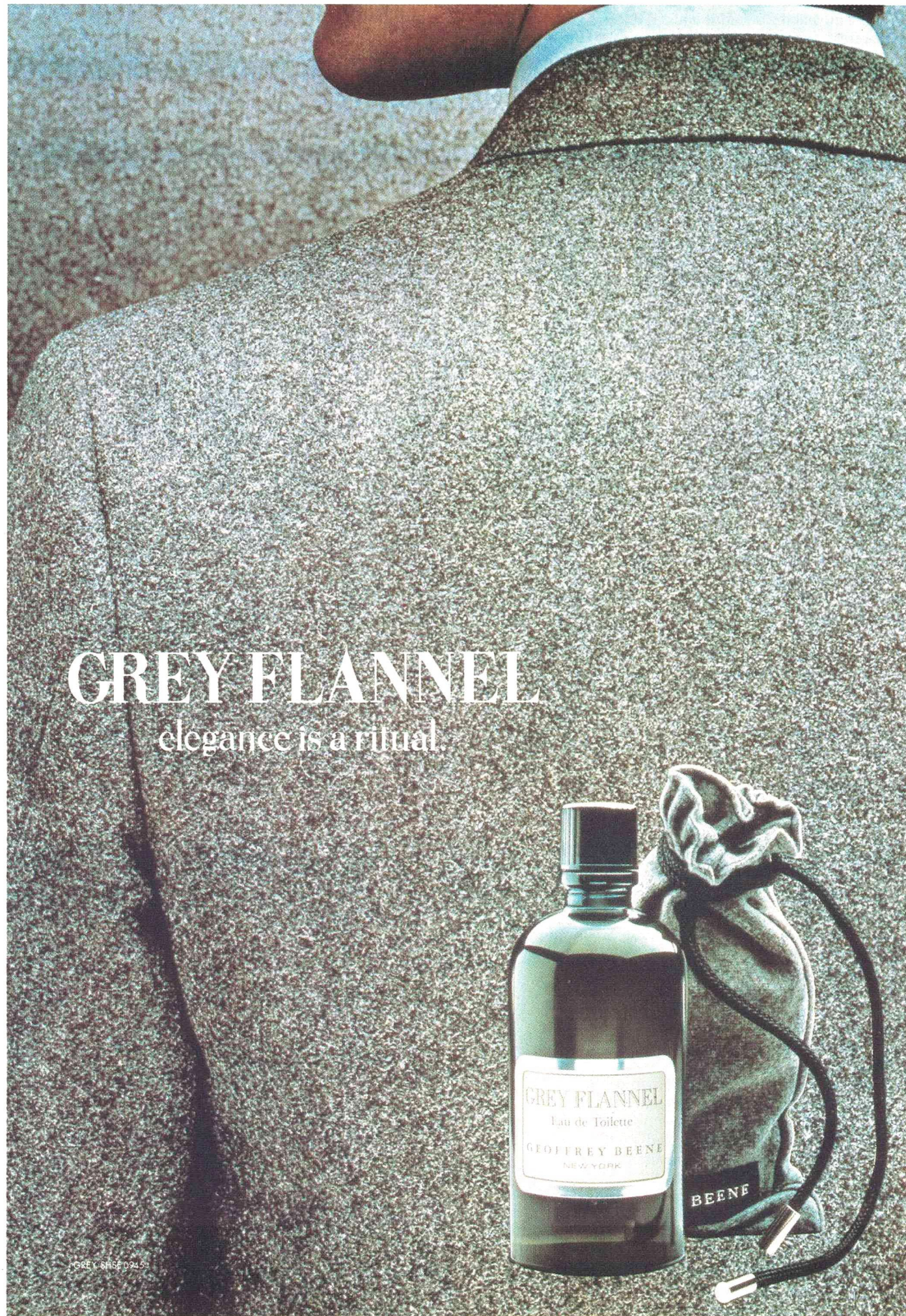
Ilona's platform included conjugal visits in the prisons, sex education in the primary schools, and not surprisingly, a serious re-evaluation of the notorious Article 528. But how does she reconcile the peculiar duality of her porno-politico career? Ilona quickly reminds you that she has been politically active for quite some time. "A year ago, a friend and I came down to the Piazza del Popolo, here in Rome." Nearly nude under their transparent veils, Ilona and her companion carried artichokes in protest against Chernobyl. She previously stated that if the Radical party entered Parliament, she would offer to be the Minister of Tourism and Environment.

Ilona numbers several members of the Roman Catholic priesthood among her closest friends. "I'm Catholic, and ever since I was a young girl I have gone to church. Now that I am grown up, I go to a small parish near my house where I often visit with the priest, who confesses to be a lover of Cicciolini." And what does she confess? Without missing a beat, Ilona replies, "The innumerable sins I commit every day!"

Men of the cloth are often drawn to this most angelic of sinners. "One day, on the Highway Naples-Rome. I saw two priests hitchhiking. I stopped the car and picked them up. I can't tell you how much fun it was. They had almost as many crazy stories to tell as I had! When we got to Rome, we'd been having such a terrific time together, they asked me to go with them to St Jean-de-Latran. When we arrived, I was surrounded by a bunch of

Continued on page 160





GREY FLANNEL
elegance is a ritual.



B E Y O N D

A JOKE

COMPILED BY C.J. MACKAY

You
asked
for
it,
you
got
it

P

hotocopiers
across the
country took a
hammering last
year when we
published *The
Joke Offensive* —
101 question/
answer jokes that
put the gag back
in gag. Dog-eared
copies were
reportedly pulled
from back
pockets and
passed around at
offices, pubs and
parties from Bondi
to Broome, which
just goes to show
that the national
sense of humor
should never be
overestimated.
Hell, why tickle a
funny bone when
you can get the
same effect by
bludgeoning it to
the floor, putting
the boot in and
throwing up all
over it?



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIRELLA BORDIGNON

And why not do it again? Here, without fear or favor, or indeed taste or sensitivity, we stoop again for the group who

wrote in requesting a follow-up. The ensuing 101 offensive jokes have been scraped from a wide range of

barrel bottoms, and are categorically listed over the following pages for your easy reference and enjoyment.

MULTICULTURALISM

Q. What are the hardest three years for New Zealanders?
A. Second grade.

Q. What does an Aboriginal call a sheet of corrugated iron?
A. A doona.

Q. Why do Americans talk so loudly?
A. So they can hear themselves over their clothes.

Q. Why did God give Mexicans noses?
A. So they'd have something to pick in the off season.

Q. What's on top of the Vietnamese hit parade?
A. Wokking The Dog.

Q. Why was the wheelbarrow invented in Africa?
A. So negroes could learn to walk on their hind legs.

Q. How do you get 47 Vietnamese in a Volkswagen?
A. Use a blender.

Q. How do you get them out?
A. With corn chips.

Q. How does a Tasmanian wipe his arse?
A. First he pulls up the front of his overalls, then the back, then the front...

Q. Why did God give Italians arms?
A. So their fingers wouldn't smell like their armpits.

Q. What's the difference between an Irish wedding and an Irish funeral?
A. One less drunk.

Q. What do you do if you can't fit an American into a coffin?
A. Give him an enema and bury him in a shoe box.

Q. What's the alternative pronunciation of cocoon?
A. N-nigger.

Q. What do they call the stork that delivers babies in New Zealand?
A. A dope peddler.

Q. What's an Aboriginal martini?
A. An olive in a flagon of muscat.

Q. What's the most effective birth control method among Lebanese women?
A. Their faces.

Q. Have you heard the one about the two Irishmen in bed together?
A. They were into wife swapping.

Q. What's Lena Horne's favorite perfume?
A. Eau de Doo Dah Day.

Q. What's the best-selling adult toy in New Zealand?
A. Inflatable sheep.

Q. What do you call a Jewish prostitute?
A. Rentl.

Q. What are the ingredients in the aphrodisiac Irish fly?
A. A bottle of whiskey and a brick.

Q. Why don't New Zealanders become chemists?
A. Because they can't get those little bottles in the typewriter.

Q. What's six miles long and goes at four miles an hour?
A. A Lebanese funeral with only one set of jumper cables.

Q. How do negroes keep their kids from jumping on the bed?
A. They put velcro on the ceiling.

Q. Did you hear about the man who was half Irish and half Italian?
A. He made himself an offer he couldn't understand.

Q. What's the best thing about being English?
A. You never miss phone calls because you're in the bath.

Q. What's eight miles long and has an IQ of 40?
A. A St Patrick's Day parade.

Q. What's the definition of confusion?
A. Father's Day in Redfern.

Q. What do you call a fat Chinese?
A. A chunk.

Q. What do you call a Tasmanian with an IQ of 176?
A. A suburb.

Q. How many people does it take to bury a negro?
A. Four. One to chuck him in the hole and three to lower the ghetto blaster.

Q. Why can't Arabs have driver education and sex education classes on the same day?
A. Because the camels get too tired.

Q. What color is an Aboriginal who's been run over by a steamroller?
A. Flat black.



SEX, SEX AND MORE SEX

- Q. How do you protect yourself from fall-out?**
A. Put it back in and take shorter strokes.
- Q. What's pink and has seven dents in it?**
A. Snow White's hymen.
- Q. How do you know if you're getting great oral sex?**
A. Your sheets start disappearing up your arse.
- Q. Where did Linda Lovelace get her start in movies?**
A. Tonsiltown.
- Q. What's the best thing to come out of your penis when you stroke it?**
A. The wrinkles.
- Q. What's another name for a rubber sheet?**
A. A golden shower curtain.
- Q. What's the definition of a dildo?**
A. A meat substitute.
- Q. What's the difference between parsley and pussy?**
A. No-one eats parsley.
- Q. What's the difference between kinky and perverted?**
A. If you're kinky you tickle your dick with a feather. If you're perverted you fuck the whole chicken.
- Q. Did you hear about the impatient voyeur?**
A. He peeked early.
- Q. What happened to the girl who went fishing with the boys?**
A. She came home with a red snapper.
- Q. What's the best defence against rape?**
A. Beat off the attacker.

WHAT'S YOUR HANDICAP?

- Q. What's Helen Keller's favorite color?**
A. Corduroy.
- Q. Why did God invent handicapped people?**
A. Because if there weren't any handicapped, we'd never get a parking spot.
- Q. What was the cruellest present Helen Keller was ever given?**
A. A paint by numbers set.
- Q. What was the cruellest present Helen Keller ever gave?**

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Day*

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99 ALBION STREET, SURRY HILLS

JOKE

A. Her first paint by numbers picture.

Q. What was Helen Keller's best selling book?
A. Around The Block In 80 Days.

Q. Why was Helen Keller's leg yellow?
A. Because her dog was blind too.

Q. What do one-legged ballerinas wear?
A. One-ones.

Q. Did you hear about the blind gynae-cologist?
A. He was a lip reader.

Q. Why did the wheelchair sportsman visit the doctor?
A. He had a bad case of athlete's stump.

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

Q. What do women and dog shit have in common?
A. The older they get, the easier they are to pick up.

Q. What's a wife?
A. An attachment you screw on the bed to do the housework.

Q. Why do women rub their eyes when they wake up in the morning?
A. Because they haven't got balls to scratch.

Q. Why are women like screen doors?
A. Once they've been banged a few times, they tend to loosen up.

Q. What's a lap dog?
A. An ugly woman who gives head.

Q. What two things can be great until your friends see you on them?
A. Fat women and motor scooters.

Q. Why don't they let women go swimming in the surf?
A. Because they can't get the smell out of the fish.

Q. Why is a woman like a bank?
A. Because you always lose interest when you withdraw your assets.

Q. Who don't women's guts fall out?
A. Because they're held in by the vacuum in their heads.

Q. Who don't prostitutes vote?
A. Because they don't care who gets in.

Q. What's the definition of eternity?
A. The time between when you come and she leaves.

Q. Why do women have cunts?
A. So men will talk to them.

Q. What do you call an anorexic with a yeast infection?
A. A quarterpounder with cheese.

OUR GAY FRIENDS

Q. If there are three poofters in bed, what do you call the one in the middle?
A. A double adaptor.

Q. How do men become homosexuals?
A. Sixty percent are born gay and the other 40 percent are sucked into it.

Q. What's the definition of a hermaphrodite?
A. Self-sufficient.

Q. What do lesbians need to get married?
A. Licker licences.

Q. How many poofters does it take to change a lightglobe?
A. Five. One to do it and four to stand around squealing, "Faaaabulous!"

Q. What happened when Liberace died?
A. Rock Hudson turned over in his grave.

Q. Why did the lesbian cut short her overseas trip?
A. She missed her native tongue.

Q. How did the homosexual know his boyfriend was cheating on him?
A. He came home shit-faced.

Q. What did the dissatisfied homosexual say to his partner?
A. "Why do I always have to sleep on the brown spot?"

Q. How do you tell a homosexual church service?
A. Only half the congregation is kneeling.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Q. Where does asparagus come from?
A. Elephants with blackheads.

Q. What's the difference between a dingo and a crocodile?
A. Dingoes prefer younger women.

Q. How do you separate two mating crocodiles?
A. Give them a Yank.

Q. What does it cost to have a holiday in northern Queensland?
A. An arm and a leg.

Q. Why did the three-legged dog walk into the saloon?

A. He wanted to get the low-down gunslinger who shot his paw.

Q. Why did the farmer stop screwing his mule?
A. He had to reach too far around to kiss her.

Q. What's three foot long and fucks chooks?
A. An axe.

UNCLASSIFIED

Q. What's the difference between a beer and a booger?
A. A beer goes on top of the table, a booger under it.

Q. What do the Public Service and the Grosby Shoe Company have in common?
A. About 500,000 loafers.

Q. What happens if you stick your hand up a gypsy's dress?
A. You get your palm red every 28 days.

Q. What's another name for a proctologist?
A. A crack investigator.

Q. Why was man invented?
A. Because dildos can't take out the garbage.

Q. What's the difference between snot and broccoli?
A. Kids don't like the taste of broccoli.

Q. Who was Tinker Bell's abortionist?
A. Captain Hook.

Q. What's the difference between Elizabeth Taylor and the QEII?
A. It doesn't take as many tugs to get the QEII out of slips.

Q. What do people with incurable bad breath do?
A. Become dentists.

Q. Why does John McEnroe wear a headband?
A. To hide the circumcision scar.

Q. What's the difference between a rock 'n' roll roadie and a pig?
A. A pig won't stay up all night to fuck a rock 'n' roll roadie.

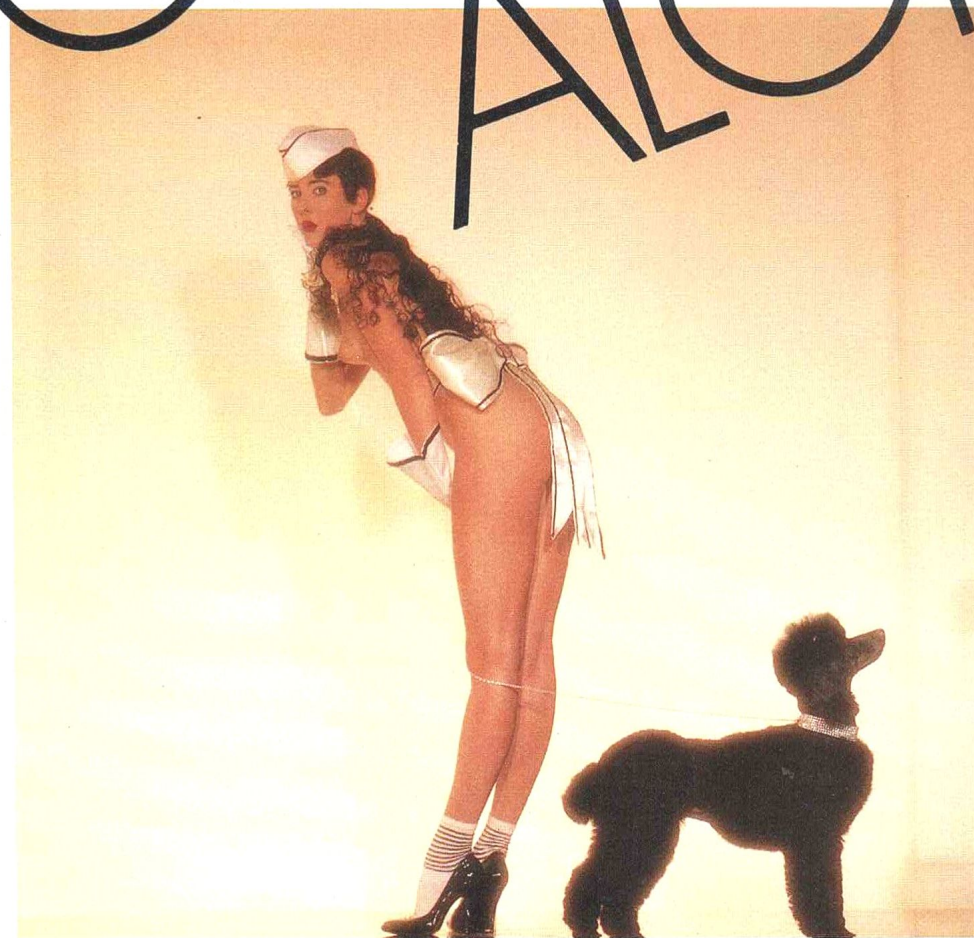
Q. What do you call a man's pubic hair?
A. A dick Vandyke.

Q. Why do newborn babies cry when they're slapped?
A. Because they're too little to swear.

Q. How do you know when you're getting old?
A. You have dry dreams and wet farts.

Meet the French maid who had the Queensland boys in blue seeing red ... Or was that pink?

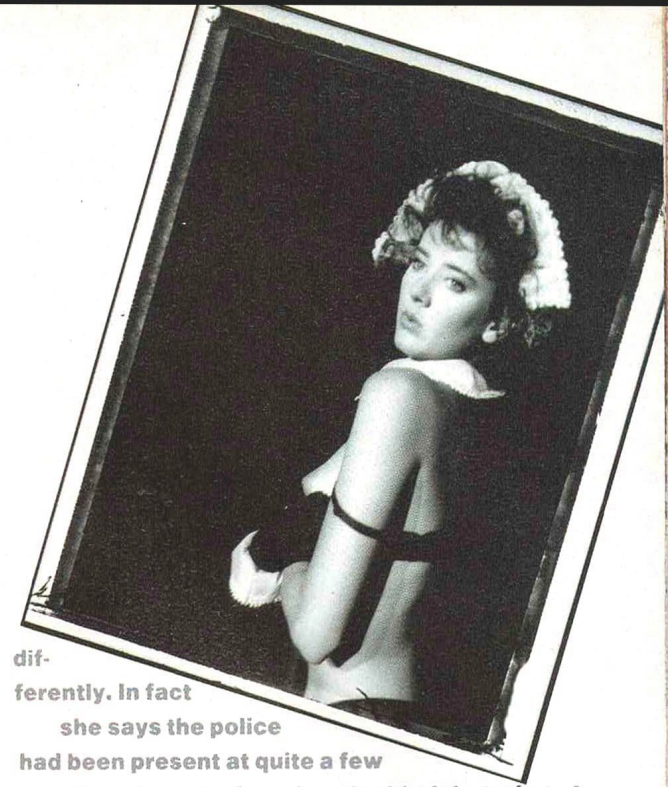
CHIC ALORS!



PHOTOGRAPHY
BY
NICK
BROKENSHA



All hell broke loose when Margaret Duncan took off all her clothes to entertain her classmates in Grade Two. Though her friends had cheered her through her first public strip routine, and though Margaret saw nothing wrong in what she was doing, her teachers took a dim view of the matter. Margaret was told she was a bad, bad girl and sent home with a stern note. Not much more than a decade down the line the reaction to 18-year-old Margaret's shedding her gear before an audience was pretty much the same. The crowd was still cheering her on through a by now very sexy and sophisticated act as Fifi L'Amour, the French maid whose feather duster knew no fear in its dispensing of favors. Margaret herself still saw nothing amiss in her undress to impress routine. But the authorities — this time the Queensland police — saw the affair differently. The way Margaret tells it they had to look very closely to see the matter



differently. In fact
 she says the police
 had been present at quite a few
 of her shows before they decided that what she
 was doing wasn't right and proper for the moral
 fibre of Queenslanders.

It was after her show at a Surfers Paradise
 nightspot on the night of March 6 this year that the
 long arm of the law reached out and nabbed
 Margaret Duncan on a charge of indecent
 behavior. Arresting officer Det. Sen. Sgt Peter
 McFarlane alleged that Fifi had twice exposed her
 genitals to her all-male audience while performing
 a floor sequence. He later testified in court that he
 had seen her lie on her back while completely
 naked, then roll on her side and raise her leg high in
 the air. And as if once wasn't enough to inflame
 the moral safety of the paying spectators, she had
 then repeated the movement. To maintain manful
 decorum, the boys in blue waited until Margaret
 was dressed and enjoying an after show drink
 before they swooped.

"I honestly thought they were joking," says
 Margaret, now 19. "There had been police at my
 shows many times before and when I saw them
 approaching I thought nothing of it. When they told
 me I was under arrest I just giggled at them. When
 I realised they were serious I couldn't believe it.
 Here they were taking me down to the station. In
 retrospect it's hilariously bizarre, but at the time I
 was very, very scared."

If Margaret had gone quietly and worn the rap, so
 to speak, she would have been fined \$60. But
 she's a feisty type and a woman of principle. She
 knew that she had not intentionally flashed and as
 the 15-minute show was carefully choreographed
 (by Margaret herself) she could repeat it at any
 time if further evidence was required. She decided
 to fight the charge and so the year's most
 ludicrous legal joust was underway. Just around
 the corner were the jokes about the "crack"
 investigators of the Queensland Police T.W.A.T.
 Squad.



In case you've been hanging out on a desert island for the past few months it may be news to you that Margaret won the case. In Southport Court on September 17 Mr Ron Nolan SM ruled that Margaret Duncan's act did not breach moral standards by "today's standards." After hearing two hours of evidence Mr Nolan said that nudity was seen on TV and in movies and particularly on Gold Coast beaches. He added that striptease was "tolerated" in the nightclubs of the world and that by today's moral standards was viewed as a form of art. A little ray of sunshine beamed in the Sunshine State and Margaret Jean Duncan, striptease artiste of Clayfield in Brisbane, retained her unbesmirched record. Fifi the French maid became overnight the most famous stripper since Sandra Nelson.

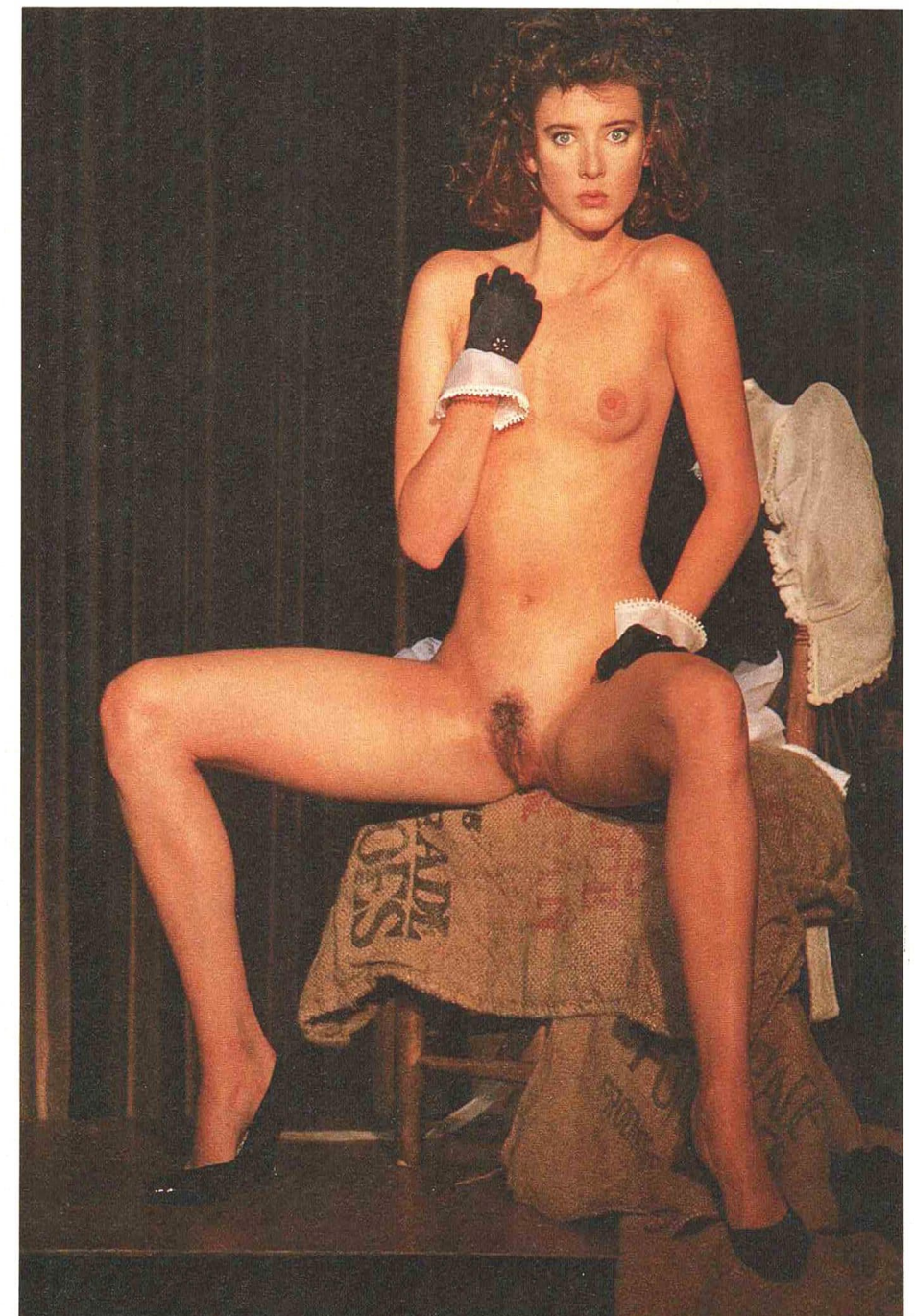
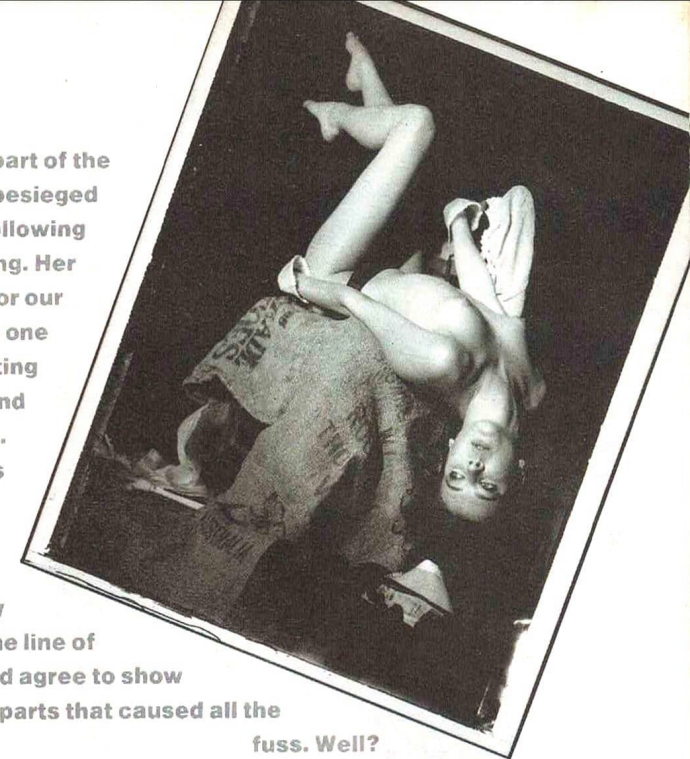


Face, bust and body treatment by Pampurrs of Neutral Bay; Hair, make-up and styling by Susan Daub; Lingerie and pyjamas from I.M. Lingerie, QVB, Sydney; Shoes from Raymond Castles, Double Bay; Poodle from Marsden Poodles, Old Northern Rd, Glenorie.



Penthouse was a part of the media circus that besieged Margaret in the weeks following the magistrate's finding. Her decision to pose for our Christmas issue makes for one of the more interesting stocking fillers you'll find anywhere this season. The question which begs to be asked is of course why Margaret, who protested in court that she would not intentionally display her genitals in the line of stripping duty, would agree to show Australia the very body parts that caused all the

fuss. Well?



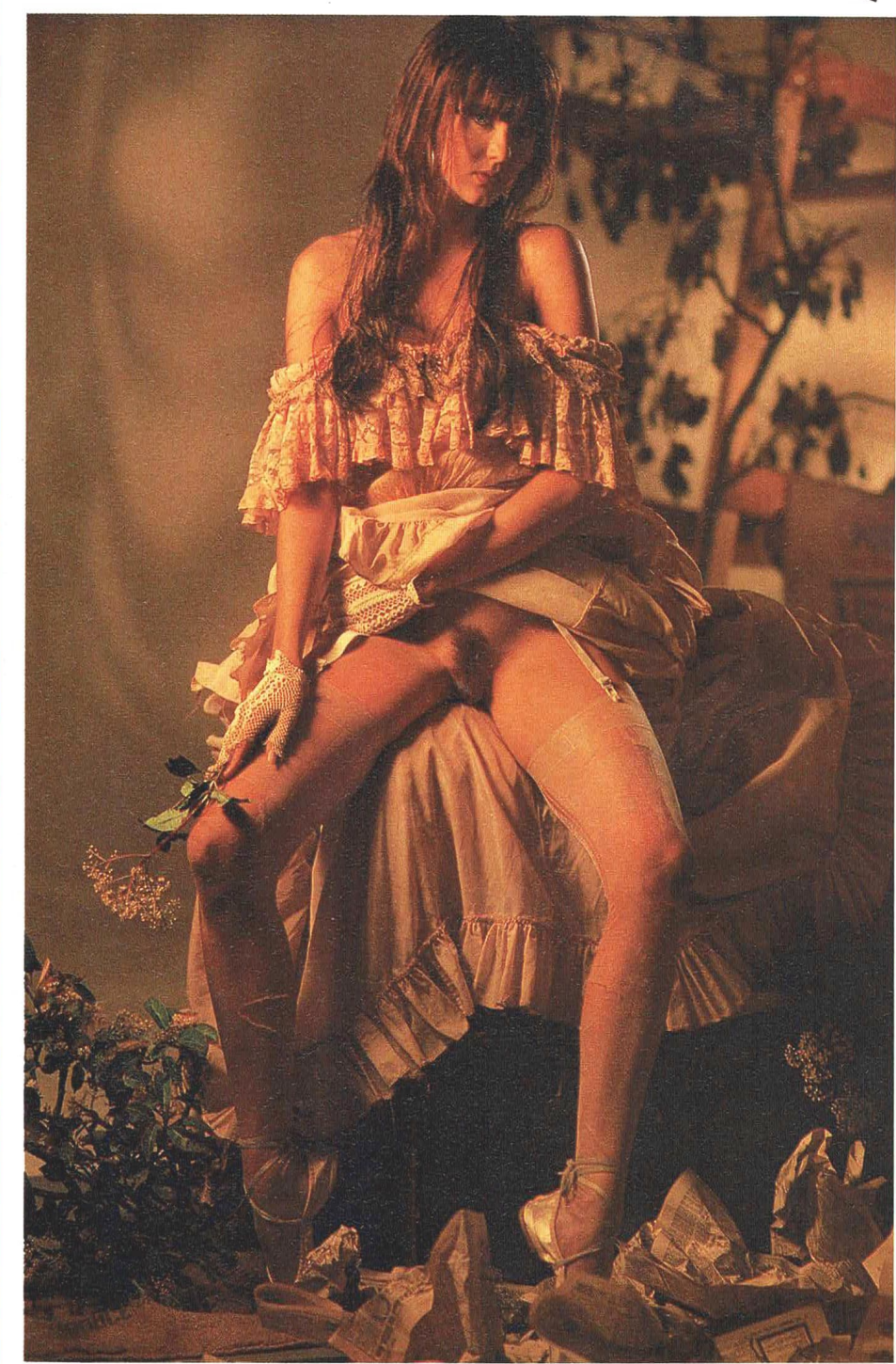
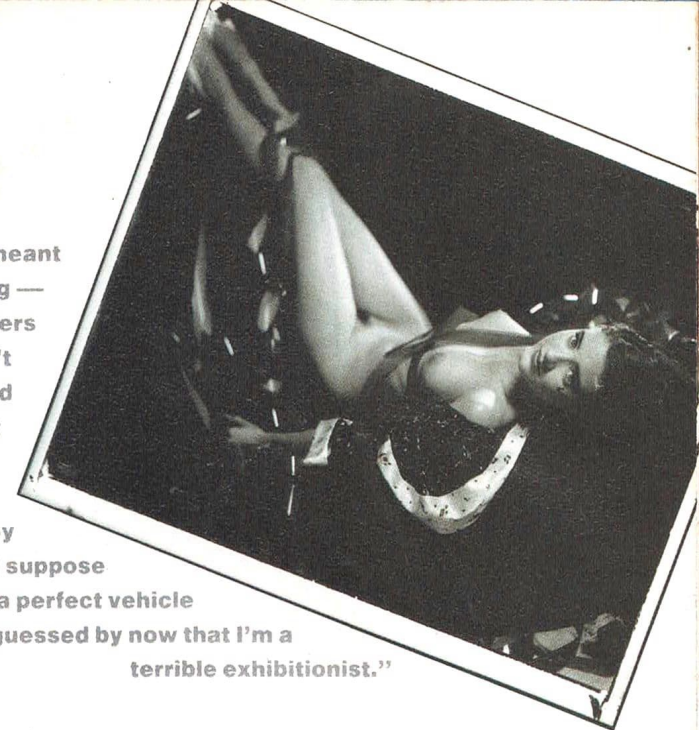


"It's completely different, isn't it?" says the straightforward teenager. "In my work as a stripper I am required to abide by a set of rules and I do so. I am a professional entertainer and my routines are strictly choreographed to observe the law. When I do a job, I do it properly and well. To me stripping is just like any other job. That's the bit that no-one seems to understand. I'm also a model. I've been modelling and dancing for many years and when I was approached by *Penthouse* I saw the opportunity for an interesting modelling assignment and I was determined to do it well.



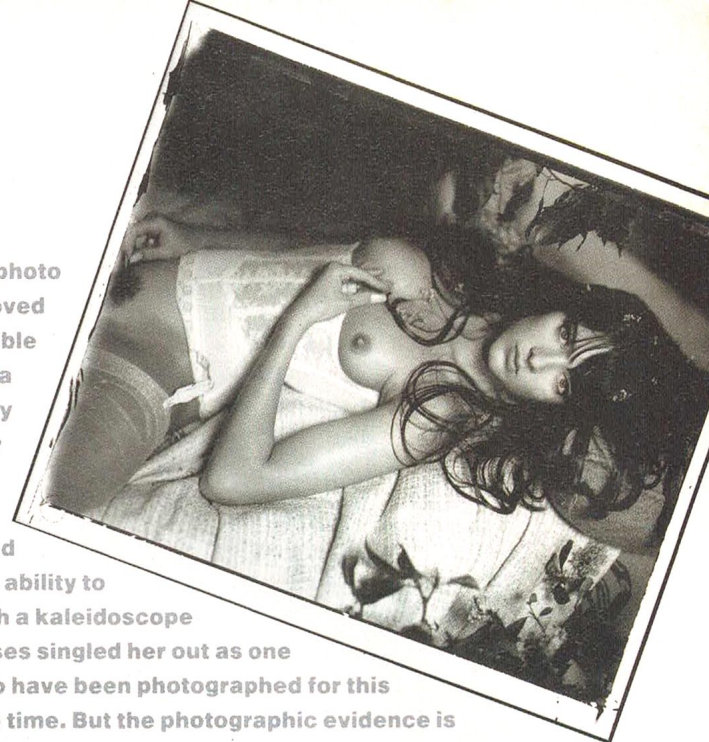


“The fact that it meant revealing everything — showing what the coppers said they saw — didn’t bother me at all. I’ve said many times that I am not ashamed of my body — on the contrary, I’m very proud of it and I enjoy eliciting reaction to it. I suppose then that *Penthouse* is a perfect vehicle for me. You may have guessed by now that I’m a terrible exhibitionist.”





Throughout her photo sessions Margaret proved that she was not a terrible exhibitionist but a delightful and very talented one. Her professionalism was remarked upon by all involved in the shoot and her chameleon-like ability to change her look through a kaleidoscope of alluring character poses singled her out as one of the best models to have been photographed for this magazine for some time. But the photographic evidence is before the court. Fifi is fabulous. Merry Christmas.





Much to his dismay,
playwright Steve J. Spears developed
a soft spot for Thailand

ONE NERD IN BANGKOK

BY STEVE J. SPEARS

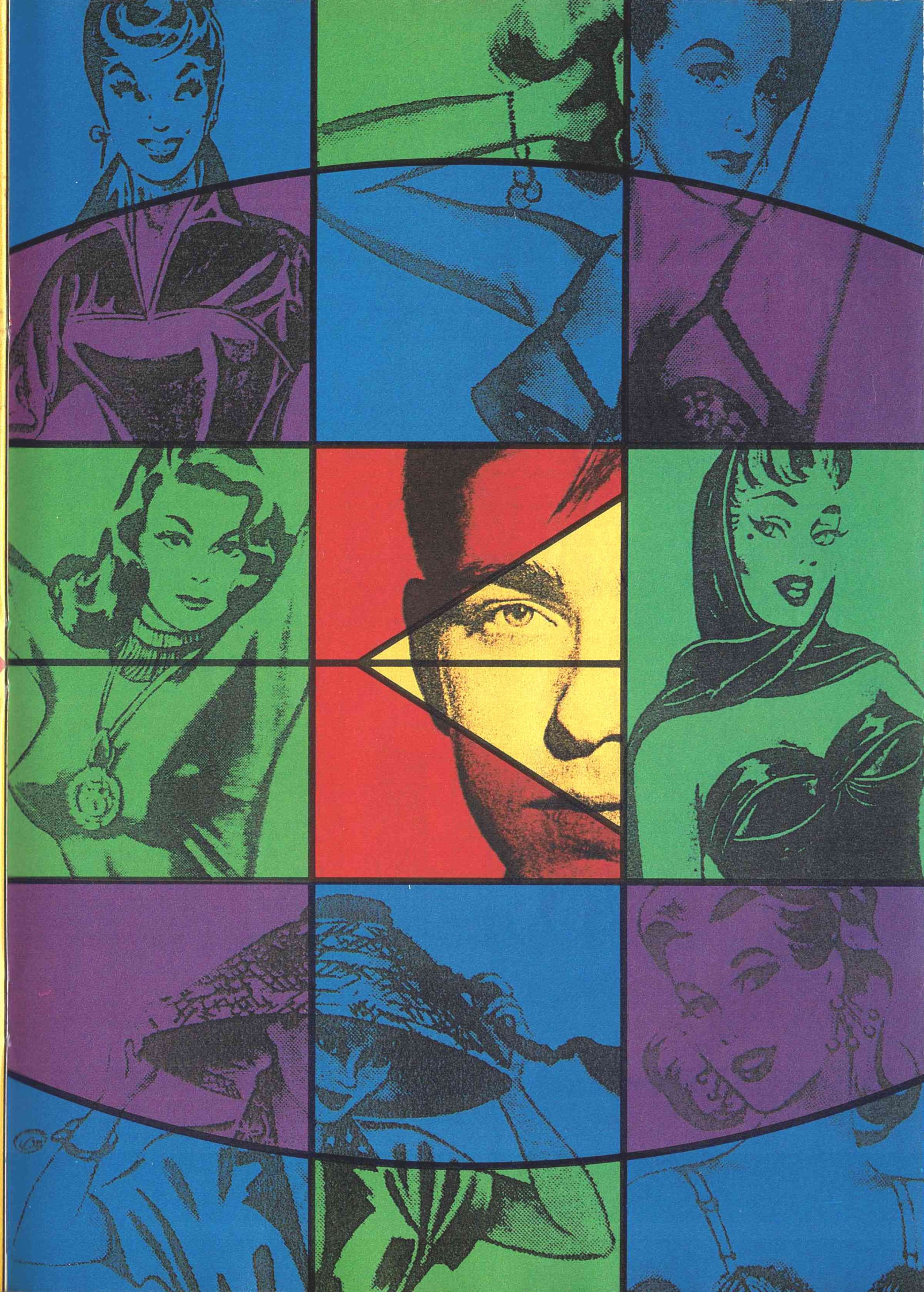
I'm dying. It's 5am. I'm in a beautiful bungalow in beautiful Phuket, a beautiful island in the beautiful Kingdom of Thailand. The beautiful warm waters of beautiful Patong Bay lap and gurgle 20 metres from my door. The video has been playing *The Terminator* over and over since midnight but I can't focus on Arnold Shwartzennegerer. I can't even spell Arnold Swharsgergerer.

I've just thrown up beautifully for the third time and shat for, oh, the 20th? 30th? Horrible dribbly little shit, like cups of Ovaltine. I sweat. I shiver. I'm hot. I'm cold. Cold then hot. Turn on the air con. Turn it off. Turn it on. Pace. Pace. Throw up. Just one more poo. There can't be any left. There is. Gosh.

Where did I go wrong? How could such a beloved and internationally respected playwright ("Australia's answer to Sam Shepard" — *Milwaukee Chronicle*, April '87) fall so low? There's no Thai bar girl beside me to wipe my rotten, worthless *farang* brow. I'm going to die in Asia alone.

Oh God, die in Asia, just like I knew I would. Helppp!!!! here it comes — the tuna salad I had for lunch and the

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY CONDON

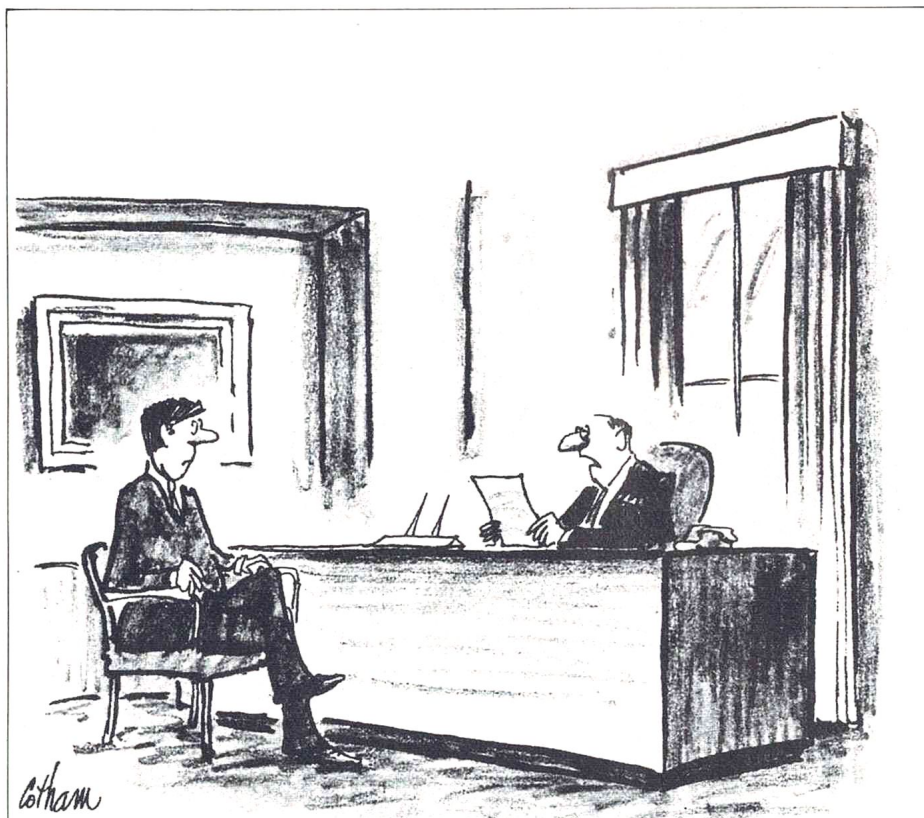


Thai hamburger I wolfed down for dinner when I was starting to feel bad and mistook "bad" for "hungry." Up they all come. Again.

Why oh why did I ever read Hunter S. Thompson as a toddler and think I could get away with that gonzo frogshit in the Eighties? Why didn't I grow up?

It's 6am. The sun's coming up. Feeling better. Yeah. One last beer then off to sleep. Just the ticket. Just what I need. I move to the fridge, grab the Singha and down it goes. Then up it comes. On the sheets. The sheets!! What will the *housemaids* think?

Don't panic. Fat Henry's in the next door bungalow. He'll see me right. Get me cremated and fly the ashes back to me dear old Mum. Rest, relax. Embrace the Eight-Fold Path of Suffering or Enlightenment or what-



Yeah, that's better. The panic's subsiding. I can sleep now. One more spew, one more poo then to sleep, "perchance to dream. Aye there's the rub." *Hamlet*.

OH MY GOD!! I farted in my bed and it came out Ovaltine!!! I'm in the opening scene of *Apocalypse Now* and *I don't want to be in this movie anymore!!*

Moreover, when I left for Oz a week later *vis a vis* a Thai orgasm that wasn't self-administered, I was a virgin.

Well, I survived the night of Big Wednesday, as I had come to call it, and awoke at noon feeling light, nice, purged (Boy, was I purged.) I'd solved my embarrassment over the befouled and smelly sheets by breaking into Fat Henry's room while he slept and substituting two of mine for two of his. Let *him* explain it to the maids. (It's good to have friends, don't you think?)

I have never screwed a "working girl." (Jesus, I hate that term.) Once, for my birthday, I was dragged along by a Well Known Director and an Internationally Famous Film Star to a brothel in Kings Cross. The Director loves brothels. He's made so much dough he can afford to go to them as often as he likes. He likes to get slung up on pulleys, dressed in leather bottomless nappies, and be viciously spanked by shrill blondes. The Star just likes the novelty of being in a downmarket environment getting serviced by two strangers while being addressed as Master or Supreme Lord.

Fair enough, I'm not knocking it. It's just that I found myself hating the brothel with an intensity that, the morning after and for years later, disturbed me. I mean... a *blood rage*?? Over a *knock shop*??

I loathed the cuddly, clumsy redhead in the “I’ve been raped” tattered bikinis, the twins who were sucking the Star’s ears. The Madam, with her smiles and “welcome back Sirs” and “any time you’re ready Sirs”, wasn’t human. She was a travesty of humanity, a carnie selling pre-loved jazz slits.

The prettiest girl, a young junkie, was sitting next to me. She put a hand on my leg and gave me a friendly grin. It had all the warmth of a mugger doing her sums. Will she knife him in the arm or just break it? Is the wallet in the coat pocket or the trousers?

The place smelt ever so slightly of years of sperm, years of old and young men grunting and shunting cunts, of being wanked and spanked then shrank and thanks for the money, honey, you were great. Of fantasies being acted out by deadened Dream Girls for their overweight Hundred Dollar Lords.

Still . . . what's the problem? I have fantasies, too, and I act them out. Was it late feminism? *From Spears*??? Give me a break. Catholic guilt? Yes. That's something you never get rid of and, if you're smart, makes sex better. Gringier. Believe me, the Church gives great head.

Was it the notion of casual sex? No. The honest one night stand, the let's do it once more for old times' sake, the zipless fuck — many of those times glow and shimmer in my long-term faithless memory. So what's the problem?

Whatever *my* problem was, the Director and the Star were having none of it. They were soaring. I could taste the Director's heaven vision of endless leather and "Who's a naughty millionaire?" stripes. Thwack!

The Star was relaxed and happy basking in adulation from the twins. Not because he was a nice person or a good lover or even a Star. He could have been Joe the Serial Murderer as long as he parted with

And, at that moment, I hated them all the whores and my friends. The brother didn't smell of sex. It smelt of failure, of anger, of the death of sex.

The junkie girl raised her weary eyebrows in a half-hearted "I'm the best you'll ever have, baby" look. She'd be stunning, thought, without the mugger's smile, if she could only get her eyes to focus, if she weren't in imminent danger of nodding off. If she were real. If I didn't want to rip out her junkie's heart.

Happy birthday, Steve.
I left the Kings Cross brothel in a hurry, shaking with fury. And wondering why. What's the problem? Something deep had got to me that night in the Cross and I'd come all the way to Bangkok and Big Wednesday to finally arrive at an answer.

Fat Henry had been in Thailand for two years. He'd found his answer the night he arrived. A Patpong nightclub called Lipstick.

"Listen, you can get a beautiful 15-year old, 400 baht (A\$23, approx) for the whole night. Or three for 1000 baht. Think of it *Three schoolgirls at once for 55 bucks!!!!*"

We were heading away from Bangkok International Airport in a *tuk-tuk*, a three-wheeled motorised cab with open sides that looks like a chariot and sounds like a lawnmower on Sunday mornings. The sort of novelty, like a gondola, the Americans call "kinda cute." It was hot. Even the breeze was steaming.

Bangkok looked like miles of Housing Commission Flats towering over little pockets of Beverly Hills. The air is of a quality to satisfy the severest petrol-sniffing habit. You don't breathe, as such, you just top up your lungs.

We stopped at Henry's "two-storey, air-con, maid and guard" luxury pad in downtown Bangkok (about half a mile from Charles Sobrahj's barb-wired Charlie Manson mansion) long enough for me to shower.

"Take showers at least three times a day, bro," said Fat Henry, my dear old friend and brother, "or you won't get a Thai girl to go near you."

It was 11pm and 30 degrees Celsius when Henry took me to Patpong and I went to heaven.

I love young girls. 16-year-old girls.
Do you?

For many years, they were my prime fantasy and, often, fact. Several years ago I had become madly infatuated with a 16-year-old called Mandy and raised the odd Sydney Showbiz eye-brow by squiring her round the traps. Opening nights, showbiz parties, even my agent's Ultrabiz "a homes."

She was blonde, slim, full-breasted, narrow-hipped, vibrant, avid for life, and a little bit of that other young stuff, with the voice of a

In other words, she was perfect. So perfect, in fact, that Henry fell madly in love with her behind my back, hired her as his "secretary" (ahem) and I didn't speak to the fat prick for two years.

But that's another story.

Just after that foul and unbrotherly betrayal by Fat Henry and my golden girl, I was doing a stint in *The Rocky Horror Show*, where, smaller than life and twice as surprising, another 16-year-old fell into my Humbert clutches. Her name was Donna and her only interest in life was *The Rocky Horror Picture Show Fan Club*. She was tiny (maybe 4 foot 10), sweet and gentle hearted. She was a peach.

One of the marginally disgusting thrills of my life, and I still recall it with glee, was to take her to The Pictures and ask for "one adult, one child." (Hello Donna. Married yet? Did you grow up chubby and married? Are you happy yet?)

But that's also another story. I just wanted to prepare you for my rush of blood, my shock, my AHHHHHHHHH!!!! when I walked into Lipstick and saw God.

There were Asian Mandys and Donnas and Lolitas walking around, sitting around, dancing and laughing around all over the place. And what's more they were naked. No, I tell a lie. Public nudity is banned by law in Thailand. They wore T-shirts. Around

They flocked around Fat Henry, a well-known and much loved regular, and his slack-jawed brother, "Steeb." A flotilla of wet dreams, young, pert, heart attack beautiful, and . . . they were all wearing badges with a number. They were for rent. Every cheeky chattering bare-bottomed one of them.

The live sex show had just started. A boy and girl did it. Then some girls smoked ciggies with their thingies, shot darts out of them at balloons, drew cartoons with them, opened bottles . . .

Yawn. I'd only been in The Kingdom for two hours but already, as an Old Asia Hand, I was bored by this lame tourist druck. I'd seen all that in *Emmanuelle*.

No, it was the girls that got to me. I was Headmaster Tom of Pubescent High peeking thru the keyhole into the girls' locker room. No gym slips, no Bonds Cottontails, no nothing. How about that?

"You buy drink, sexy man?" asked one of the nude pupils.

Fat Henry, noticing that this Old Asia Hand didn't know where to look, what to do, how to deal with this side of paradise, gave me his best advice.

"The trick is to sit back, relax and think of yourself as a sex object." Then he went off to a back room for a blowjob, leaving me



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BANGKOK

with Noi and Nong, both of whom were trying to seduce the hapless Headmaster. With great success.

"Steeb? I'm Noi. You like me? You like Nong?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Good."

Henry came back, did up his fly, gave the blower 200 baht and explained The System. At most of these places, the bargirls dance on stage, chat up the customers and get them to buy drinks (they keep half the cost of the "Scotch" and coke). Once a customer has picked them ("Number 6, hold the mayo"), he pays the "barprice", 150 baht, which excuses the girl from further work that evening. She's yours. She's rented. Bought and sold for eight bucks. You take her home and pay her the negotiated price (300 to 500 baht) in the morning. Simple.

Simple. Like the brothel in the Cross all those years ago.

I looked at Noi and Nong. They were knockouts and I calculated quickly. The barprice was B150 each, they were B500 each (why haggle in Eden?). 80 bucks. Sold. After a few drinkie-poops, the Headmaster and two delinquents retired to Fat Henry's palace.

I should have saved the B1300 for something useful. Like an extra testicle.

No good, folks. These girls were as different from those sour clapped-out workhorses in the Cross as an oasis is from a sewage outlet. And yet, and yet... nada. After an hour or so of patient effort, the girls taught me my first Thai words: "sen mii." It means "noodle." "Steeb" had a new nickname.

Never mind. Jet lag. New surroundings. Bubonic plague. Nothing serious, no worries. Hey Bangkok, lock up your daughters! The Stud's in town! Starting tomorrow.

Meanwhile Nong, Noi and Sen Mii curled up and slept like three virgin silver spoons in a drawer.

And thus it went, and thus it went. Fat Henry's palace, Pattaya's Hotel Humiliation, Phuket's Impotence Bungalows. Ten days. Nada.

"Steeb! You not strong!"

"Um, er, no. Um, maybe if you try..."

"I go now. Find strong man. Give me half the money please."

"But..."

"Steeb, maybe you should find a boy."

"It's raining down on Patong beach, the day after Big Wednesday, but the sun's shining in my soul (excuse the poetry). I've seen the light. During my first ten days, I've spent more baht on non-sex than I have on food and liquor. One I can't get up, the other I can't keep down. Enough already!! Stud, schmut. Bargirls, schmargirls. Sex,

shmex. Liquor, shmiquor. I quit. The Church has won at last and I shall 'go and sin no more'." (Notes from my diary. Thurs afternoon, 28th May.)

So for the final week, I went on the wagon. No grog. No bargirls. Just tourist stuff. I peeled pink then brown again. I rode water-bikes over the bay like an aquatic Hell's Angel. I drifted in catamarans with Henry and his bargirl and lectured them both on the dangers of alcohol and casual sex. (Smugness is the principal reward of abstinence.) I feasted on whole lobsters (three dollars). I wrote. I flirted with the ladies and gave them baht — not because they were potentials, but because they were beautiful, I had some, and they deserved it.

And I met Mem. Mem. The only ugly bar girl in Thailand.

She mended my frayed shirts between customers. She sat through my three minutes onscreen in *Mad Max 2* seven times. She laughed at my noodle jokes.

Mem was as sick of all this sex stuff as I was. Mem sewed. And when she smiled, the ugly duckling became a pale brown pint-size Venus. She smiled a lot. She liked her dreams.

The nature of the debate on prostitution changes slightly when viewed from the Kingdom. Mem wasn't sticking the profits into her arm, but into her family. She was heavily into real estate. She'd made enough for the deposit on a house in the country for Mum and Dad and her three-year-old child. She was 23 and getting old. (Models are like bargirls in that respect.) (And other respects.) She would open a dress shop in her home village way away from Phuket's Little Patpong. Way away from Bangkok. Way away from the Steebbs and the Fat Henrys. Next year. Or maybe the year after.

The smarter bargirls do it this year.

When I left Phuket, I gave her some money for the kid. I was ready now. I was in top shape for my last night in Bangkok and the Four Headed Blow Job.

Fat Henry was having problems of his own. Owing to an unfortunate *contretemps* with his Phuket bargirl, he now looked like a technicolor mugging victim. He'd got drunk and insisted on a rather exotic form of *jiggy-jiggy*. She got mad, scratched his eye and tried to eat his big toe. The scratch was red, the toe was blue and he was going to be in deep, deep trouble with his Bangkok wife because there was no way he could bullshit those battle scars off his face.

Henry had become my brother again as I struggled with my own night of the long soul and the shrivelled wang. He'd been there. It was my turn to be there for him.

I told his old lady that I did it.

"I was drunk. I threw an ashtray at him."

His missus looked suspicious.

"Look like fingernail scratch. From

bargirl."

I drew myself up to full stage height and looked into his missus's face, drawing on my years as an actor.

"I swear to you, on my honor, there was no bargirl, no fingernails. I hit my own brother..." (Steve breaks down weeping) ... with an ashtray. I cut his face. I broke his toe. Oh God! I'm so sorry."

"So you should be, you drunken bum," said Henry.

His wife consoled me, counselled abstinence and the matter was closed.

Lipstick had introduced a new segment — the 10.30 Shower Scene. Oh boy. What they do is, seven or eight girls lather up on stage, see?, and pretend nobody's watching, and when they're all glisteny foamy, they turn on the water and wash the suds off, see?, between their legs and everything, sometimes to each other, you know what I mean?

Headmaster Tom had found a peephole in the shower block. And when it was done and the last drink bought and the last noodle joke told, I said goodbye to Noi and Nong and all my gels. In three hours, I was going home.

"Listen, bro", said Henry. "Thanks for lying to the Missus."

"Nada."

"We're going to Rose."

Rose was a blowjob bar of some notoriety. "Why? Haven't you heard? Mine doesn't work any more."

"Trust me. I'm an Old Asia Hand. These girls can get sperm from stones."

We walked into a teensy first floor bar about the size of an average living room. A girl was (literally) fucking a duck onstage. A friendly, tubby girl came up.

"You want blowjob?"

Again, Oh Lord, again. Well, Steeb, what have you learnt from all this? You want blowjob or not?

"Sure."

"You want two girl?"

"Sure."

I took down my trousers and two girls went to it. And guess what? It worked! The noodle was striking back. *Al dente*. Blood was filling those capillaries, erectile tissue was erecting. Hallelujah! Steeb was strong!!

"You want three girl?"

"Sure."

"You want four girl?"

"Sure."

Even Henry was somewhat appalled by this display of greed. He nursed a whiskey and a blue toe while my four new friends cupped my balls, chomped my manhood, sucked my nipples, pulled and tugged and crooned and whispered and gobbled in a feeding frenzy.

As I changed the mouths and rearranged the pecking order ("no, you go there, that's right, you here"), I knew that I'd beaten the Church at last.

The hatred, the loathing of Whorebiz —

of the whole lopsided deal — was gone. It had been swallowed up by four heads.

After 40 minutes, the girls surrendered. Steeb was hard but not ready to actually... ejaculate, in the Biblical sense of the word. I wouldn't be ready to come in those mouths for another 2000 years. The Church had won after all.

And I couldn't have cared less.

I gave them B200. They wanted 500.

"No, no," said Fat Henry in pig Thai. "He no come."

"We tried!!"

It was getting ugly. A couple of Thai bouncers were eyeing us both like Payakharun eyed Fenech. But these blokes would have won.

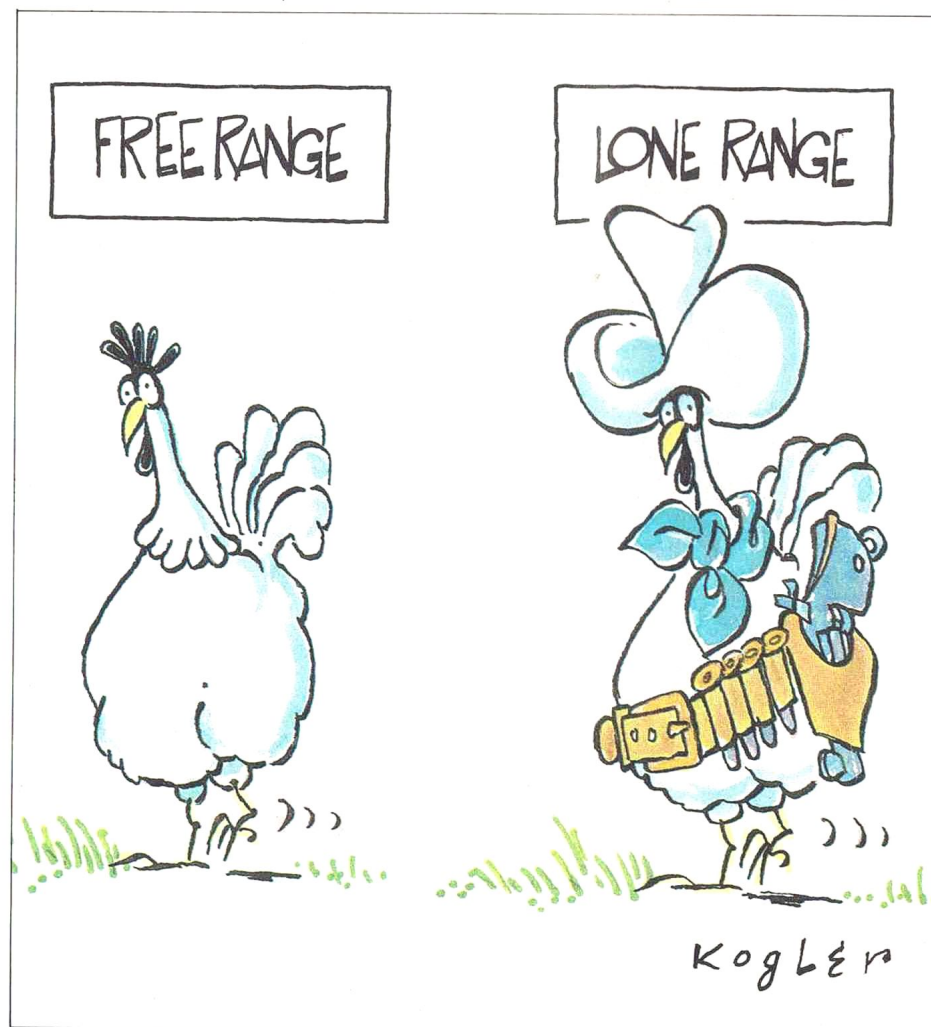
"Let's go," said Henry. "Quick."

We went. Quick. Waiting for the knife in the shoulder blades. That didn't come either.

Just before my plane left, I mailed the disputed B300 to Mem. At the time, I thought of it as some sort of gesture. For her kid, for the dress shop, for her smile.

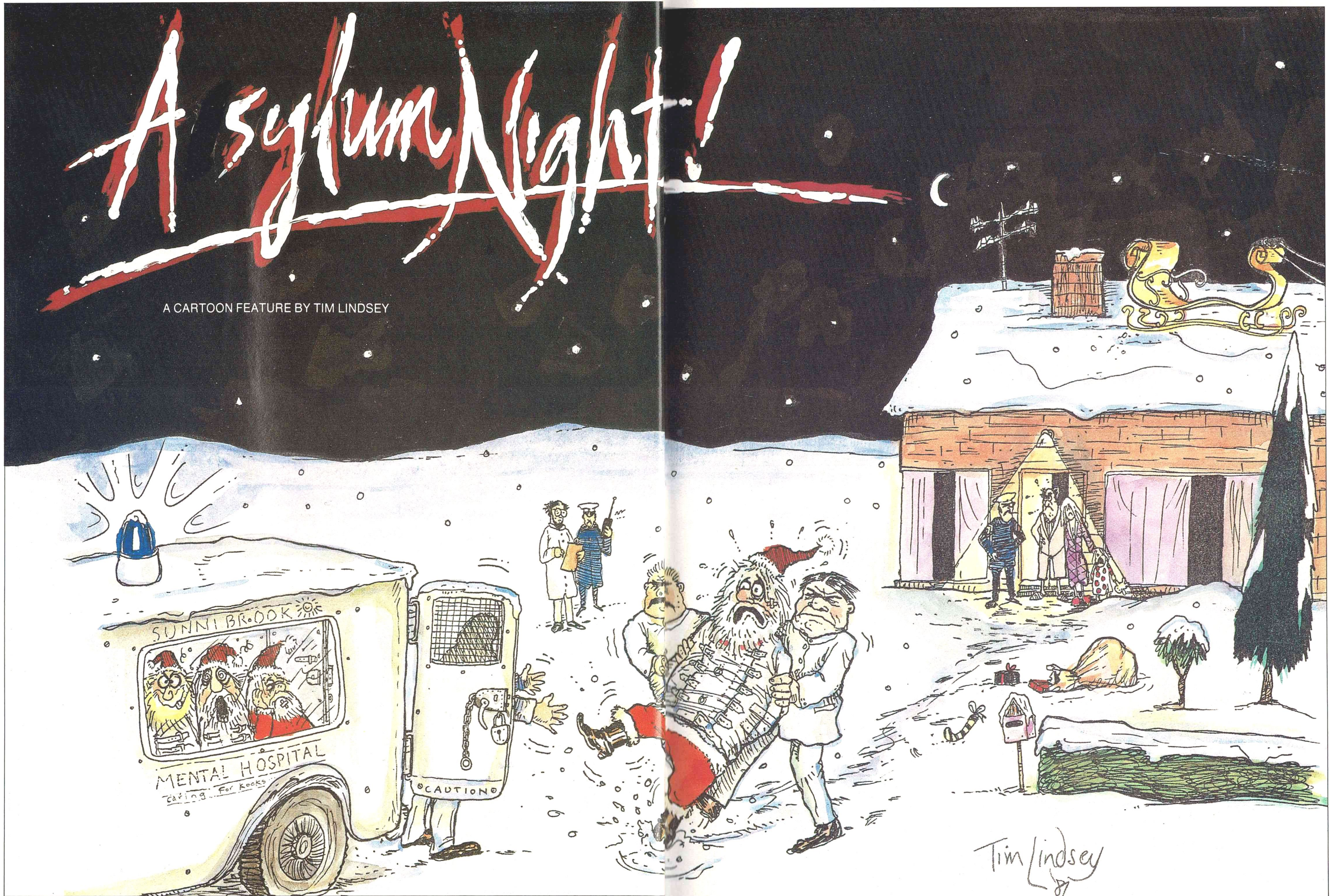
I realise now it was an act of atonement and of forgiveness. It was for my sins. It was for that night in the Cross. It was from the Director and the Star and from the Coil of Hatred in the corner — me. It was from all the tricks, all the johns, all the *farangs* all over the world to all the bargirls, all the hookers, all the working girls.

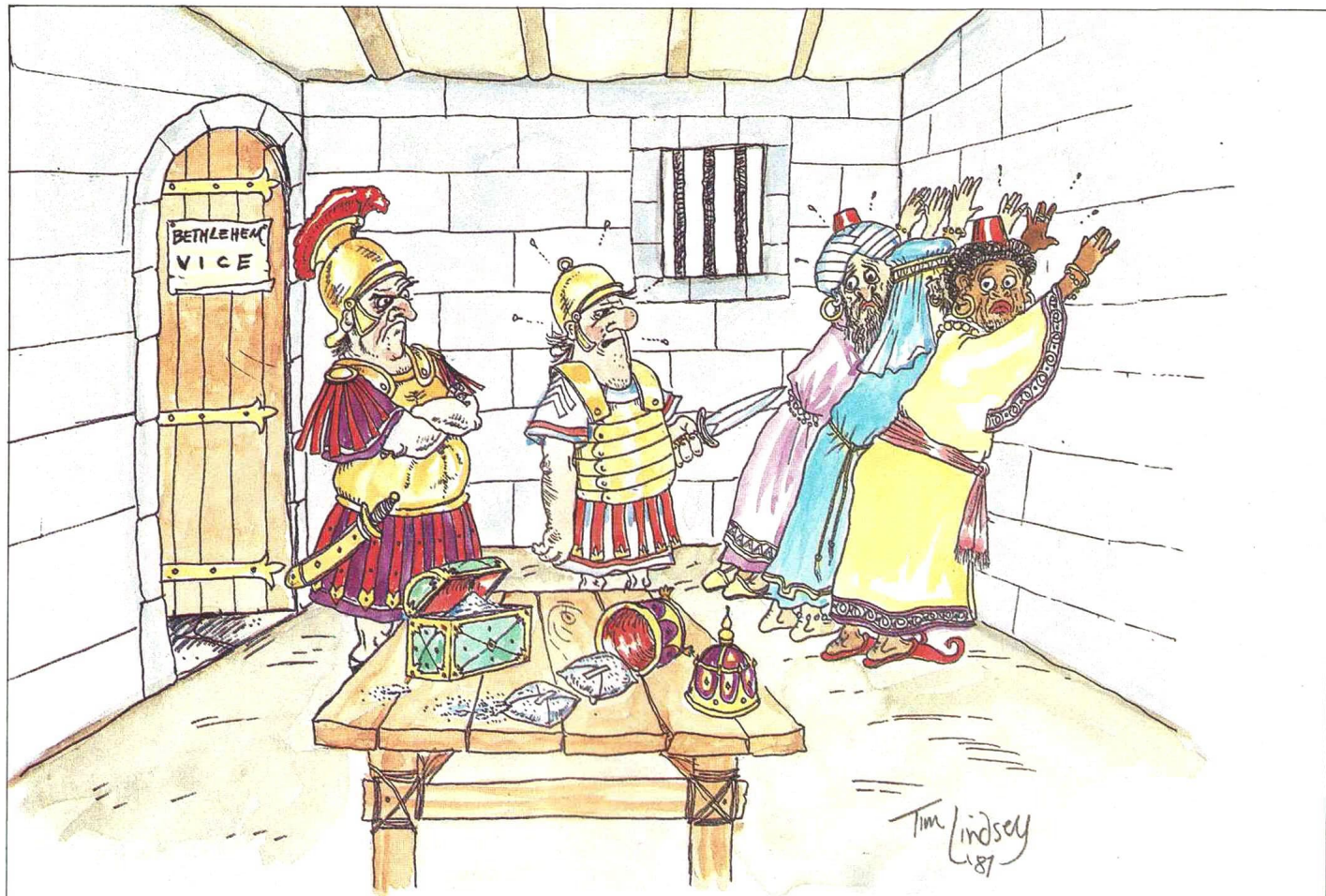
It was for Mem. With love. At last. ☐



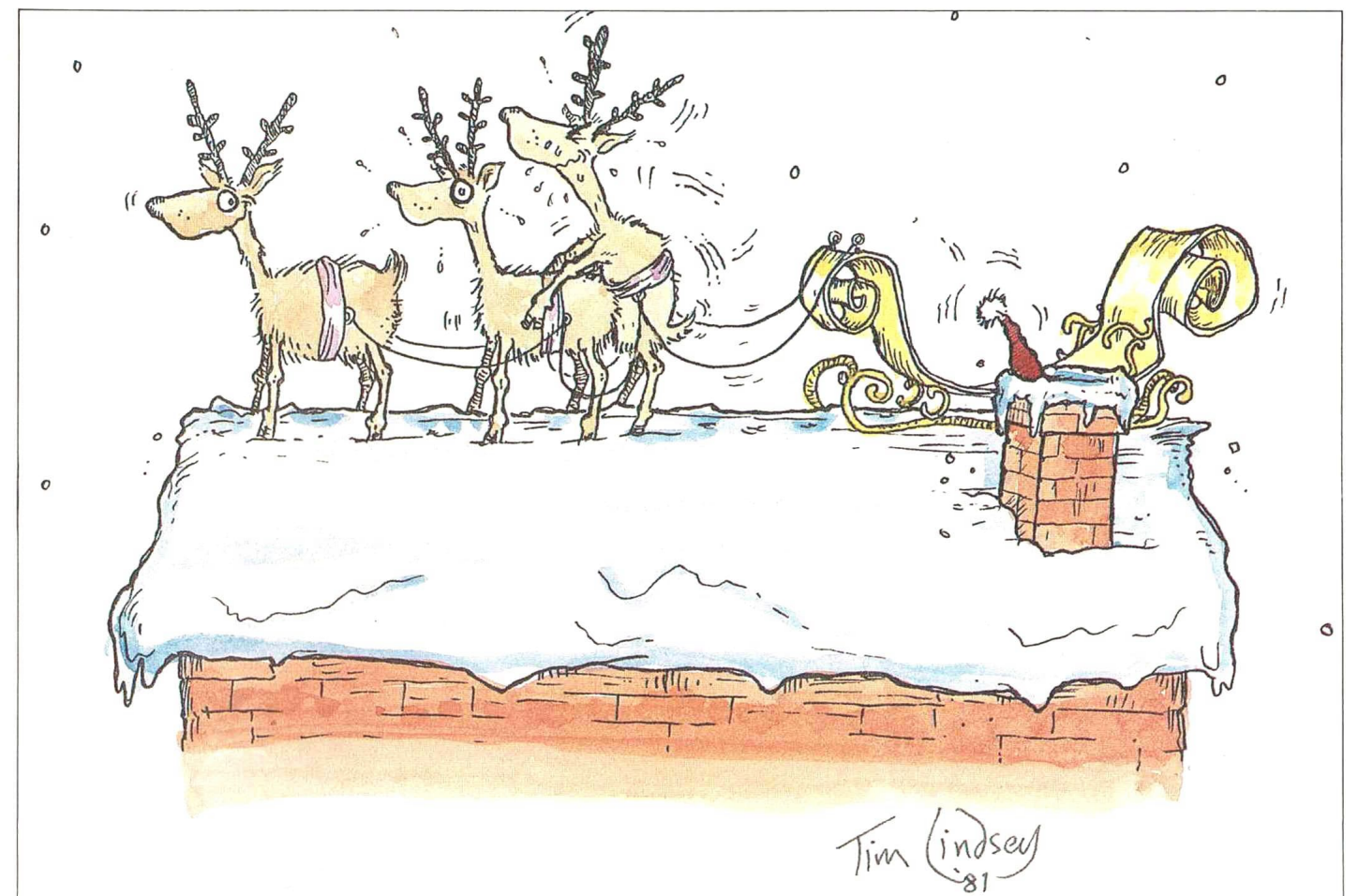
A Sylum Night!

A CARTOON FEATURE BY TIM LINDSEY

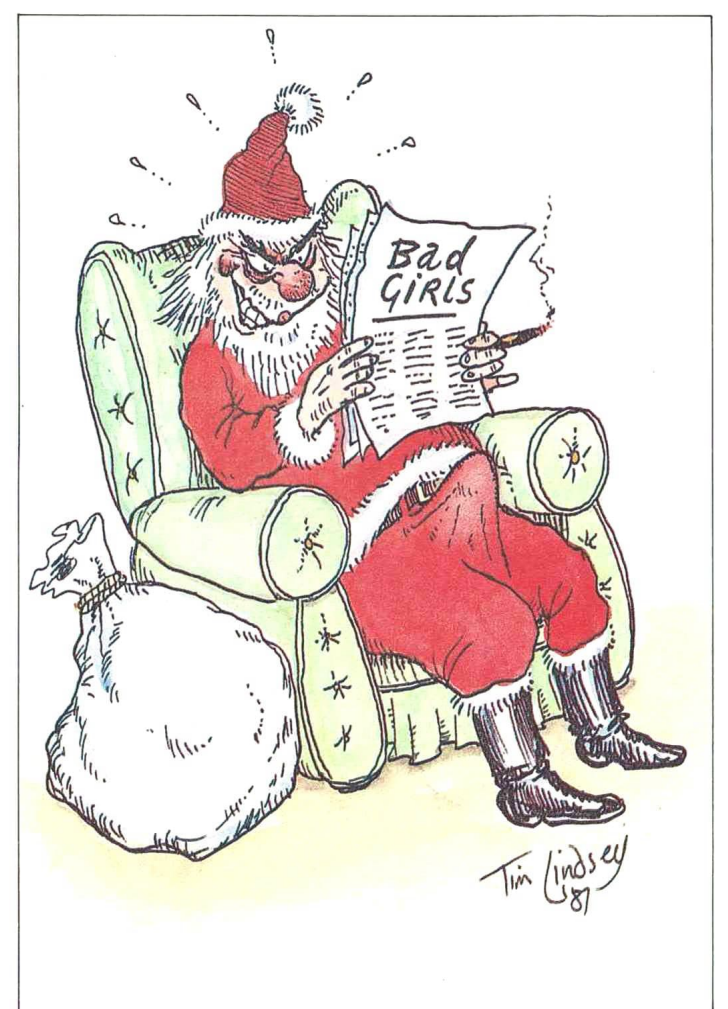


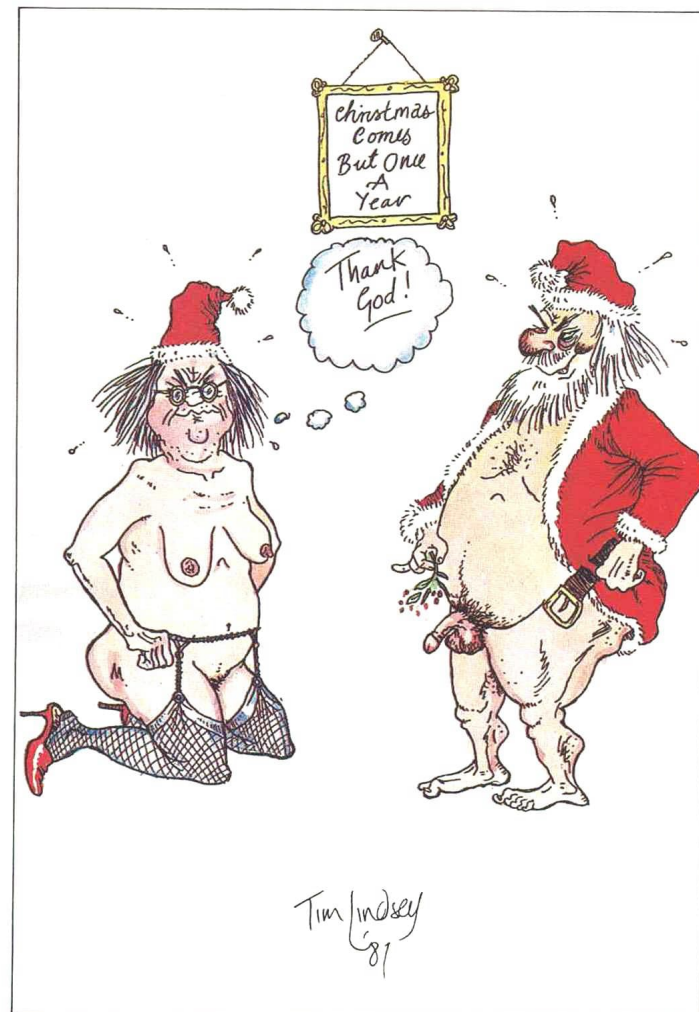
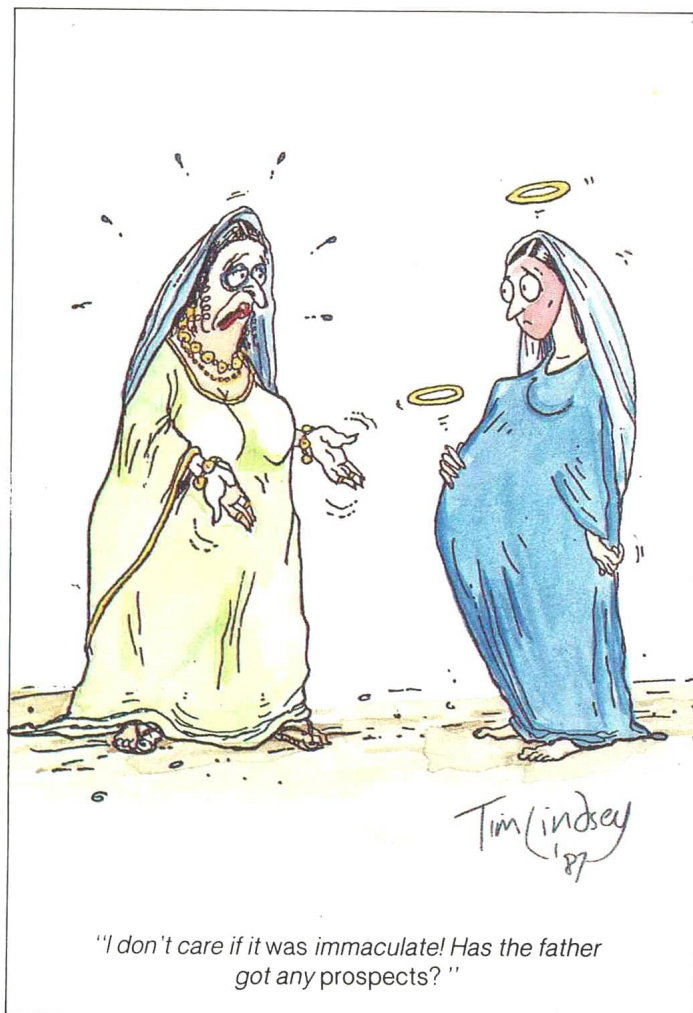
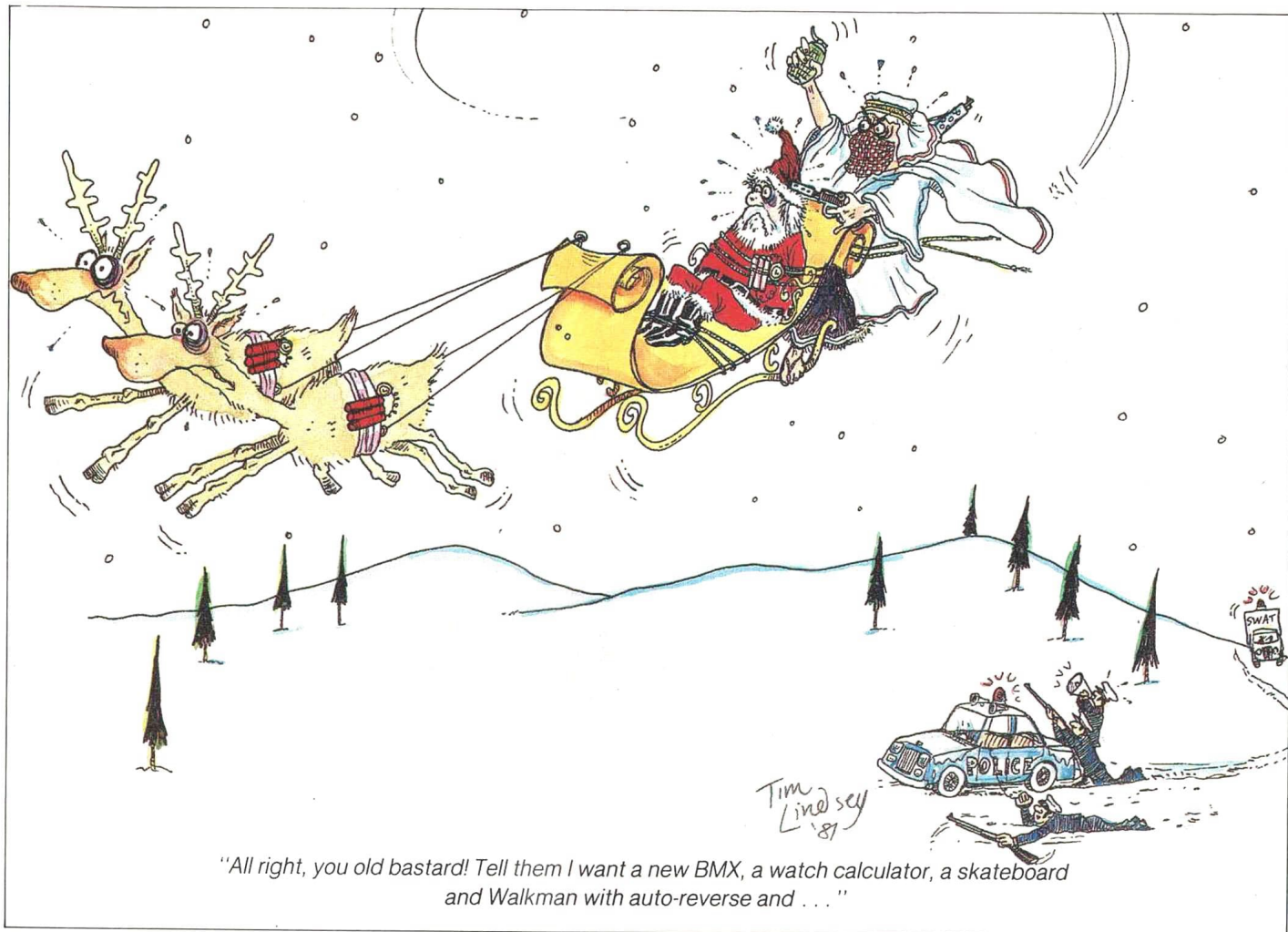


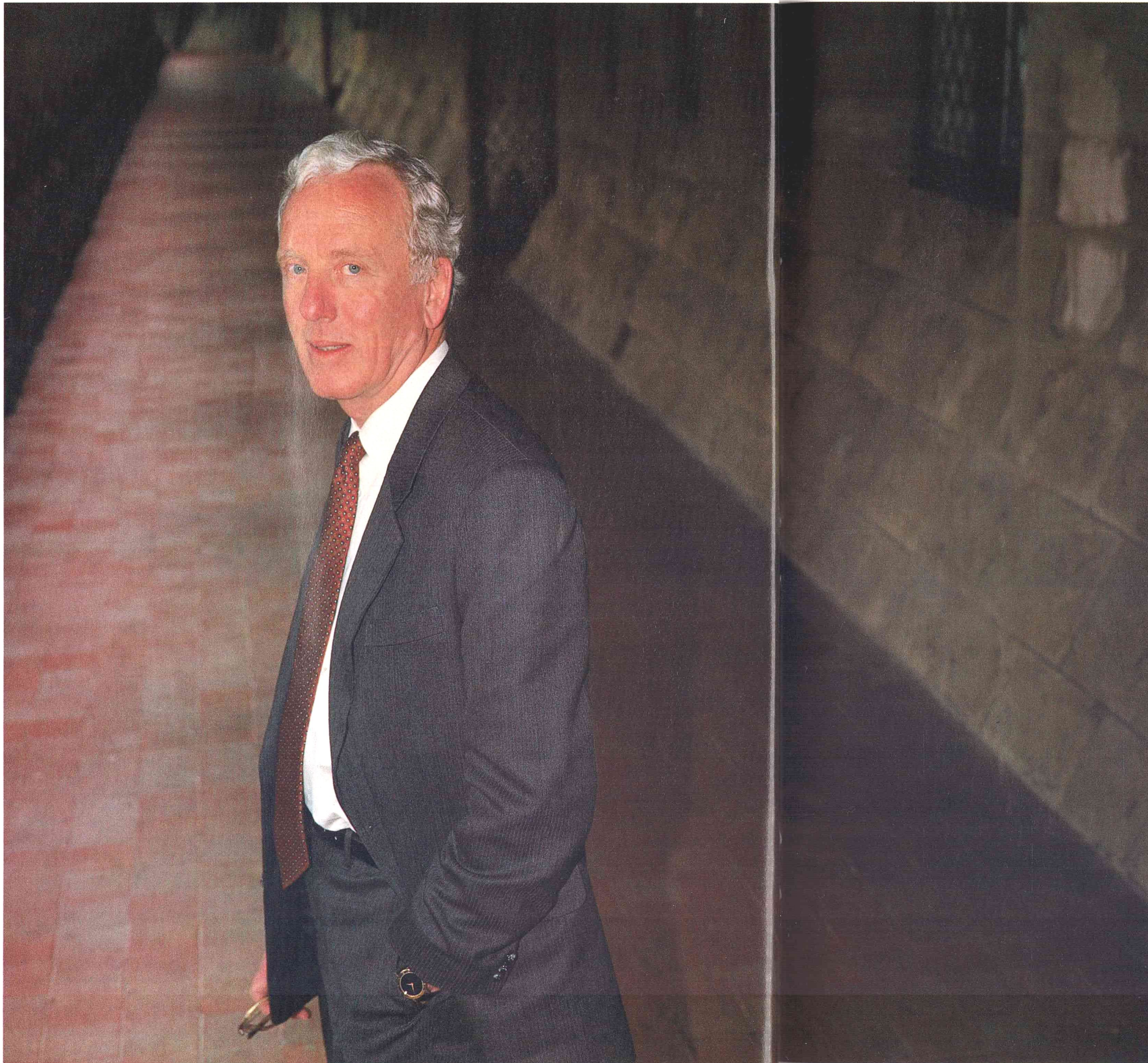
"Yeah, sarge, I caught these three creeps trying to push pure-grade myrrh and a K of frankincense on some little kid in a stable!"



"Tonight's the night."







PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“The figures suggest that for the general heterosexual community the risk is very low indeed”

DAVID PENINGTON

BY GREG HUNTER

In the past six months a pitched battle has developed in Australia over the question of AIDS and heterosexuals. In one corner, the harbingers of doom — the firmly ensconced AIDS bureaucracy who gave us the Grim Reaper and who continue to raise the horrible spectre of a “heterosexual epidemic” unless we all re-examine our hearts, minds and genitals; in the other corner, a growing voice of dissent — a burgeoning band of experts and informed laymen who have come to the conclusion that Australian heterosexuals have little or nothing to fear but fear itself. The result, predictably enough, is that in 1987 AIDS received more media coverage than any other single issue in this country and the average Australian is now more confused about it than any other issue.

The central question is simply this: what is the real risk for Australian heterosexuals who don’t indulge in I/V drug abuse? The problem is that answering this question in an “objective” article is impossible. Every scientific study contradicts another; every authoritative journal contradicts another. Comparing and contrasting the vastly disparate range of expert opinions only leaves the reader suffocating under the mass of contradiction while the Answer recedes into the distance.

There is a more fruitful approach: find the right expert. *Penthouse* assigned Senior Editor Greg Hunter to that task. Hunter justified his choice of Professor David Penington in

PHOTO BY RODNEY STEWART

INTERVIEW

these terms: "On paper, Penington's credentials are very sound. An Oxford scholar, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Melbourne University and policy adviser to the Victorian Department of Health, Penington was the Chairman of the National AIDS Task Force from its inception in June 1983 until last August, when he stepped down to take up the Vice-Chancellorship of Melbourne University. He has been described as 'undoubtedly Australia's foremost authority on AIDS.' But there are other considerations. AIDS is unquestionably a political issue in this country. Some experts say they are compromised by political aspects of the debate and unable to express their real views; some are arguably pursuing a political agenda which may lead to bias; others are privately accused of deliberately distorting the picture for personal financial gain. Now, Penington is far from apolitical — he has been at the centre of controversy throughout 1987 — but he has shown a willingness to take on the AIDS "Establishment" (NACAIDS, the Commonwealth Department of Health, the state AIDS Councils and members of his own Task Force) on two central issues: the likelihood of heterosexual transmission of the virus and the question of compulsory blood testing for members of high-risk groups. He has been publicly vilified for doing so but has stuck to his guns, apparently risking the abolition or emasculation of the Task Force in the process. By insisting that the facts should take precedence over emotive and ill-informed rhetoric, he has demonstrated that he is basically a straight shooter.

"However, Penington was clearly concerned to extend an olive branch to the AIDS Establishment and particularly the homosexual lobby during this interview, which left me adopting the position of Devil's advocate. Nonetheless, I believe the Penington interview is as close as it's possible to get to the 'correct' answer to the question of AIDS and the heterosexual risk in Australia at this time."

Penthouse: A lot of heterosexuals in Australia are coming around to the view that they've been the targets of a misleading campaign on AIDS, and that in effect they are at minimal risk if they don't indulge in I/V drug abuse or anal sex. Is that a reasonable view?

Penington: I think that's leaning too far the other way. There is no doubt at all that the infection *can* be transmitted by normal vaginal heterosexual intercourse, although it is much less readily spread that way than by anal intercourse. But we've got examples of men who've acquired it from women via heterosexual activity, and of women who've acquired it from men.

Penthouse: Are they Australian examples?

Penington: Australian examples, yes —

that is, of people having acquired the infection. There is one certain case of a man acquiring AIDS itself — the lethal long-term complication of the infection. And there are other examples of women acquiring it from men. We can trace the infection by the antibody test and this allows us to identify any evidence of infection before AIDS develops. However, there has been very limited spread by that means compared with the widespread transmission via anal sex between homosexuals. The second aspect of it is that the risk of spread relates to how likely it is that a sexual partner will carry the infection. Within the gay community that risk is quite high; within the general heterosexual community that risk is low. For those heterosexuals who have casual sex partners the risk is greater — in the case of women, some of the partners may be bisexual men, while for both men and women, some partners may be I/V drug abusers, who are the next major

“
We have scientific
proof that the infection
can be transmitted to a woman
by semen in the vagina. This is
as rigorous a proof as
you could want
”

group at risk of infection. So for people who have casual sex partners, particularly in the Sydney area where the infection is most common, there is some risk. It's a small risk, but it is a definite risk and one which will increase.

Penthouse: Were the sexual partners in all those cases of heterosexual transmission members of high-risk groups — bisexuals and I/V drug abusers?

Penington: No. In most cases they were. In the case of the man I referred to, the partner was a female prostitute in Hamburg — not a high-risk group in our community, but we don't know whether she was an I/V drug abuser. She may well have been. Certainly, there are some female prostitutes in Australia who are antibody positive, but of those that we've been able to check thoroughly, all have turned out to be I/V drug abusers. There will be, therefore, some female prostitutes who could spread the infection to men if precautions aren't taken with condoms. Amongst the other cases, where we've been able to check thoroughly, there's evidence in the majority of cases of contact either with a bisexual man or an I/V drug abuser. But there are several

others where we're not yet sure. We've got men who deny specific contact, but we're not sure whether those married men are trying to defend themselves against accusations of bisexuality.

Penthouse: Would you agree that even in cases which have been thoroughly screened there is a possibility of people not admitting to I/V drug abuse and particularly anal sex, including heterosexual anal sex?

Penington: Of course. Heterosexual anal sex has not yet been identified as a significant problem in terms of the frequency of exposure to people carrying the infection. I've no doubt it's more readily spread that way than by vaginal sex, but in the cases where we have clear evidence of spread through heterosexual intercourse, it's been people who don't admit to anal intercourse. Of course, in all of this there's the possibility of people wishing to hide particularly male homosexual activity or wishing to hide I/V drug abuse. So we have some grey areas in this data. But the man who acquired the disease from the prostitute in Hamburg — I've no doubt that was true because he was able to give a history of an illness which he didn't recognise as the acute illness of AIDS, which came on at exactly the right time, and we had a very full and frank sexual history from him over a long period. We know that heterosexual transmission is occurring in the US and we know that it can and will occur here. So I wouldn't go so far as to say there is *no* significant risk. It is a small risk.

Penthouse: What sort of numbers, then, are we talking about for Category C (infection with the virus), Category B (AIDS-related complex) and Category A (full-blown AIDS) among Australian heterosexuals who are not also I/V drug abusers or members of other risk groups?

Penington: The total number of cases classified as heterosexual AIDS cases — that is, Category A — is presently nine. Of those, I would personally be confident that only five had in fact been acquired by heterosexual intercourse. The others say that's how they acquired it, and several are still being evaluated.

Penthouse: And because of the difficulty of collating reported cases of antibody positive people, we don't have an exact figure for Category C cases in the heterosexual group?

Penington: Correct. And the same with Category B. For Category C cases, we do know of a number of individuals where very careful sexual histories have been taken — both men and women, but particularly women. Where we do know the partner — a relatively stable relationship over a good many months — we've identified in each of the cases either a bisexual man or an I/V drug user as the source. But for people who have maybe five different partners in a week, it's not surprising that we can't identify which one transmitted the infection. So we won't always know, but we sus-

pect that the risk at present comes almost entirely from people in the identified high-risk groups, which would now include *some* female prostitutes who are I/V drug abusers. We know, however, that there *can* be spread from those people to perfectly normal people, and for people who are not in the high-risk groups but have acquired the infection we can expect, from what we know of the natural history of the disease, that they'll be spreading it to other sexual partners in two to three years' time. The evidence is now clear that as the disease progresses, shedding of the virus increases, and thus they are more likely to spread the infection to sexual partners two or three years after they acquired it rather than shortly after.

Penthouse: Professor Penny used the nine alleged Category A heterosexual cases to postulate a figure of something like 500 Category C cases in Australia. Is that a reasonable estimate of the number of heterosexuals who would turn out to be antibody positive if all Australians were tested?

Penington: I would be surprised if it was as high as that. I suspect we're dealing with maybe 50 or so. But given that I'm not personally convinced that all those nine cases were really acquired heterosexually, it may be 50, it may be 100, it may be 250. I can't be sure. But we have been watching closely in STD clinics and elsewhere for instances of people who might have acquired the infection through heterosexual intercourse, and so far the number we've come up with is very small.

Penthouse: The results of tests on blood donors suggest there's virtually no incidence of the disease among normal heterosexuals.

Penington: Yes. The blood donor population is already screened in order to exclude bisexuals. And the figures suggest that for the general heterosexual community the risk is very low indeed.

Penthouse: The most recent figures we've seen said of 800,000 tests carried out on supposed heterosexuals, three were antibody positive.

Penington: Correct. That was for donations in 1986. We know in fact of five so far in 1987. So the numbers are perhaps going to be a little higher this year, and they may go on creeping slowly up each year thereafter. But if you regard that as the *general* heterosexual community, remember that it includes a high proportion of stable married couples. If you're talking about the sexual fast lane, which many of the readers of your magazine might occupy, clearly they are at substantially greater risk with multiple sex partners — particularly in a city like Sydney, where many unattached middle-aged men may in fact be bisexual.

Penthouse: The reason heterosexuals have evinced a growing cynicism is that they've looked at the figures and they see the very low incidence of alleged hetero-

sexual transmissions. And they'd expect that there would be some people, unwilling to admit high-risk activities, who'd slip past the wicketkeeper and be represented as heterosexual vaginal intercourse AIDS cases even if the figure in reality was nil. As well, a recent survey for NACAIDS said four percent of Australian women had admitted engaging in anal intercourse in the previous month — a practice which carries a substantial taboo. One could therefore imagine that all the cases represented as heterosexual transmissions could in reality be put down to homosexuality, I/V drug abuse, or heterosexual couples practising anal intercourse. How does that strike you?

Penington: I can understand people wanting to believe that, and that's what you've got to guard against. Sure, people want to believe they don't have to change their lifestyles. But before you jump to that conclusion you've got to look at the evidence. I look at it in two ways. Firstly, as a doctor, I know that when I take the histories of patients there are some I have doubts about and others I don't have doubts about. You might want to believe that maybe all those cases are cooking their histories — but sometimes I can believe patients with great confidence and sometimes not, and I can distinguish between the two.

Penthouse: Do we have to accept that verbal screening procedures are now so sophisticated they're practically dead accurate?

Penington: They're pretty thorough. I've indicated the areas where I still have doubts and I'm willing to question those. But the second part of the evidence that you've got to look at is the fact that we have scientific proof that the infection can be transmitted to a woman by semen in the vagina. This is as rigorous a scientific proof as you could ever want. The instance I give you is the three Sydney women who became infected after artificial insemination with donor semen from a gay man. Now, I've gone into the procedure that was used there. It didn't involve any trauma to the cervix; the semen was just squirted on the outside of the cervix, exactly as would happen in normal intercourse. If it had been inserted into the uterus via an instrument I would concede that that would be different. But it wasn't. And that means it *can* happen under conditions which apply in vaginal intercourse. Now, if you know it *can* happen, to want to deny that's how it *did* happen, where the doctor taking the history is completely satisfied that the patient isn't fudging the facts, is just succumbing to wishful thinking.

Penthouse: Do we have such rigorous scientific proof of a female-to-male sexual transmission?

Penington: We don't have the objective experimental evidence of that kind, but we have examples such as the man I referred to with the Hamburg prostitute — a man



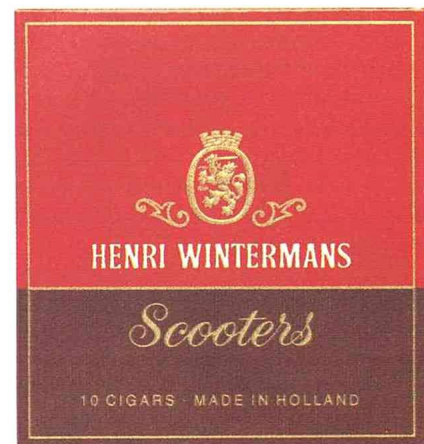
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INTERVIEW

who was quite open and not embarrassed by the questions about anal intercourse and so on. If you look at the heterosexual cases and the proportion of men and women, on epidemiological grounds it *must* go both ways, and the wishful thinking about the African epidemic being, as Phillip Adams has suggested, all due to anal intercourse — there's just no evidence to support that.

Penthouse: But Adams and others have raised many other co-factors [factors contributing to likelihood of spread] in the African situation which don't apply here.

Penington: Oh, indeed. There are other co-factors in respect of vaginal intercourse which can heighten the risk in Africa — I don't question that for a moment.

Penthouse: The African situation is often cited as a pointer to the way AIDS would proceed in the West unless unchecked. Would you clear that up by explaining the co-factors in Africa which are not present in Australia and which produce a completely different demographic spread?

Penington: All right. Firstly, the disease in Africa is primarily a disease of the towns and cities rather than the villages; it's a disease that's been shown to follow the truck routes and the commerce routes. Truck drivers who use prostitutes in many stopping points are at risk, and studies of other women who've become infected in those cities indicate that they're primarily the wives of men who openly admit to having multiple sex partners, mostly prostitutes. The incidence of infection amongst female prostitutes in the cities of Kenya and Uganda has gone up enormously over the past two or three years, so we're looking at 70-75 percent of them being antibody positive. So there's a pool of female prostitutes heavily infected. Secondly, these are countries with very poor health services, where it isn't feasible for prostitutes to get early treatment for STDs. Most of these women and most of their clients will have four or five concurrent untreated STDs; many of them have been found to have open ulceration of genital tissue, which readily admits the infection — probably as readily as the lining of the rectum will. That means a much higher probability of the infection being transmitted through vaginal intercourse.

Penthouse: Aren't there other factors, such as the frequent use of used needles by health workers and the predilection among African prostitutes for intravenous drug treatment rather than oral drug treatment?

Penington: There is no doubt that sharing of syringes and needles in poor countries where they're reluctant to discard them has been one of the things that has contributed to spread of AIDS, and that's probably the principal factor in spread to children, apart from those born to infected

mothers. Spread in the ordinary health services, and by blood transfusions, is far more common in Africa than it is here. But that doesn't relate to co-factors in spread by heterosexual intercourse.

Penthouse: No, but isn't it nonetheless relevant because those who push the panic button on heterosexual intercourse point to the roughly equal numbers of men and women in Africa with AIDS to back up their case?

Penington: The statistics show that the vast bulk of African cases are sexually transmitted and that the cases acquired by blood transfusion and dirty needles constitute only a small minority.

Penthouse: Do you not accept that there is a very high incidence of anal intercourse in heterosexual African society compared with Western society?

Penington: No, I don't accept that. It's been carefully looked at by some thorough epidemiologists and they say the reverse.

“
The reason I differ
from the predictions of
doom and despondency is that
it's a small minority of
heterosexuals who
are at risk
”

People who look at Africa from a distance want to believe that, but the evidence just isn't there.

Penthouse: Is it fair to say there are enough fundamental differences for the African situation to be irrelevant to the likely course of the disease in the West?

Penington: I would say that's going a *little* too far. There are some important lessons to be learned. It is absolutely mandatory that female prostitutes get early treatment for STDs, as should other people who have multiple sex partners. They should realise it's important to have treatment even of mild diseases such as chlamydia, which may not cause too much in the way of symptoms for them but may nonetheless be an important co-factor in the transmission of AIDS. It's also true that poor nutrition and poor general health will make people more vulnerable to infection. But I think in general you're right. I don't believe it's true to say that because AIDS is a widespread heterosexual disease in Africa that means it will happen here unless we do what we're told by those who've adopted "safe sex" measures for homosexuals.

Penthouse: The media have given the im-

pression that there will ultimately be a heterosexual epidemic in the Western world if the disease continues to spread at its present rate. We're given extrapolated figures such as 290,000 full-blown AIDS cases in the US by 1991, up to 100,000 full-blown Australian cases by the turn of the century — figures of this magnitude, with no distinction made between heterosexuals and homosexuals and I/V drug abusers within the extrapolated figures. It seems, from what you and some other experts are now starting to say, that this simply isn't true — that there's no possibility of an AIDS epidemic among heterosexuals in Western society.

Penington: It depends what you mean by "no possibility." There's a grave danger in trying to reduce the thing to black and white. I don't believe that we will ever see a widespread heterosexual epidemic in this country; I believe we'll see small numbers which will grow over the next five to ten years, unless we get an effective vaccine — and we can't be sure of that because of the virus' ability to alter its outer coat to escape from antibody, to grow in spite of the body's immune defences. The virus may become more or less virulent in time, and that would influence the way it behaves in epidemic terms. But I don't believe we'll ever see the African situation in this country. We will see evidence of spread among any sections of the community with a high incidence of STDs, and I/V drug abusers engaging in prostitution will be at high risk of infecting their clients. These are the prostitutes least likely to be careful about their health.

Penthouse: When you talk of "high risk" in that context, you're still not talking about a risk anywhere near as high as for homosexual anal intercourse?

Penington: Well, the I/V drug using prostitute will be at risk . . .

Penthouse: I'm talking about the risk of transmission to the client.

Penington: Well, the risk from anal intercourse with the homosexual will be far greater than the risk from vaginal intercourse with the prostitute. But when we're dealing with a potentially lethal infection, when the risk is only a quarter or perhaps a tenth of that associated with homosexual anal sex, it's still a risk and it matters.

Penthouse: When one raises the point that the figures for heterosexual transmission seem extremely low, the harbingers of doom have tended to counter with: "The incubation period is five to ten years. It's too early to tell what's going to happen." Given that the virus has been circulating among I/V drug users for virtually as long as it has among homosexuals, is that counter-argument reasonable? Some people have suggested that if the disease was going to reach epidemic proportions in Western heterosexual society there's no reason why it wouldn't have done so already.

Penington: As always, you'll find me dis-

agreeing with both sides. I think the true position is somewhere in the middle. I do disagree with the projections of thousands or hundreds of thousands of heterosexual cases; I also disagree with the view that there isn't a problem. All we know is that once a person has the infection they can spread it to others and that the likelihood of spread increases over the course of three to five years. The fact that there is a large pool of infected people in the male homosexual community means that we see that right through to cases of AIDS and we can project now fairly accurately what those numbers are going to be over the next three to five years. We know of possibly 30 or so heterosexual antibody positives in Australia and as I said, it may even be as high as 250. We know that within the next three to five years, if those people continue to have many partners without taking precautions, they will infect many more people, so there will be some spread, which will occur at a later stage than the spread among homosexuals. The I/V drug abuse group is a good indicator. There was early spread in that group in New York before the disease was identified and before there was antibody testing; some 20 percent of all American cases are I/V drug abusers. As yet we've had a very small number of I/V drug abuse AIDS cases in Australia, but amongst male homosexuals the 89 percent of all AIDS cases they represent includes three percent who are also I/V drug abusers and those were detected early on, so we knew there would be spread to other I/V drug abusers. We're monitoring that spread through antibody testing. Two years ago we knew of about three who were antibody positive; a year ago we knew of about 15; now we know of about 200 — that's I/V drug abusers both homosexual and heterosexual. The majority of them are now heterosexual, whereas initially all were homosexual. So once it's started to take off it can spread rapidly. We are seeing now the same situation with heterosexuals as we had with I/V drug abusers a year ago. We know there will be some spread from there unless we identify those with the infection and they take precautions. In my view it will still be slower spread than that which occurred among homosexuals and is now occurring among I/V drug abusers, because of the lesser tendency to spread via heterosexual intercourse.

Penthouse: Going back to my question, are you saying that in fact there hasn't been time in Australia to tell how quickly the spread could occur from heterosexual I/V drug abusers to other heterosexuals via ordinary intercourse because the infection of the significant group of heterosexual I/V drug abusers may only have been occurring in the last couple of years, and thus they've not been incubating the virus long enough to be likely to pass it on?

Penington: Yes. But again, we must learn from overseas, and we know that in North

America now the largest group of heterosexuals infected are the female and male partners of I/V drug abusers.

Penthouse: Even in the US those numbers are still very small, aren't they?

Penington: Yes, but they're growing. The reason I differ from the predictions of doom and despondency, of widespread epidemic, is that in fact these are still not the majority of the heterosexual community. It's a small minority of heterosexuals who are at risk. The major group of heterosexuals are not at risk, or at very, very low risk.

Penthouse: It seems, on reading the history of the conflict between yourself and what I'll call the AIDS "Establishment" (NACAIDS, the Commonwealth Health Department and the state AIDS Councils), that you changed your position after Phillip Adams wrote his two articles in *The Australian* in March/April this year suggesting that anal intercourse was the real crux of the issue. Initially you were among the group who attacked Adams . . .

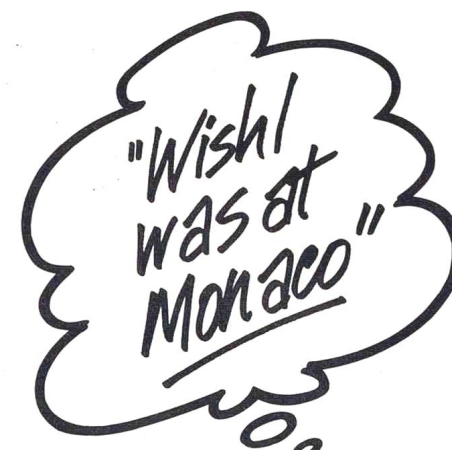
Penington: I think you'll find I said then exactly what I'm saying now. What I disagreed with was Adams' view that the infection could not be transferred by vaginal intercourse. That's what I'm now saying.

Penthouse: But it was at this point that a fissure opened up between the Task Force and NACAIDS . . .

Penington: It became a little more public, but in fact the tension had been there over two years or longer.

Penthouse: What are the roots of that disagreement? People further down the path of dissent than you — people such as Adams, who calls the NACAIDS campaign "The Big Lie" — are suggesting that Australian heterosexuals have been snowed on the AIDS question for various political reasons. If you don't agree that a "Big Lie" has been promulgated, are you going to go halfway down that track? Was there a disinformation program which had political ends?

Penington: I think you can find quotes from me more or less to that effect. But let me go back to the basic disagreement between the Task Force on one hand and NACAIDS and the leadership of the gay community on the other. We have for two and a half years been saying publicly that in order to contain the spread of AIDS, those who carry the infection have a special responsibility to find out if they have the infection, and if they have, not to place anyone else at risk. We do not accept that the doctrine of "safe sex" — that is, just the advocacy of the use of condoms for anal intercourse — is a sufficient strategy to control the epidemic. Two reasons: one is that there is objective evidence that a great many homosexuals will not follow those recommendations; secondly, even when they do there is a significant incidence of transmission because of ruptured condoms or slippage of condoms during anal inter-



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INTERVIEW

course. This occurs much more readily with anal intercourse than with vaginal intercourse. So we have called on the members of those groups whose behavior puts them at risk to come forward for testing with safeguards of confidentiality and counselling and so on — and that's been the real source of tension between the Task Force and NACAIDS, going way back before it became public. But then came the Grim Reaper campaign. I was not consulted fully about the Grim Reaper campaign . . .

Penthouse: Neither were the AIDS workers for that matter.

Penington: Oh no, many of them were. It depends what you mean by "AIDS workers."

Penthouse: People working with patients at the Albion St Clinic in Sydney, for example.

Penington: The Albion St group were not consulted . . .

Penthouse: They are by far the most significant group in the country.

Penington: That group is fairly closely aligned with the Task Force and its views on testing, so it's not surprising that they weren't consulted. The members of NACAIDS were consulted in the earlier stage, which included the two gay representatives on NACAIDS. In the last stages it was handled outside by a group closely aligned with the Commonwealth Department of Health, with Dr Blewett's office. Blewett's advisor on NACAIDS, Bill Bowtell, played a major role, as did Bernie McKay, who was the Secretary of the Department. Certainly the view they were putting was consonant with the view being put by the organised gay community — that AIDS was not just a gay problem but a problem for everybody . . . I was shown the text but not the visuals. I disagreed with some of the assertions in the text, and some changes were made after I had a meeting with Neal Blewett. But when the government decided to run the Grim Reaper they didn't invite me to represent a medical view — they invited another member of the Task Force, Professor John Dwyer, and the documents I've seen cited him as an epidemiologist, which he is not — he's an immunologist. But he was supporting the view that it was a problem for the whole community, which he did in the presentation to the Prime Minister which was the justification for the Grim Reaper campaign. In the first few days I said it had some useful function in making everybody aware of the problem of AIDS; but when, after ten days, the Grim Reaper was still being shown, with its message of fear — coupled with the statement being made repeatedly by Ita Buttrose that there were two million Australians at high risk, with which I had never agreed — I came out publicly and said I didn't agree. At that

stage I was put under great pressure from the Commonwealth Department and Neal Blewett's office to avoid saying anything that contradicted the campaign, but I stuck to my guns and said I didn't believe it was correct to say there were two million Australians at high risk, because that was equating heterosexuals who had more than one sex partner in the last three months as being at "high risk" in the same way as homosexuals engaging in anal intercourse were at "high risk." I believe that to be dishonest. Following that there was a meeting called by the Australian Federation of AIDS Organisations (AFAO), which are primarily male homosexual groups. In Sydney and Melbourne they are exclusively homosexual. They then held a press conference in which they called on Neal Blewett to change the committee structure so there would not be a Task Force separate from NACAIDS saying things that they might disagree with. The national body,

6
In my judgement
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offside
9

the Health Ministers' Advisory Council, which appoints the Task Force, had to make a decision about its future, and the recommendation came to that body to alter the Task Force so it would not have public health input and would not have direct access to the state health bodies, which has been its strength all along. The National Health and Medical Research Council held a meeting and gave very strong support for the continued existence of the Task Force more or less in its present form, and the following day the Advisory Council did decide to continue it in its present structure with some minor changes, and made further sensible changes so there would be a better chance of satisfactory liaison between the Task Force and NACAIDS. So I'm really very comfortable with the outcome.

Penthouse: An outside observer's view is that of the two branches responsible for handling public health and AIDS, one (NACAIDS) is a PR-orientated outfit headed by a woman who is purely a piece of window dressing and has no expertise in the control of infectious diseases, and comprised largely of other non-experts, pri-

marily the homosexual lobby, who have their particular interests to protect; and the other (the Task Force) is comprised of competent medical experts qualified to make pronouncements on public health matters and qualified to deal with the disease. It seems that when these two groups were in conflict, the non-experts' idea was to kick out one set of experts and if possible find a new set of experts who agreed with them. When the facts got in the way of the scenario NACAIDS wanted to represent, they had to be denied. Fair summation?

Penington: I'll have to correct you on one or two things. It's not true that NACAIDS is primarily homosexual *in constitution*; there have been two representatives of the homosexual community *formally, as such*, on that committee, which has 15 people on it. One of NACAIDS' functions was to provide a liaison between government and the groups at risk of infection. In my view they've done a good job in that, and I don't want to belittle that aspect. There has been a lot of useful and selfless work in the gay community. The other major function is the education program. It's true that in my judgement NACAIDS has been very much concerned in its pronouncements not to put the gay community offside.

Penthouse: You have reportedly said that "the Federal Government's AIDS policy has been manipulated by homosexuals working through the AIDS Councils of Victoria and NSW."

Penington: Well, that was taken out of context. The meeting that was organised by AFAO indicated the pressure they brought to bear on the government; and certainly AFAO, which is largely controlled by those two AIDS Councils, has strongly opposed the call we made for a widespread responsible attitude to testing. And NACAIDS and the Commonwealth Department and Dr Blewett's office and Dr Blewett's representative on NACAIDS have likewise been strongly opposed, so there has been, if you like, a community of interest between each of those groups. Now, whether it's fair to say those Councils have turned around the government, or whether the government and the Commonwealth Department just happen to coincide with the views of those groups, is open to question.

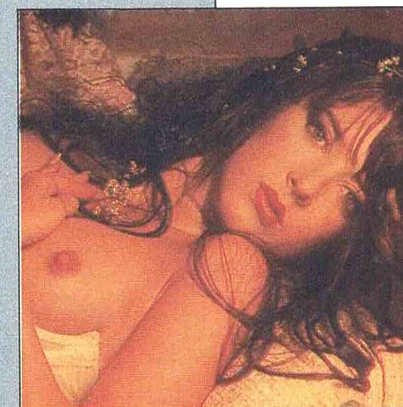
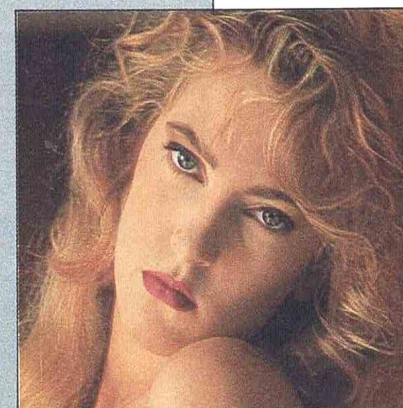
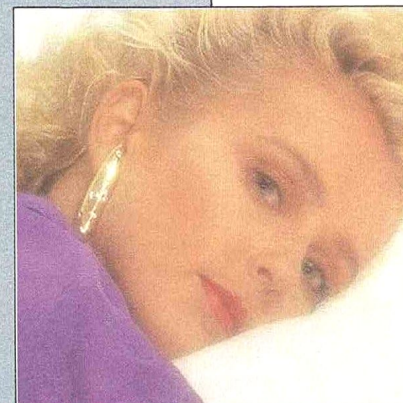
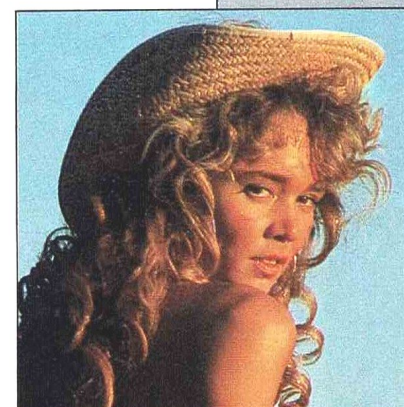
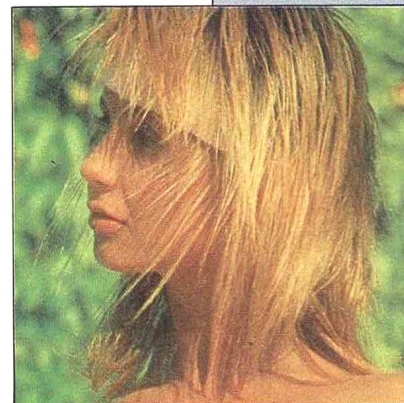
Penthouse: I'm going to press you on this. You've said in practically as many words that you believed the homosexual lobby and NACAIDS' main concern has been to protect the hard-won rights of homosexuals, which they thought were gravely endangered by the advent of AIDS, and that to do so they'd presented a distorted view of AIDS and the risks to the entire community so as to take the pressure off themselves and avoid a homosexual witchhunt. Is that not your view?

Penington: I'm not willing to make a statement in just those terms. AIDS is a tremen-

Continued on page 109

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF 88

How do you choose between a Renoir and a Monet, or a Lamborghini and a Ferrari, or a vintage Veuve and a vintage Moët? Each is as desirable and prestigious as the next and the choice, financial considerations aside, comes down to a matter of personal taste. And so it is with the six women chosen as finalists for the title of 1988 *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. Each is different, yet all share a common characteristic of perfection. The choice is yours. Whether you're a connoisseur of the opposite sex or someone who doesn't know a lot about women but knows what he likes, your vote counts. To review the spectacular attributes of the six finalists, the following special pictorial has been assembled. These women need your decision, so don't keep the ladies waiting. Do the gentlemanly thing and fill in the coupon on page 108 and mail it to *Penthouse*





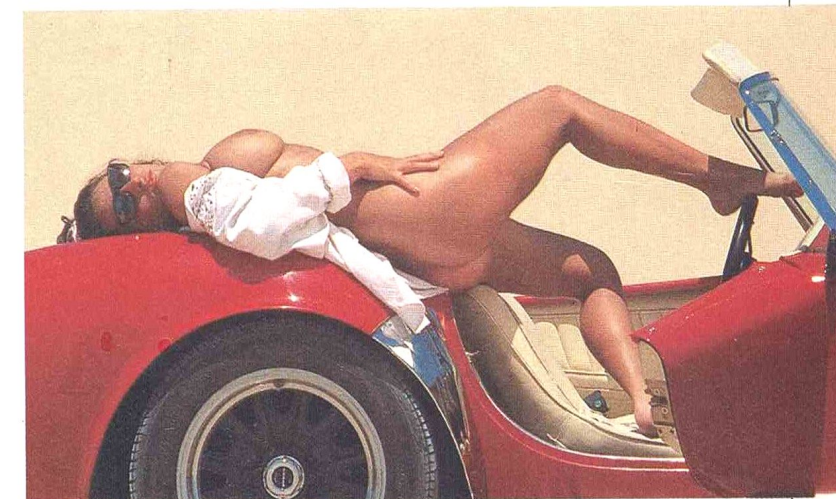
DEBORAH LEE February 1987

Tennis anyone? Sydney's 21-year-old Deborah Lee was the centre court centrefold who proved a smash hit last February. She's a fitness fanatic and natural athlete whose observance of the rule that practice makes perfect extends to all her fields of endeavor.



EMMA STONE March 1987

Traffic-stopping Sydney beauty Emma Stone was unforgettable as the girl on the red sports convertible on the cover and in the centre pages of the March issue. Demand for posters of the 18-year-old full-bodied brunette was unprecedented, indicating a keen appreciation of sports cars among *Penthouse* readers.





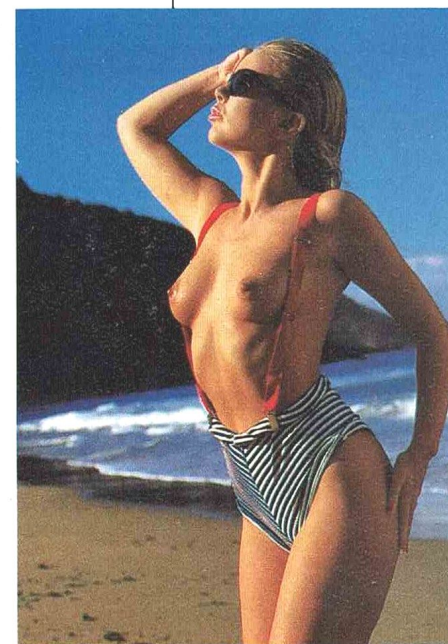
BAMBI August 1987

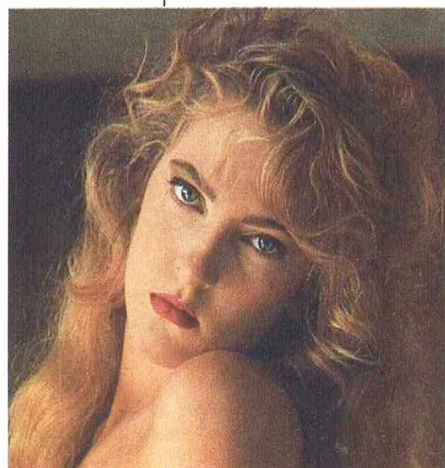
That's not the real name of our Canadian-born August covergirl and centrefold. The 20-year-old dancer chose it to be playful, and the playfulness extended to a mad, mischievous and acrobatic pictorial photographed back of Bourke. Bambi likes playing around and says she's game for anything.



TRACY WYNTERS September 1987

Twenty-year-old Tracy turned the last of winter's Big Chill into the Big Thrill when she went skinny dipping for September *Penthouse*. The Queensland blonde was photographed in her own back yard, or close enough, on the Gold Coast. It was a case, perhaps, of revealing places where the sun never shines at a place where it always does.





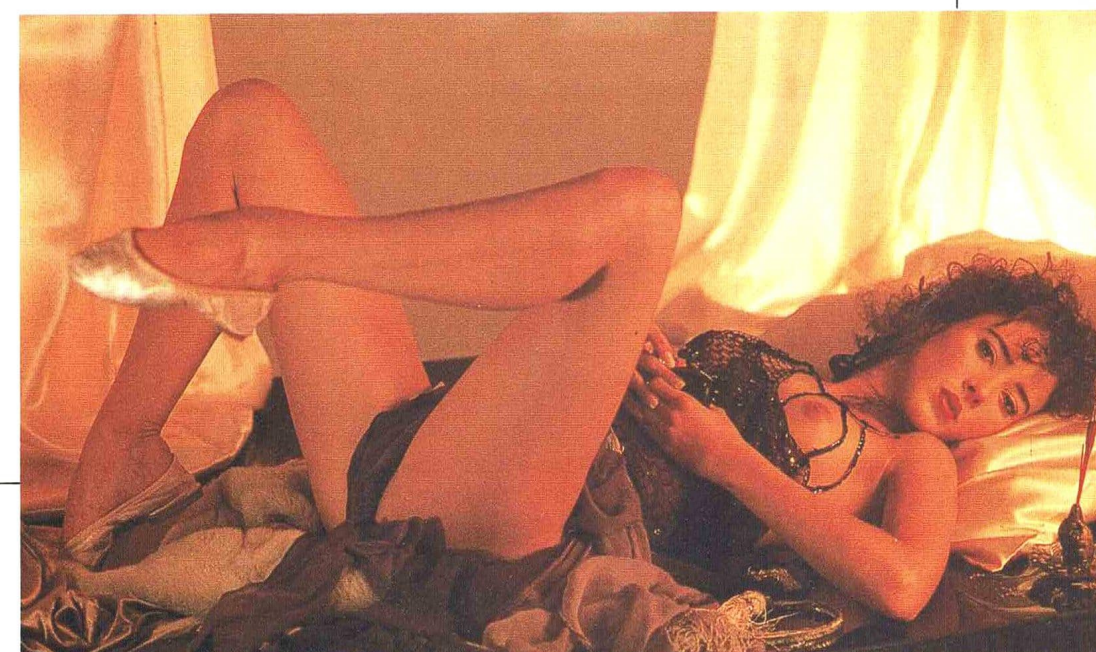
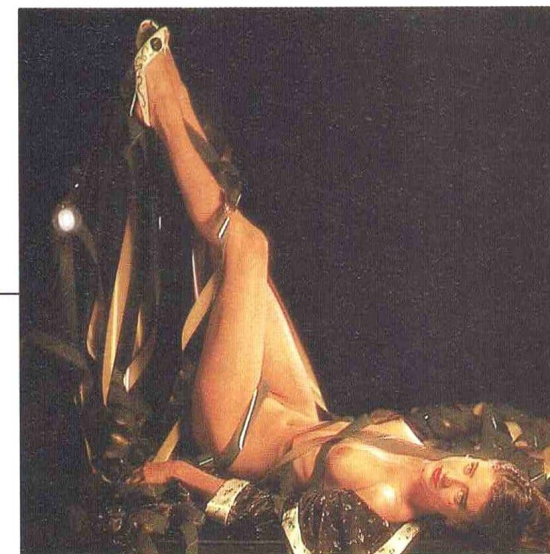
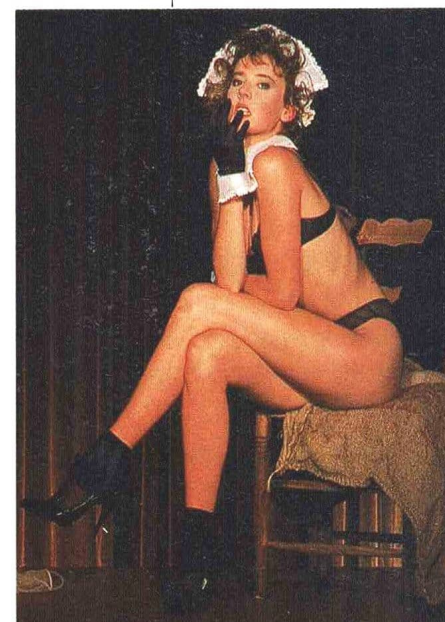
GAELE JAMES October 1987

Nineteen-year-old Sydney dancer Gaelle James let the actress in her take control for a fantasy pictorial in the October issue. Gaelle is an aspiring actress who would like to see an adventurous Australian film producer attempt a local version of *9½ Weeks*, adding that she'd be perfect for the lead role. There's no denying she's perfect.



MARGARET DUNCAN December 1987

It wasn't so much a case of what the butler saw as what the Queensland coppers copped an eyeful of that rocketed 19-year-old Margaret Duncan (alias Fifi The French Maid) to media prominence earlier this year. The bright and beautiful Brisbane stripper was acquitted of indecent behavior charges after police alleged she had revealed more than was right and proper during her dance routine. Her stunning appearance in this month's *Penthouse* reveals just what all the fuss was about.





PET OF THE YEAR POLL

You've just cast your eyes over six of Australia's most beautiful women. Now it's time to cast your vote for the *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year on the coupon on this page — and at the same time give yourself the chance to win this superb example of the latest in hi-fi excellence: the Sanyo CP710 Compact Disc Player. The CP710 represents the standards for which Sanyo is famous: a compact infrared remote control transmitter, soft touch controls,

programmable 16-selection auto search system, fluorescent multi-tube display, all in a slim unit with horizontal slide loading. And it could be yours. The first voter whose name is drawn out of the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win this superb unit valued at \$550. Pick your favorite *Penthouse* Pet, tick the box next to her name below, and send the completed coupon to *Penthouse*. But don't delay.

Mark your selection with a tick, complete details below and send your entry to:
Pet Of The Year Poll, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| ☐ Deborah Lee | ☐ Tracy Wynters |
| ☐ Emma Stone | ☐ Gaelle James |
| ☐ Bambi | ☐ Margaret Duncan |

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INTERVIEW

Continued from page 100

dous threat to the homosexual community. It's a threat to them physically and socially, in that in Australia there's a very strong undercurrent of antipathy toward male homosexuals and there has always been a danger of an outbreak of anti-gay prejudice, which can threaten them physically, can threaten their employment and accommodation. It is quite a valid preoccupation on the part of NACAIDS to try to minimise the risk of inappropriate antagonism toward the gay community. NACAIDS is not just a group that's only concerned with gay rights. It's a valid concern to make sure the epidemic does not cause social disruption and violence. But I do believe the strong antipathy to the Task Force has been based on fear of the consequences of testing.

Penthouse: Do you think the Grim Reaper campaign will produce emotional and sexual trauma in a whole generation of young Australians?

Penington: I don't really think it's going to have any long-term effect. I think by and large people have good protective mechanisms. But there are real dangers in using fear as a motive in dealing with AIDS. I know of two outstanding young people who committed suicide because they believed they had the infection when neither of them did. I'm not saying those suicides were a direct consequence of the Grim Reaper, but they were a direct consequence of the level of fear in our society, and they underline the fact that fear is a dangerous emotion to use in an education campaign.

Penthouse: According to Phillip Adams, Ita Buttrose only began to talk about anal sex after he'd written his manifesto in *The Australian*. Ita began saying: "Of course, anal intercourse is the major problem" on radio, yet the press ads following up the Grim Reaper didn't even mention anal sex. Was there an attempt by NACAIDS to obfuscate the issue by failing to promote anal sex as the principal means of spreading the virus?

Penington: I believe that there was a deliberate view adopted by those who planned the campaign that they wanted to get the whole community to believe it was their problem. I don't see how you can draw any other inference from its design. I believe the advertisement, coupled with Ita Buttrose's repeated statements about the two million Australians at high risk, was an attempt to get heterosexual people to believe they were *just as much* at risk as male homosexuals. And I believe whoever reached that conclusion — the group who planned the campaign — thought that was going to be in the interests of containing the epidemic and in the interests of the principal risk group — and I personally be-

lieve the latter part, at any rate, was misguided, because I think it's more likely to result in a negative reaction against homosexuals.

Penthouse: Would you agree that there can't be any excuse for NACAIDS distributing a brochure to chemist shops and doctors' surgeries only a few months ago, listing the ways in which you can get AIDS and including on that list: "There are no reported cases through oral sex but the risk cannot be ruled out," and failing to include anal sex?

Penington: I think that was a document targeted at the general community. It did not set out to be an informative statement of how the disease is commonly spread. So I don't think it particularly matters that it didn't emphasise anal sex.

Penthouse: But it didn't even mention it. It seems odd, given that they knew all along that anal sex was the principal means of spread.

“
If there's a
penalty arising from
knowing that you've got
it, the obvious answer
is: don't find out
if you've got it
”

Penington: That document was linked with the Grim Reaper, so you've got to see it as part of that general posture. In that sense it was trying to do something positive, and using fear to do it.

Penthouse: If there is spread into the Australian heterosexual community, of whatever magnitude, what are the likely social consequences? Will we see an unprecedented increase in "poofte bashing", especially when the costs of coping with the disease become apparent?

Penington: I think there's a real danger of that. If there's unreasonable resistance to putting adequate safeguards in place there'll be a danger of over-reaction and putting inappropriate safeguards in place. By "adequate safeguards" I mean antibody testing for high-risk groups linked with counselling, guarantees of confidentiality and so forth. I think there needs to be further discussion about other situations where testing is needed, such as in prisons, prior to certain forms of surgery and certain procedures involving handling of blood and the like — and unless we go down that track there are going to be unreasonable and irrational calls for

testing of the whole community.

Penthouse: Could these consequences be avoided if there was a reversal of the general agreement among NACAIDS and the gay lobby that antibody testing should not be obligatory for those in high-risk groups?

Penington: I don't know that NACAIDS has a written down policy on testing, except for the agreed statement in July last year on the safeguards that needed to go with testing, to which I still adhere. But the gay community's interpretation of it is that it rules out testing, and I just don't accept that at all.

Penthouse: Do you think your argument that all homosexuals should be obliged to submit themselves for testing will eventually prevail?

Penington: I do think my view will prevail. I think public opinion will require it to prevail.

Penthouse: How long do you think it will be before legislation is introduced along those lines?

Penington: Legislation along those lines is under consideration in Victoria now. The Minister, David White, is strongly supporting it and played a major part in its development. Sweden has similar legislation requiring testing in place. It's a matter of interest that Ita Buttrose, Alan Scroupe [head of the AIDS Co-ordinating Unit in the Commonwealth Department of Health] and David Plummer [one of the advisers to Ita Buttrose and a member of the Gay Medical Practitioners' Association] went at *Commonwealth expense* to visit Africa, Switzerland and Sweden last December — so they visited Sweden to look at the situation. When the Victorian Department of Health was developing its draft legislation it requested a copy of the legislation that applies in Sweden from the Commonwealth Department, because I told them we needed to have it. We received a copy of it in *Swedish*. That was the only information available. That's just a little vignette of the problems we have with the Commonwealth Department. Nonetheless, other countries are addressing this issue and I believe we have a chance to do it here. The NSW legislation does make it an offence for a person to knowingly place another person at risk, but it doesn't place any obligation on people to find out whether they are infected. The same situation applies in Queensland. So if there's a penalty arising from knowing that you've got it, the obvious answer is: don't find out if you've got it. What we propose is that it be a criminal offence to knowingly put someone at risk *and* that there be an obligation on those whose behavior places them at risk to be tested to find out whether they have the infection. Those two things are the critical elements. If the Victorian legislation goes ahead we're very hopeful that we'll see similar legislation elsewhere in Australia. So I think things are at a very critical turning point, and I think public opinion will play a part. 

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

**New models from
GM-H and Ford
come with fingers
crossed that we'll
think bigger is
better**

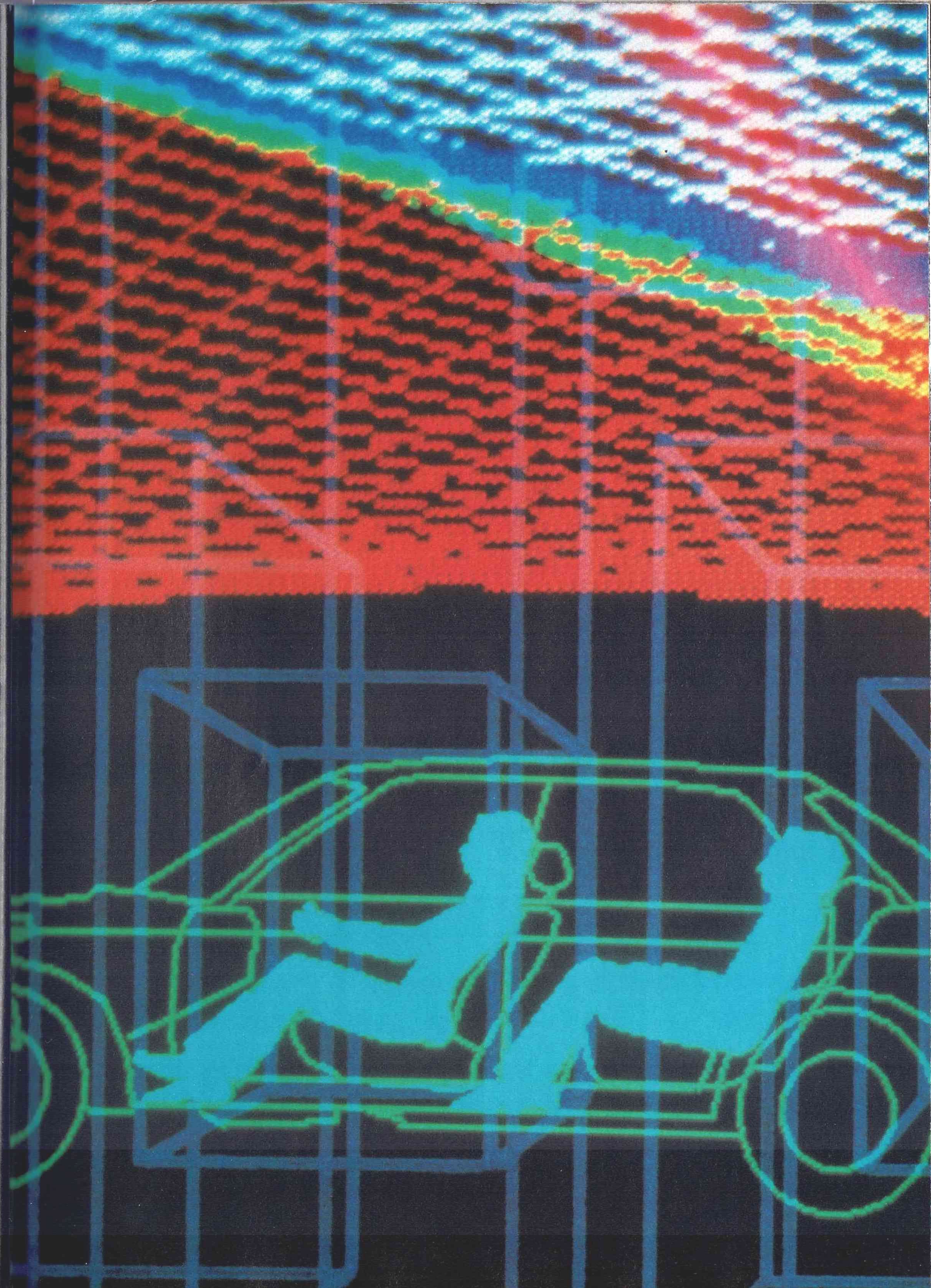
Australians like their passenger cars big and strong and handsome. Forget all that whiz-bang high-tech stuff. The car's gotta have a willing V8 or big six up front, room to stretch the legs and still stick three drinking partners in the rear. And it has to look ace sitting in the car port.

If it satisfies the above, and it's priced so it doesn't leave the bank account looking like Hiroshima revisited, then a car maker's on a winner.

Take the current Falcon... please. It looks good, but drives like a motoring anachronism. The motoring media has given it a bollocking. So what? The public buys it. It's the best-selling car in the land. The lesson hasn't been lost on the vehicle industry.

Holden blundered in the Seventies when it downsized from the Kingswood to the Commodore. The larger

BY PETER MCKAY



MOTORING

though inferior Falcon has consistently outsold it. Next July/August, the Holden Motor Company will launch its all-new VN Commodore. And it's big — longer than the present Falcon, and just as wide. The '88 Commodore — along with the soon-to-be unveiled rival Ford EA26 (industry code for the new Falcon) — is the most important local model to appear in the Eighties.

How well the two newcomers are accepted will critically affect the market fortunes of the Big Two in the coming years. Mid-sized passenger cars are the hot movers in the local marketplace. Big Aussie Sixes... that's the source of real volume.

And, ultimately, real profits.

Since Ford and Holden last introduced a new-shape family car in 1978-9, The General has copped a pasting in the sales race. The lion turned into a pussycat. It slipped from being a perennial market leader to second (behind Ford) in 1982. And then came a further slide to third (behind Toyota).

The fightback is now underway. Mid-year it scrambled back past Toyota. One down; one to go. Holden has bolstered its small-car thrust with the new Astra, a joint development with Nissan. But the '88 Commodore is the car the HMC heavies

believe can take the lion roaring to the top. The grapevine is also suggesting the new sedan and wagon versions will later be joined by a long wheelbase ute and panel van variants. A long wheelbase luxury car — a Fairlane/LTD competitor — is also under development.

Predictably, the men from Holden are saying nothing specifically about the still-secret VN other than to reassure anyone who asks that it's a great car. That it'll help pitch Holden back to *numero uno*. Then again, such gloriously positive rhetoric is not uncommon among the PR and sales staff of car companies. They live on hope; in these tough times such optimism is commendable stuff.

Unlike the case in the late Seventies when the Commodore beat the new Falcon into showrooms by six months, this time Ford will be the early bird. Of course Holden will begin dropping tantalising tidbits about the unreleased model in order to take the shine off the latest Ford. Naturally Holden will be hoping to persuade prospective purchasers of a medium-sized passenger car to delay their decision until the second half of '88.

The VN is an advance on the car it will replace. But it sure as hell isn't a technological pacesetter. No independent rear suspension. No state-of-the-art engine and transmission. But Holden has played the new car game shrewdly, taking a few lessons from the Ford blueprint on suc-

cessful car design and marketing, and also reading some old history books.

In fact the newie will be more spacious than the '88 Falcon. That's a switcheroo. Noting the Australian propensity for passenger cars offering more metal for the money, Holden is thinking big. Clearly, too, The General wants a bigger slice of the profitable taxi market.

So the new Commodore will evoke memories — in interior size anyway — of its predecessor, the Kingswood. Mercifully, it is a thousand times better than the departed Kingo, the car that provides a consistent source of inspiration to Australia's army of irreverent stand-up comics.

Like the present car, the latest Commodore again has its roots in the Opel range from West Germany. Opel's flagship Senator model, released in Europe in September, is the basis of the Aussie car's styling treatment. There's a suggestion of two other Teutons, BMW and Audi, in the Senator. Perhaps the designers all went to the same school.

What the men at Fishermen's Bend have done is to widen the existing VL Commodore floorpan and inner guards, and then adapt the outer skin of the Senator to fit. A stretch here, a pull there. Our information is that the Australian car is about seven centimetres wider than the Senator, and that the nose has been extended by roughly the same. Mitsubishi did a similar trick with

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its Magna, which is based on the Japanese narrow-gutted Galant. Beats going to the expense of penning a completely new car; Australia simply couldn't spend that kind of money. Of course the Aussie car will have its own identity. Nose and tail treatments are distinctly different so it's no dead ringer for the Senator. Our Calais has an integrated bonnet/grille which drops right down to the bumper.

Which leads to the other encouraging news. With wind-cheating flush glass and rounded nose, the '88 Commodore is a real streamliner in contrast to the current car, which is only slightly more aerodynamic than the Taj Mahal. So ashamed is Holden of the aerodynamics of the present model that it refuses to quote its wind-tunnel figure. We can confidently anticipate the new car being 25 percent more aerodynamic. That means less fuel will be used to drive it through the air. The Senator's pleasing quietness at speed has been inherited by its Australian relative. Holden has certainly leaned heavily on its global family connections. Having used a modified floorplan from the old car, and a broad body design from its German partner, the Australians went to Detroit for its bread-and-butter engine. It's a V6 Buick of some vintage, extensively reworked for its Holden role. Destined to be manufactured here, the American 3.8-litre engine is unlikely to match the performance of the borrowed 114 kW 3.0-litre Nissan straight six powering this year's Commodore. It's a tough act to follow.

The V6 is also heavier than the current Commodore six. Cast-iron block, pushrod-operated overhead valves... the Buick is no new-generation zinger hot off the design board. It's been around in US models since 1975. However, it does have Bosch Jetronic multi-point fuel injection and it is understood it has been further spruced up for Australia. Insiders talk of the engine's

impressive low-down torque.

The US version has an output of 104 kW. Interestingly, there are turbocharged production versions in America dollyng out 183 kW. Stateside, the Buick is in great demand by the hot-up boys; lots of bolt-on performance gear is available and it does duty in a crazy array of motor sporting applications.

An optional V8 engine certainly gives the Holden marketing boys something to holler about. Ford killed off its V8 some years ago and while its executives strongly reject any suggestions that its burial did hurt sales, the reality is that many Australians still love their bent eight. Some specify a V8 for towing, some for its flexibility and torque, some for its effortless performance.

Holden has re-engineered the old thumper. Ye gods, there's fuel injection in place of that simple old carby. That'll leave the backyard mechanics with the Jockettes in a knot. The new engine is

Can the VN
successfully contend
with the concerted
efforts by the
Japanese to woo
Aussie families?

more complicated, but it is also more powerful, more economical and cleaner.

The catch-up move to throttle-body fuel injection and other overdue updates was influenced by the Holden touring car race program. The basic old V8 had its limitations on the racing circuits and, for that matter, in day-to-day driving. The revamp, which includes a 16-bit computer engine management system, allows the engine to continue into the Nineties at a time when consumers are beginning to expect some under-bonnet advances in exchange for the ever-growing stack of money they fork out for new cars today.

Underneath, the new car is similar to the old. Similar but not identical. Good news: the ride and handling bods have found a fix for the Commodore's skittish rear end.

Leaked information of an expanded Commodore lineup should give the Ford boys a nasty turn. When it ceased production of the Kingswood-based utility and panel vans, Holden handed to Ford and the Japanese brands a large slice of the commercial market. Now it wants it back. The yen-Oz dollar relativity has forced up the price of imports so, obviously, there is

some potential for any indigenous product. But Aussie cookies, tradesmen and carriers might have to hang out until 1990 before they see Holden's Commodore commercial vehicle range. And why couldn't HMC do four-wheel-drive models too? There's no confirmation that Holden is taking this course, but it's logical given the demand for 4WDs and the ever rising price tags they carry.

The rumored long-wheelbase version of the VN is an obvious counter to Ford's generously-sized luxury Fairlane/LTD. Ford has enjoyed dominance of the class since Holden abandoned its big Statesman de Ville and Caprice, under-rated if not so-pretty cars that never sold to their potential.

The play at Fishermen's Bend is to return to the good old days when your local Holden dealer had a vehicle for every requirement. And why not? The Hawke Government has demonstrated that Labor isn't prepared to ease the searing pain of the vehicle importers, a policy destined to make the road ahead just a little easier for the five Australian car makers. However, the intense competition between Ford, Holden, Toyota, Mitsubishi and Nissan is certainly not receding, particularly in that all-important family car sector.

The Japanese giants have finally twigged that Australians have an unrelenting fondness for big sixes. In order to compete, they too must have six-cylinder family cars. Certainly, the three local car producers with Japanese origins all have a suitable existing V6 which they surely must be contemplating dropping into their future versions of their best selling mid-sized family cars. And so, down the line somewhat, the Mitsubishi Magna and Toyota Camry could be V6 powered. Nissan also has a V6 for whatever model it might select to go head to head with the medium-sized competition.

So, while Holden and Ford have traditionally enjoyed a big chunk of this market, some erosion has already been detected. Magna, a man-sized four, Nissan's Skyline (with the same 3.0-litre six as that in the current Commodore) and the Camry have each grabbed sales from the Falcon and Commodore.

The new Commodore has been designed as a Falcon-beater. Whether or not it can dislodge the Ford is one question which won't be answered until late next year. There's a second question hanging: can the VN successfully contend with the concerted efforts by the Japanese to woo Aussie families? History suggests both tasks will not be easy.

A few years ago the then chief stylist at the then General Motors-Holden, the very upfront American-born Leo Pruneau, best summed up GM-H's predicament. "If you're in the car business then, hell, you've gotta build cars that people wanna buy." Holden, it seems, is now following Pruneau's advice. 



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If Deeks can run a record marathon on a two valve heart, imagine how well he'd perform with sixteen.



Gasp, wheeze, puff, pant.

It doesn't matter if you're as fit as world marathon champion Robert 'Deeks' De Castella, when you run out of breath, you run out of energy. It's the same for cars.

Since both the human heart and the car engine work in similar ways. Using valves to inhale and exhale.

The average heart has two valves, whereas the average engine has eight.

T87-0218/R

But the all new Australian-made Toyota Camry's Twin Cam engine has sixteen.

The effect is like giving Deeks an extra pair of lungs. And twice the stamina.

Suddenly, a family car engine is able to run ultra-marathon distances all day, every day.

Year after year.

Without so much as a huff or a puff.

While at the same time it has the energy to show a clean pair of wheels to the competition.

In full stride Camry's Australian-made 3S-FE Twin Cam, electronically fuel injected engine sprints from 0-100 km/h in 10.4 seconds.

Yet rather than working up a thirst, Camry actually stops for fewer drinks along the way.

At a steady 100 km/h it does 6.8 litres per 100 kilometres.*

(Or for those who don't speak metric, 41.5 miles to the gallon.)

Such high performance and efficiency are the culmination of years of training.



Today, Toyota make more multi-valve Twin Cams than anyone else.

Which makes us the world champions of multi-valve engines.

In Australia they are in the Celica, Corolla, Supra, and now the new Camry Sedan and Wagon.

All of them share the inherited Toyota family traits of economy, reliability and much-envied build quality.



Way back in 1969 we tested our very first multi-valve Twin Cam.

It ran for 72 hours at an average speed of over 200 km/h without breaking anything.

Except 13 international speed records.

*Department of Resources and Energy, Canberra. AS2877.

And all run so quietly, tirelessly and efficiently you could easily forget they're there. Until you put your foot down.

Then they'll soon jog your memory.

Oh what a feeling! **TOYOTA**

small amount of several of the ones you like — enough for three or four smokes of each — and try them out for a week or so. Then, when you've made your final selection, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Only spivs smoke cigars. Bookies, theatrical agents, travelling salesmen. Right? Wrong.

Chances are that in any gathering of non-cigarette smokers the pipe smokers will be outnumbered by cigar men by a huge margin. The highly rarefied air of Sydney and Melbourne financial boardrooms is literally blue with cigar smoke these days.

Of course, the most favored smokes come from Havana. Hand-rolled Cubans cost anywhere from \$90 to \$200 per box and, at those prices, it's worth the cost of keeping them satisfactorily moist — a preventative against their turning bitter.

Aristocrats such as these deserve the best accoutrements. Smoke a Havana with the aid of a solid amber holder with gold ferrule. Dunhill can let you have one for a mere \$375. Sterling silver cigar cutters go for something less. And dare anyone to call you a spiv.

Nothing goes with a good cigar like a fine vintage port — or so I'm told. Aged fortified wines have enjoyed a vogue in Australia lately, both the imported and local variety.

And they can fetch some very fancy prices, indeed. Possession of a fine, rare old wine is one thing, but you only win points if you can demonstrate a knowledge and appreciation of what it is you've bought. Read up on wines and attend a few auctions as a spectator before you set out to stock your cellar. Then pass the ports and cigars. The acquisition of an aged amontillado — particularly if you're generous about sharing it — will mark you as a gent of consummate style.

Everybody has his favorite brand of whisky. To mark yourself a connoisseur of the stuff, look for something unusual. Dunhill now market their own brand at around \$100 per bottle. It's still fairly rarish in Australia, and so will mark you out as a pretty discriminating sort of chap. Or go for some obscure import from a remote Highland glen — particularly if you can serve it up with a tale or two from your travels in the area: "I picked this little gem up in a distillery in the highlands while I was researching my book on Glencoe." Something like that.

There's a book making the rounds at the moment. Written by Sydney society personality Bani McSpedden, *Successories* (Pan, \$9.95) is a tongue-in-cheek guide to what McSpedden calls "the best of everything in Australia." McSpedden describes cars as "the one accessory that tells the world at a glance whether you're really arriving."

Not surprisingly, he handles the Rolls-Mercedes-Ferrari end of the market with the reverence of the born snob. Volvo he pronounces too suburban for the successful man; Honda is reckoned to be the best of the bottom end.

Volkswagen convertibles he doesn't mention at all. Nor 1963 Chevy Impalas. And yet, for the man of real style — more concerned with expressing his own personality than the extent of his credit rating — either of these automobiles offers intriguing possibilities.

Let's face it: all Porsches look alike in the dark. A reconditioned Beetle soft-top exposes your sense of humor and a penchant for lateral thought to anyone prescient enough to read the signs.

For the stylish, symmetry is all. There's a frightful lack of balance in a Fifties figure — all duck tail and denim — driving a BMW. A red pick-up, yes — a Ferrari, no. Not that the upper end of the automobile market doesn't have its place. The gentleman in the Prince of Wales checks will most probably prefer a Rover or a Rolls and the well-to-do wide boy his Porsche. But there is style in an old Holden, too; not to mention the vintage MG and Model T. As the old song would have it: "It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it."

Accessories, remember, are about expressing your personality. Carry a walking stick if you fancy one. If you can't find one in an antique shop, have one made. (Look in the Yellow Pages under "umbrellas.") Wear a monocle; grow handle bar moustaches; shave your head — if any of these things suit your particular style. Go on, be a devil.

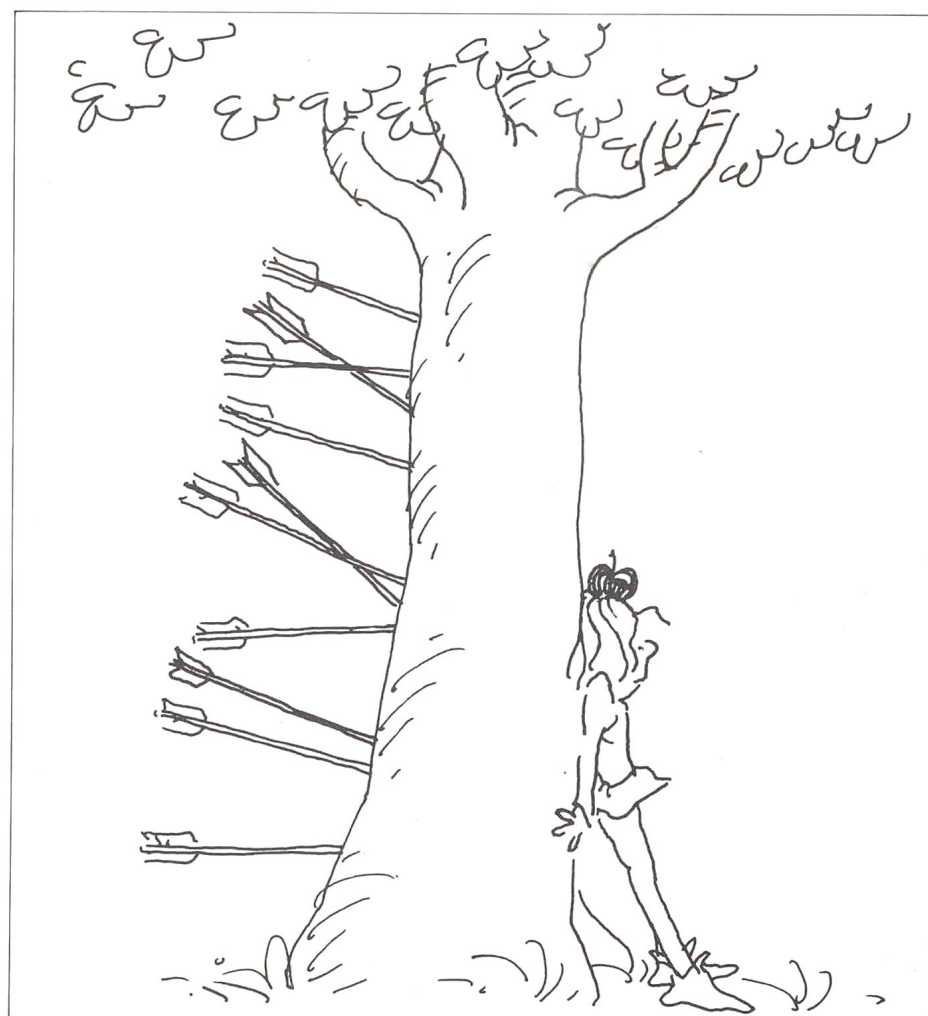
I have a friend, a successful and well-travelled New York business executive, who carries his in-cabin luggage in an old US mailbag. This man can afford Gucci, he can afford Louis Vuitton, but he likes that mailbag and he slings it over his shoulder with all the aplomb of a Hermes-toting millionaire. "It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it."

Practice your penmanship and then buy a fountain pen. They have cache. Invest in a Mont Blanc if you feel like it — or buy a Lamy Safari in macho khaki for a few dollars.

Wear a hat. Hats are in again. The other day I saw a couple walking along, hand in hand, wearing matching stetsons. Top hat, trilby, panama or stetson — choose a style and make it your own. It worked for Sherlock Holmes and Davy Crockett. It can work for you.

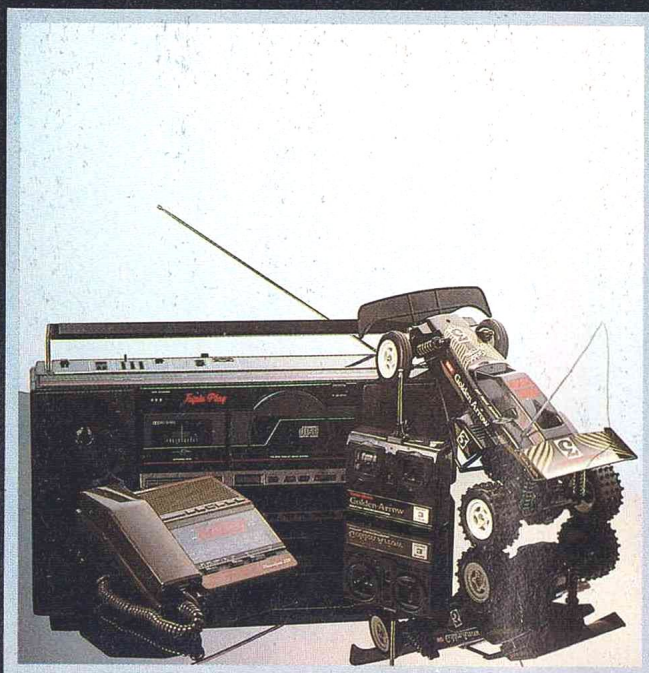
By all means, wear a Rolex if you can afford it. But unless you're an absolute label slave, a Seiko can look just as classy. A half dozen Swatches, switched to suit your mood, offer a lot more fun.

Why lust after the upmarket labels if they only cramp your personal style? There are plenty of lower-priced alternatives about. And whatever your choice — enjoy it. — Mary Ellen Dyster

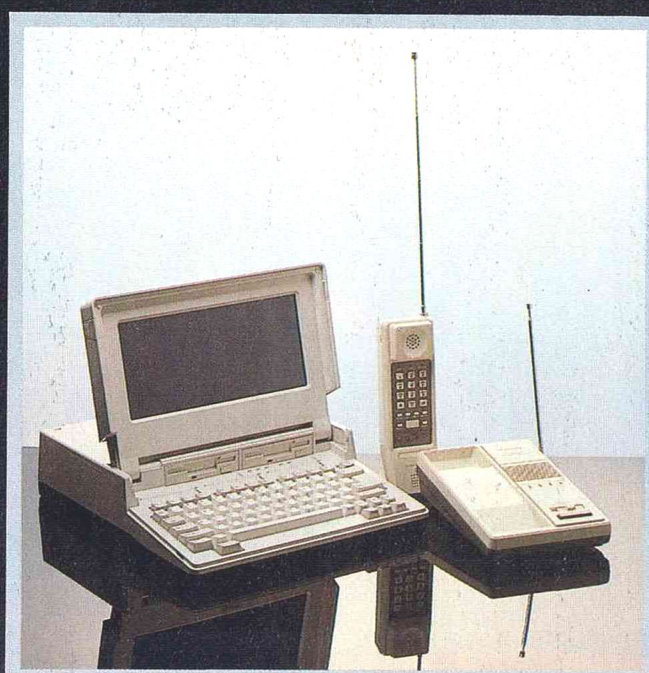


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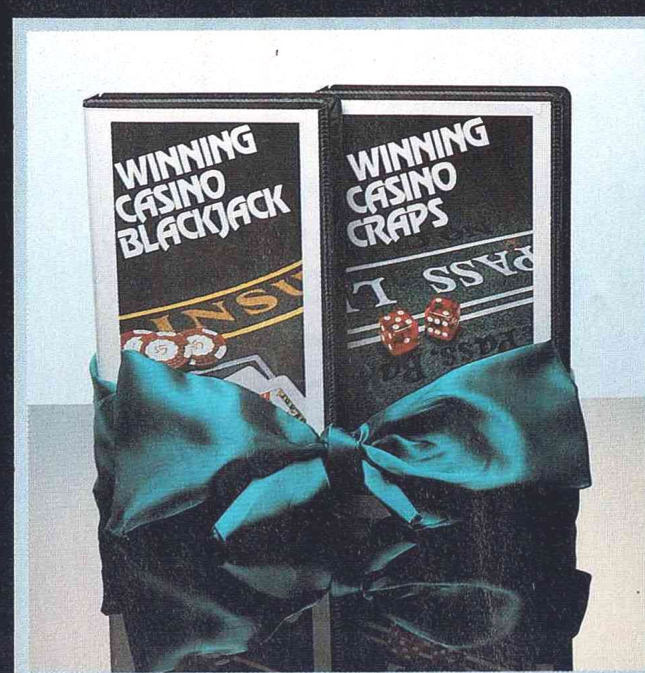
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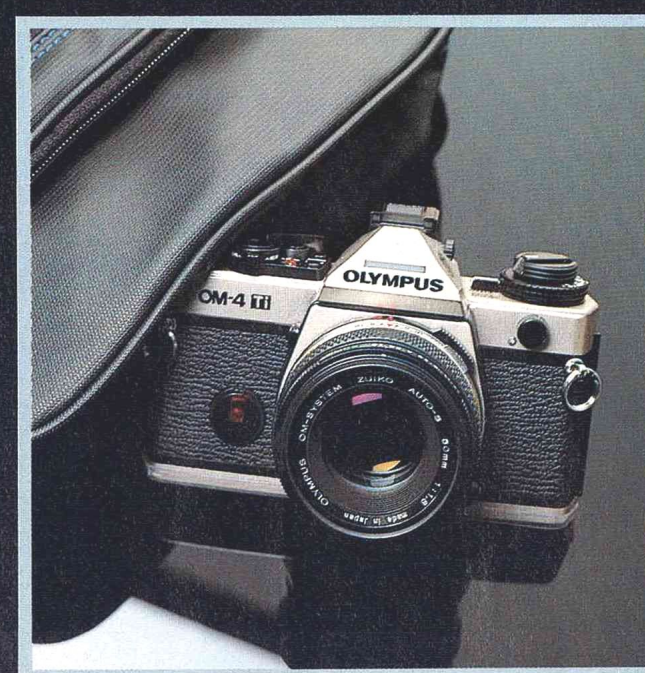
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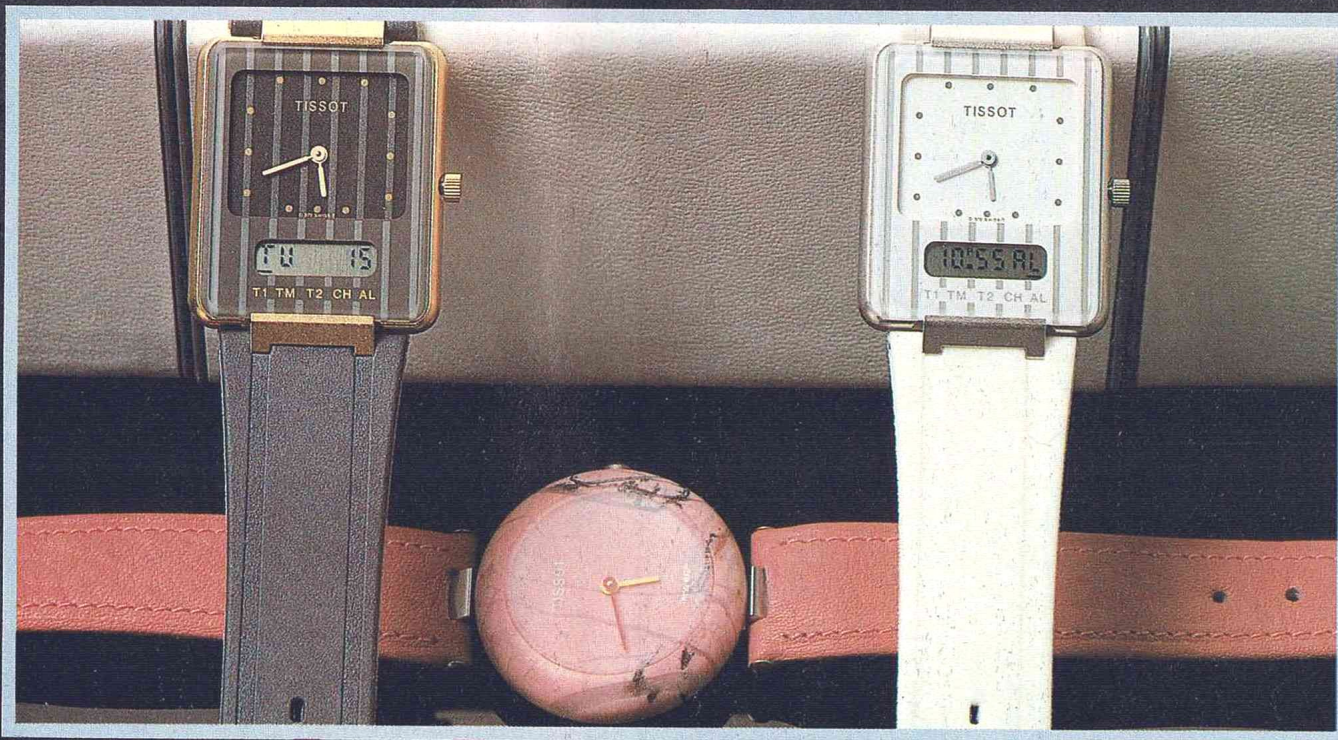
Tandy's 1400 LT portable computer offers you the advantage in portable computer technology, giving all the efficiency of a desktop number. AT \$3299, the bytes aren't out of your budget, either. The Radio Shack ET-410 cordless telephone stores up to 32 numbers with automatic dialling. Just \$329.95 and available from Tandy stockists.



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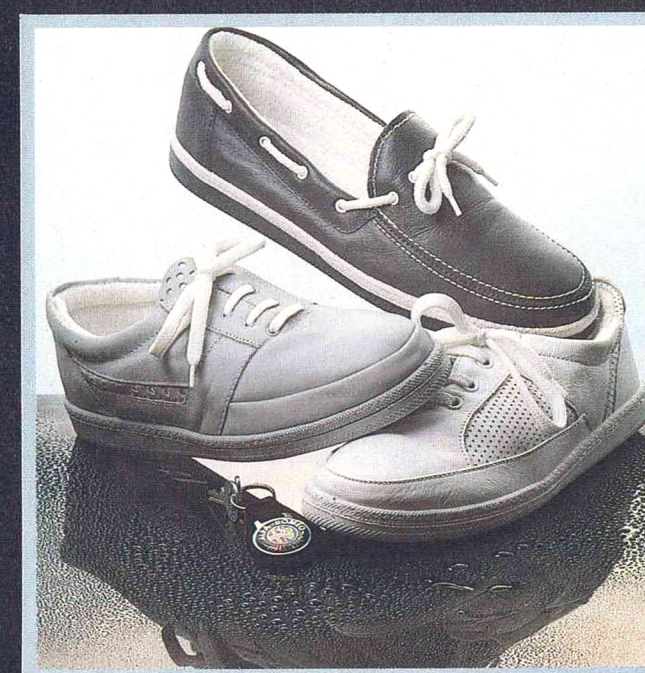
Top-of-the-range reaches new heights when you're talking Olympus. Case in point: the OM-4Ti. Titanium body panels provide strength and light weight, though this baby's feature is the latest in metering technology to do any shutterbug's efforts *absolute justice*. Priced around \$1750.



Winning gifts from Tissot. The Tissot Twotimer is a Swiss quartz model featuring analogue and digital readout. It features seconds, day and date, second time zone, stopwatch, alarm and countdown and sells for around \$125. The famous Tissot Rock Watches, crafted from Australian rock, have Swiss quartz movement and scratchproof sapphire glass. Prices vary. They're available at Myer and David Jones, selected jewellers and duty free stores.



Head squash and tennis racquets prove top of the range gifts for sportsmen. This leading Australian brand is the choice of Henri Le Conte on the pro tennis circuit. The SX2 squash racquet leads the field as the world's thinnest profile graphite racquet. Prices start at around \$115 at leading sports stores.

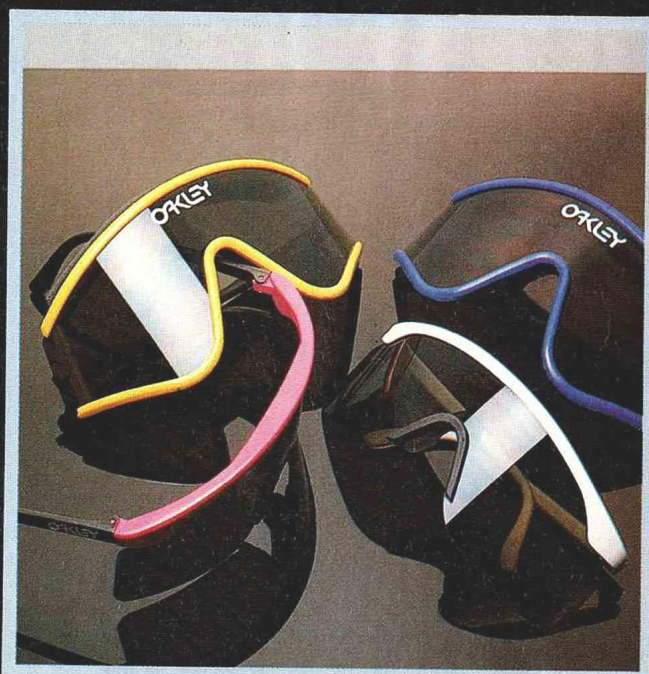


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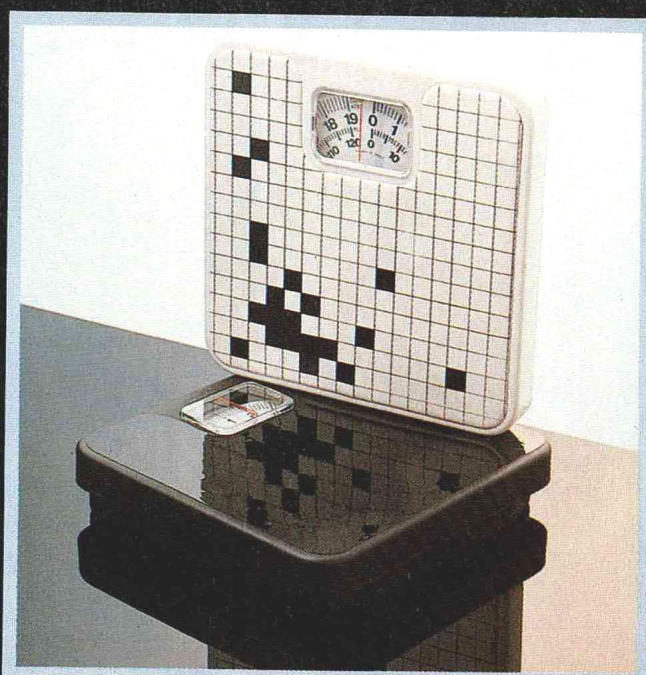
Aqua Scooters are all the rage for summer fun. Be they for snorkelling or just plain romping, there'll be queues wherever one of these appears. So why not buy two? Priced at \$999.



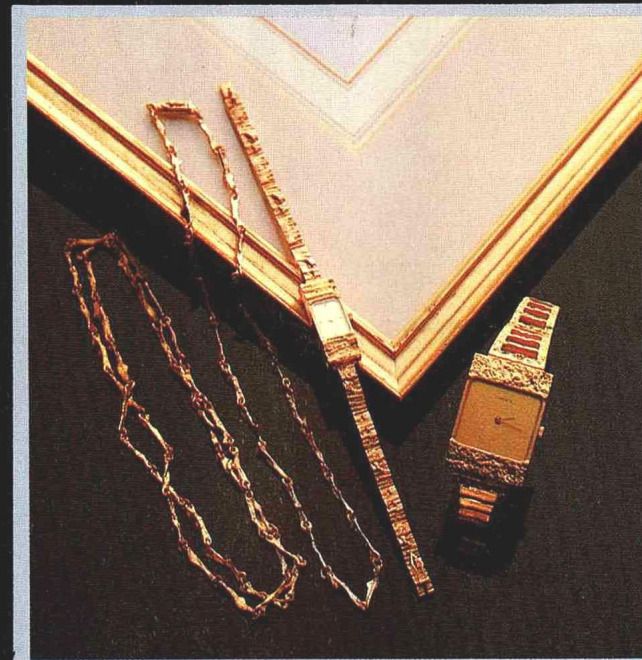
Oakley Eyeshades and Blades are the latest in fashion and sports wear. Exclusive Plutonite lenses filter 100 percent UV light, while fashion colors make this a stunning gift idea. Priced from \$90 to \$110.



With many radar detectors now obsolete, Speedsafe's Whistler 500 is a wise move and a thoughtful present. So small it's virtually fully hidden when installed. Ring (02) 558 4004. Shipped free of charge Australia-wide.



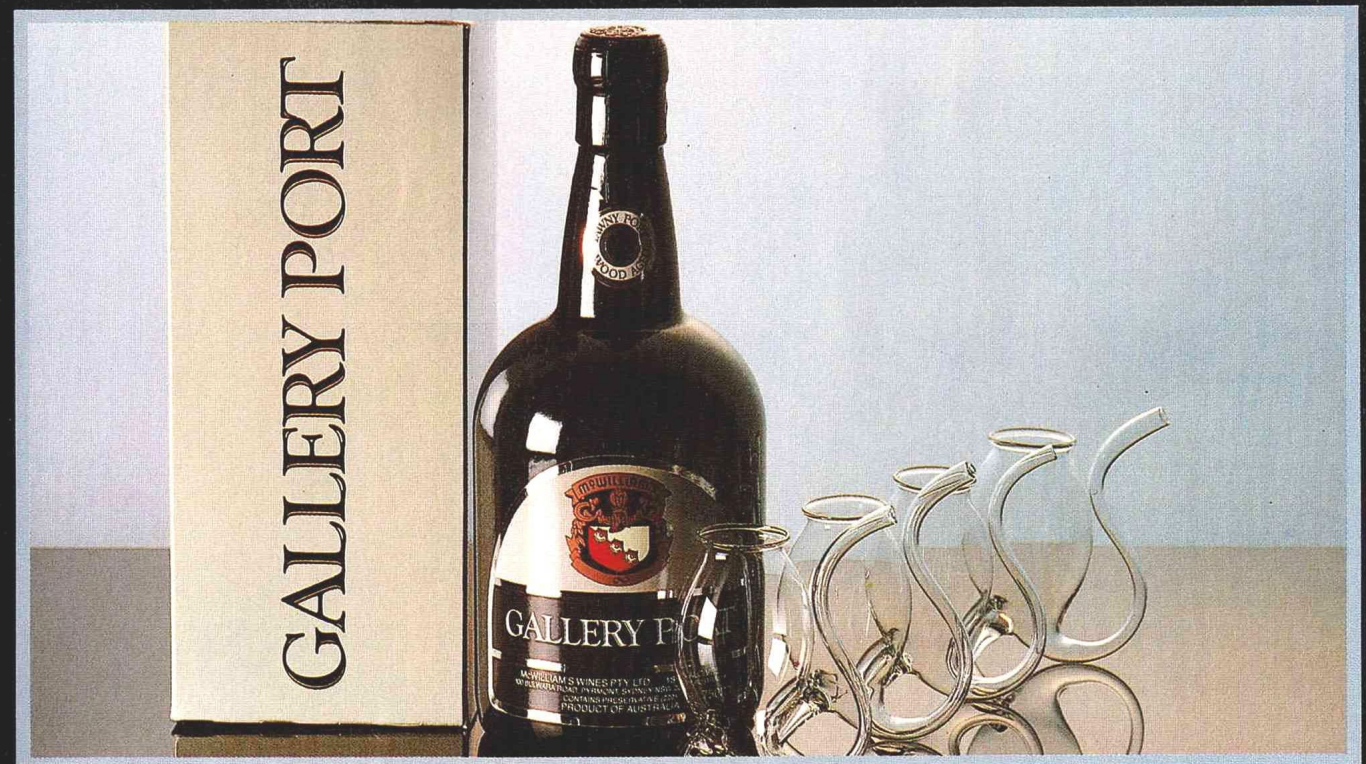
Hanson scales, from Ireland, take a weight off any mind laboring for gift ideas. In a stunning array of colors, each model comes with a five-year guarantee and sells for around \$32.50.



Lapponia jewellery, imported from Finland, is internationally acclaimed for its unique design and craftsmanship. All 14ct gold, the men's watch, the El Dorado, is priced at \$7850, while Golda, the ladies', goes for \$4990. Rannio chains sell for \$1990 for the 41cm version and \$3165 for the 70cm. Visit their shop or ring them in Sydney's QVB building.



The Philishave Electronic is a rechargeable/mains shaver featuring a unique charging system that allows a one-hour quick charge for up to two weeks smooth, close shaving. Its "lift, hold and cut" double action system can be used at nine comfort settings. The extensive Philishave range retails from \$39 to \$199 at leading department stores and electrical outlets.



A package to win any heart is the Gallery Port Pipe box set, not only featuring a bottle of this fabulous elixir but a set of four exquisite pipe glasses for sipping in style. Found at selected liquor outlets for around \$37.

PERFORMANCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Naturally talented 25-year-old Terri Lenee Peake began acting onstage when she was nine. "I think everyone would want to have the admiration that entertainers have. Whether it's being a dancer, acting on stage, or appearing in *Penthouse* — it's all performance and it's all exciting," says this starry-eyed blonde. "When I'm too old to model, I hope that theatre will be a part of my life."





Actively pursuing an acting career, and to some success, Terri's life is a round of casting interviews. Travelling to and from, and during the long waits, she's never without a book. Ernest Hemingway is her favorite writer. "A man's man," she says, "and an outdoor type like me. I don't mind getting messy."







"I would enjoy taking care of a man I love," Terri says. "I would tell him what he does that excites me. I always know immediately if I like someone, but before we make love, I wait until he really, really wants me."





Terri spent part of her childhood living with foster parents, and she wants to share any success she has. "I would feel greedy if I didn't do as much as possible for kids growing up the way I did. I love charity work — helping those who need cheering up, making people smile so they can forget their troubles for a while." Such a big-hearted gal.



Want to win friends and influence people? Here's the chance to become the most popular bloke on your block without fuss, bother or expense. For the going rate of a postage stamp, sparkling, palate-cleansing imported ale to the value of more than \$2500 could be yours. This prize will guarantee you instant popularity. It will allow you to keep your friends under the influence all summer. *And* you'll have the cleanest palate in Australia!

Penthouse and Brimps Pty Ltd, the imported beer specialists, are shouting 40 cases of quality beer imported from the brewing capitals of the world. That's 940 bottles of the chilled article.

Enough to stock a cellar worthy of a top restaurant. Enough to host dozens of beer tastings. Enough to blow on The Party To End All Parties.

To enter, just turn the page and scan the information of Great Import that details each type of beer offered in the prize. Then fill in the coupon and mail it to *Penthouse*. This summer, the beers are on us.

WIN THE BEERS OF THE WORLD

Once upon a time, and not too long ago, if there was beer drinking to be done, the beer to drink was the local drop. For one thing, "exotic" interstate brews weren't available at the corner pub, but more importantly, drinking anything but "the beer we drink 'round here" simply wasn't on. Over the past decade all that has changed, of course, as breweries have expanded and advertising muscle has encouraged more adventurous elbow bending. Soon after the state barriers fell, the sluice gates were open, so to speak, for the beers of the world. Brimps Pty Ltd, an all-Australian company, were in at the thin end of the wedge when they began importing exotic beers seven years ago. As the demand has grown in tandem with changing lifestyle trends so has the range of labels Brimps bring into the country. They currently import over 40 makes of beer from many countries. The winner of this month's competition will be well on his way to becoming an ale





connoisseur when 40 cases arrive on his doorstep. That'll be five cases each of eight brands representative of part of the Brimps range. It makes you thirsty just thinking about it. Here's the lineup:

From the Netherlands, five cases of Bavaria — Bavaria Lager has been brewed according to family tradition for centuries in the southern Dutch province of Brabant. It's known as the beer brewed behind the dykes since 1719. Bavaria's Malthouse is one of the largest in Europe and the beer is a finely balanced lager with a delightful malty finish.

From the USA, five cases of Lone Star — This is the biggest selling beer in the

state known for its fondness for size. The nectar of Texas in a bottle, Lone Star is a light, simple beer that perfectly complements a steak, a mess of ribs or a steaming Tex-Mex chilli.

From Singapore, five cases of Tiger — A golden hue characterises this Eastern beer and full flavor contrasts the caramel nose. This lager was awarded a gold medal in Brussels at the 1982 Monde World Selection Of Beers Competition. A sweetish lager for its 5% alc/vol, Tiger is exported from Malayan Breweries to more than 50 countries.

From Papua New Guinea, five cases of South Pacific Lager — The distinctively

labelled "beer of paradise" is 5% alc/vol. A clean nuance of hops and barley with a fine galaxy of bubbles makes this beer a favorite with Australians. It is brewed in the classic style of a lager that is bottom fermented. A gold medal winner at the 1980 International Brewex Competition in Birmingham, South Pacific Lager is brewed in Lae and exported to all corners of the globe.

From the USA, five cases of Henry Wienhard — Currently sales leader among Super Premiums on the US West Coast, this is a well-balanced German-style lager with an aromatic nose, clean flavor and finish. It is free from preservatives and additives.

From the USA, five cases of Mickeys Malt — Typical of the light American style of beer, Mickeys has an excellent smooth flavor which, combined with its unusual packaging, has seen it become a cult beer in the States. Mickeys' "Big Mouth" is a favorite with younger beer drinkers.

From West Germany, five cases of Braunkelser — Release the fancy clip slowly as you would uncork a good wine. Pour it with care. Inhale its fragrant bouquet and savor its outstanding character. This beer is brewed according to the "Rule Of Purity" principles dating back to 1516. Quality and purity are ensured by allowing only hops, malt, yeast and water as ingredients. This is a prestigious brew for the connoisseur, very full-flavored, broad and flat on the palate, with a rich malty character.

From the USA, five cases of Rainer — Made in Seattle, this beer currently holds the number one sales position in the states of Washington and Montana and ranks number one in general sales in the entire North Western section of the country. Rainer is a light, well-balanced lager with malt character.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official coupon or a facsimile of that coupon. Only one entry per person is allowed and no cash alternative is offered for the prize.

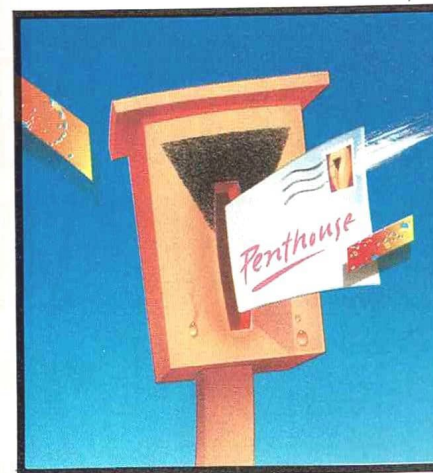
Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of Australian Penthouse and their families, and the employees of Brimps Pty Ltd and associated companies and their families.

Closing date for entries is last mail on Friday, January 15, 1988. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of Australian Penthouse in the Loose Ends section.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entrant will be the winner. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The promoters, Brimps Pty Ltd and Australian Penthouse shall be under no liability to the winning contestant for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to property caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the Penthouse Summer Beer Competition (including negligent acts or omissions.)

This competition is brought to you by Brimps Pty Ltd and Australian Penthouse.



FORUM

Continued from page 16

able to take my eyes off her. Like I said, I hadn't been with a woman for six years. My formerly inactive penis was now standing to attention. Maggie returned from the bathroom with a wet rag to rinse her friend's face. Suddenly, she grabbed me and started to play with my stiff dick, jerking me off. I was just as hard as I'd ever been, and I found it hard to contain myself. Maggie pushed me on to the bed and started to suck me. All this time I continued to look long and hard at Deborah, still lying there asleep.

Maggie noticed my gaze and told me that she had been waiting for this opportunity after having seen me come out of the water that day, my wet swimming trunks clinging against my long, thick shaft. In fact, she was hoping to get Deborah in this position, as she'd been in love with her friend since their childhood days. She stopped, leaned over, and started to rub Deborah's clit and kiss her nipples. I was at my wit's end. I hadn't felt like this since I was 20. Maggie returned to my straining cock and continued her fantastic blowjob, sliding her lips up and down like there was no tomorrow. Then she flipped on to her hands and knees, exposing her wet, flaming cunt. I wasted no time in plunging my joystick inside her to the hilt. It was easy entry all the way, and I started to fuck her as if to make up for all the years I'd lost. Maggie seemed to be quite a pro at this, moving herself up, down, and sideways at just the right rhythm to keep me going, all the while playing with her lovely friend beside us. I felt my heartbeat quicken, and knew I was about to come. I stretched out my hand, touched Deborah's breasts, and started to finger her cunt. It was then that I started to come in torrents, pumping my six years' worth of hot cream into Maggie's slick tunnel. I turned over on the bed to catch my breath, and Maggie immediately leaned down and bathed me with her talented tongue. Then she rolled over and buried her head between Deborah's legs.

As I lay there watching them, I started to get hard again. Maggie begged me to fuck Deborah, as she thought that was what she really needed. I couldn't resist; her friend was so totally tantalising. Maggie spread Deborah's legs apart, and I entered her. I started to pump away as Maggie moved behind me and started to lick and suck my swaying balls. It wasn't long before I started to come, and Maggie placed my spurting cock in her mouth and sucked out every drop of come. It was then I became aware of a growing pain in my chest, and I found it difficult to breathe. I lay there for a while as Maggie started to lick Deborah and go into an ecstasy of sounds and words. I got up with much difficulty and just about made it to my room.

The next morning, nothing was said at breakfast, and I was still finding it hard to breathe. Later, as the bus headed toward Galilee, I couldn't take it anymore, and asked the guide on the bus if I could rest awhile. He said that there was a new hospital built for the surrounding kibbutzim, and after assuring me that he would safeguard

CALL ME
02-11625
Penthouse Pet-Line

Send completed coupon to *Penthouse* Summer Beer Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found on this page.

1. In which city is South Pacific Lager brewed?

2. What's the best-selling beer in Texas?

3. According to what principle is Braunkelser brewed?

Name: _____

Address: _____

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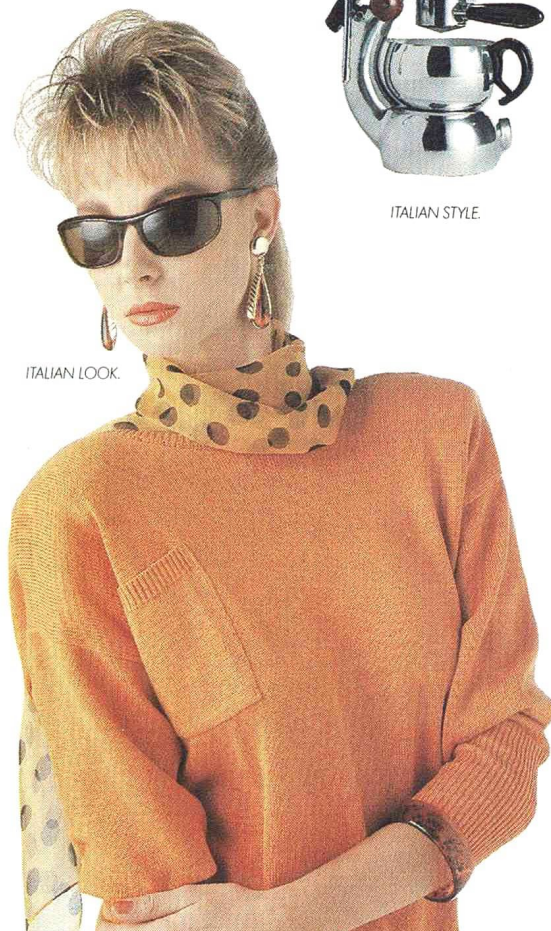
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A taste for Italian design may already have put you on the road to Torino — and the new Fiat Regata. A car with all the Italian refinements you admire and all the mechanical advancements you'd expect. Like electronic injection, a performance control monitor, all-independent

suspension, a transverse-mounted engine powering the front wheels and a 2 year 40,000 km warranty. Form and function in sedans and wagons, manual and automatic. Now do you start to see why Fiat is Europe's No.1?

FIAT

FORUM

my belongings, he took me there. I was rushed into intensive care with a possible heart attack. But don't think this was the end. Look for part two . . . — *Name and address withheld*

10½ hours

My husband and I enjoy sexually exciting each other in many different ways. Some of our most exciting times happen by accident. One weekend this month we decided to lie out in the sun and get a jump start on our summer tans. I wore one of my skimpy two-piece suits, while Jeff just wore a pair of his bikini underwear. Since none of our neighbors were home, I decided to tease him by removing my bathing-suit top. I don't have large tits, but for my frame, my 34Bs are just right. My boobs are soft yet firm, and look great when I go braless. Even though the idea was to excite Jeff, I discovered the warmth of the sun on my boobs was starting to turn me on. As I lay there with my eyes shut, I felt an ice-cold drop of water on my left tit; my nipple hardened immediately. My personality transformed into that of the character Kim Basinger played in *9½ Weeks*. I dared not open my eyes for fear that this exotic spell might end.

As the excitement kept peaking, Jeff kept dripping ice cubes all over my ex-

posed body. To further heighten my arousal, I removed my swimsuit bottom. (Jeff and I have been married for a little over six years, and for about four of them I've kept my snatch shaved.) As I lay there totally naked, I spread my legs and asked Jeff to drip the ice cube on my pink pussy lips. My lips were swelling just at the thought of the water hitting them; I was almost over the brink, but I wanted this feeling to last. Now I could truly relate to the feelings Kim Basinger's character must have felt. I began moaning and sighing as Jeff started touching my clit with the ice cube—some voice within asked him to insert the cube into my cunt. The feeling was one that I had never experienced in my life; the warmth of my insides and the coolness of the ice cube was almost more than I could take. I was now hotter than ever.

On the way into the house to continue our foreplay (Jeff stopped in the kitchen to get more ice cubes), I could feel my juices running down the insides of my legs. Jeff came into the bedroom with a large bowl of ice cubes, and he proceeded to get our sex toys . . . But that's another erotic scene—I'll have to write to you about that one later. — *Name and address withheld*

Bar made

About a year and a half ago, I was working as a disc jockey in a strip joint. There I met Rita, a gorgeous 32-year-old bartender with brown hair, hazel eyes, and

a figure that can make your heart stop. She was indeed the woman of my fantasies. On one particular Saturday night, as I sat around bullshitting with the other male employees, I mentioned that I'd love to get Rita in bed for just one night. Well, before I realised what was happening, we were making \$500 bets—me saying that I could get her into the sack; some guys betting with me, others against me. With this added monetary incentive, I figured, why not give it a try?

About 11 that night, one of the regular strip dancers got sick and couldn't finish the night out. Well, this left us short-handed, so I asked Rita if she'd take the girl's place. To my surprise, she said she would. During her last set, I got her to play with a dildo. This really got her hot, and I was burning up with lust just watching her. Afterward, Rita came over to me and asked if the rumor was true about me wanting to go to bed with her. There I was, dumbfounded, unable to believe what I'd just heard her say. After the shock subsided, I told her it was true.

Rita then asked me what I was doing after work. Well, before I could stop myself, I told her, "I'm going to bed with you." To my delight she just smiled and said "great!" After what seemed like a year, we finally closed and locked up the place. I could have sworn I was dreaming when I later found myself in a motel watching Rita slowly undress herself, then me. However, it didn't take long for my seven-inch one-eyed monster to realise that this was all very real, as Rita soon had her lips around it and I could feel its head tickling her tonsils. All too soon, I found myself shooting a load down her throat, and I couldn't wait to bury my face into that nice love nest of hers.

We got on the bed, and I shoved my tongue in her hot hole. I knew I was in heaven, because I just couldn't get enough of her sweet pussy juice. Rita had her legs around my neck, and when she started to come, she locked them even tighter together, trying her hardest to bury my head deep inside her. I practically couldn't breathe—but hey, what a way to go! After she let loose what seemed like five gallons of love nectar, Rita finally relaxed her legs. I slowly slid my way up her body, kissing every part of her. We embraced, and Rita grabbed my hard rod and guided it to her love tunnel. I then buried my stiff seven inches deep into her hot, wet, tight pussy. We both went crazy after that—it seemed like we just couldn't get enough.

Continued on page 150

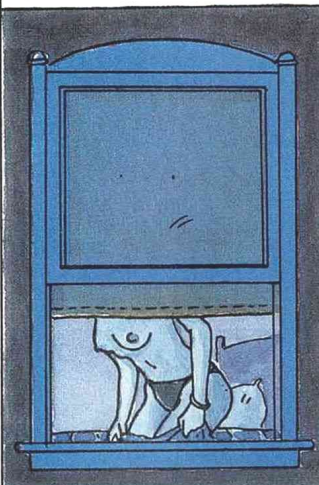
CALL ME
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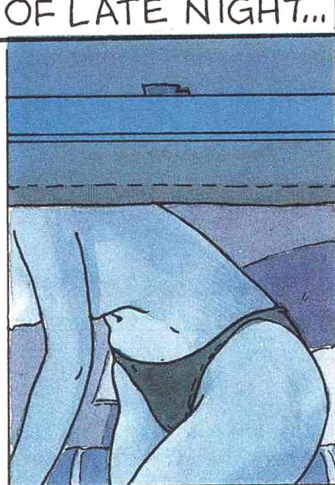
Johnny
TOPPER!
★ BY GERHART

Johnny Topper is a new breed of ghost. He's young, he's hip, he's horny and he's invisible! Look for him under the famous phantom fedora.

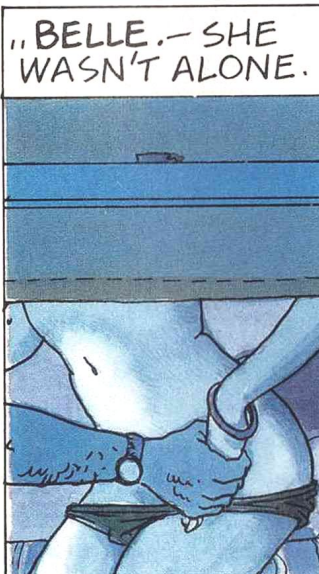
I WAS DRIFTING BACK FROM A POKER GAME WITH A COUPLE OF LATE NIGHT...



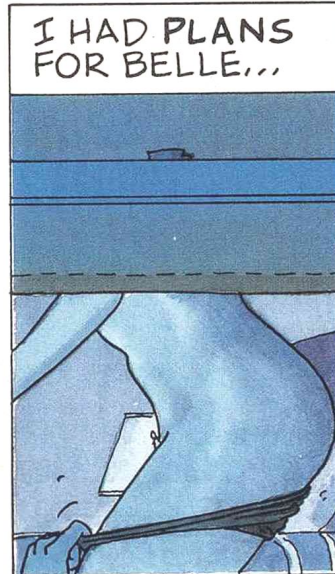
"PHANTOMS... I HAD A LOSING HAND BUT MY EYES GOT LUCKY... HER NAME WAS..."



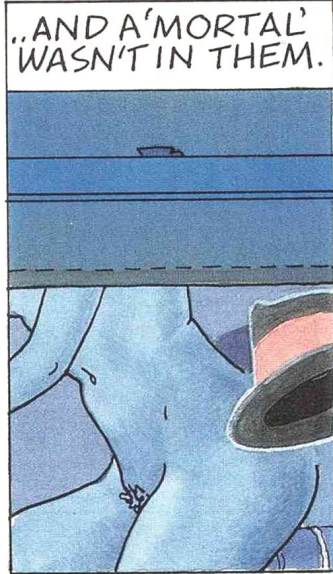
"BELLE... SHE WASN'T ALONE."



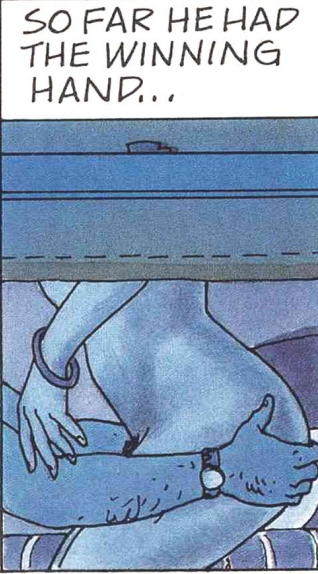
I HAD PLANS FOR BELLE...



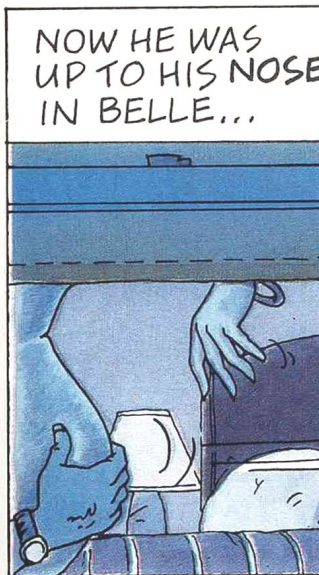
"AND A 'MORTAL' WASN'T IN THEM."



SO FAR HE HAD THE WINNING HAND...



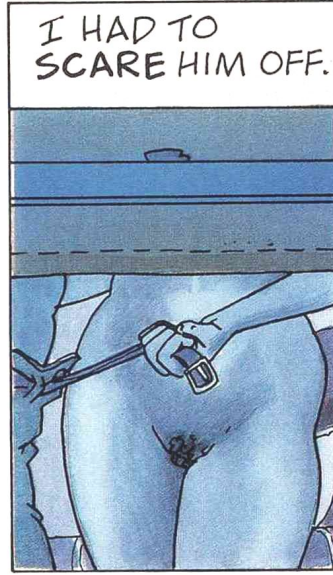
NOW HE WAS UP TO HIS NOSE IN BELLE...



"AND GETTING MORE 'UPPER' BY THE SECOND OH CAL..."



I HAD TO SCARE HIM OFF.



SORRY TO BUTT IN AT A TIME LIKE THIS CAL!



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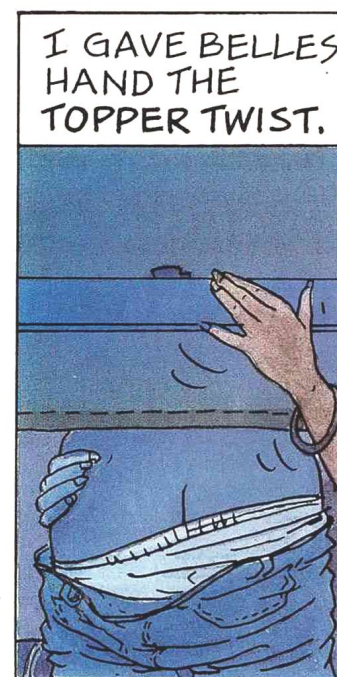
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I GAVE BELLES
HAND THE
TOPPER TWIST.



IT WAS A REAL
TEETH CLENCHER

AHHHH!



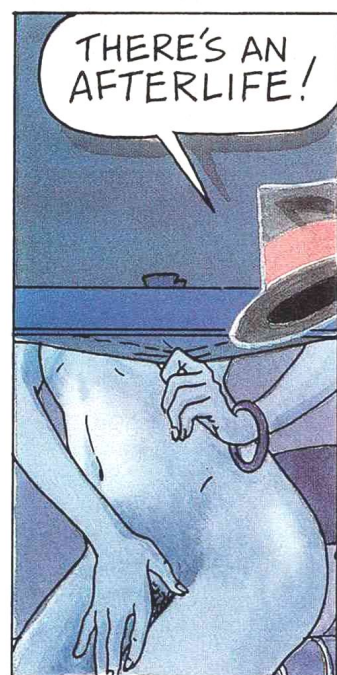
HI! I'M TOPPER
THE FRIENDLY
GHOST!

OHHHH

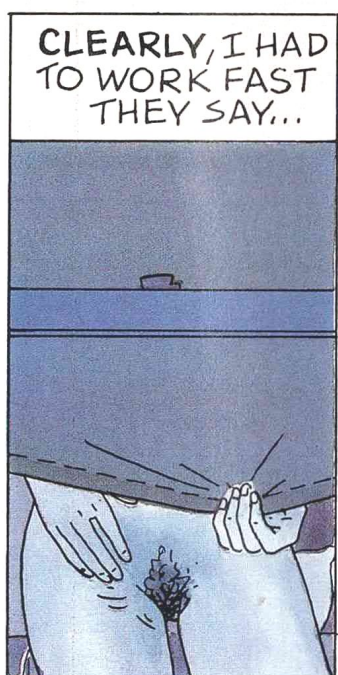


HEY! LOOK ON
THE BRIGHT
SIDE BELLE!

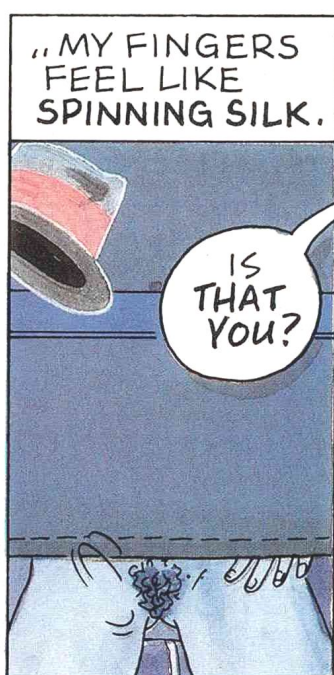
UHHHH!



THERE'S AN
AFTERLIFE!



CLEARLY, I HAD
TO WORK FAST
THEY SAY...



"MY FINGERS
FEEL LIKE
SPINNING SILK.

IS
THAT
YOU?



IT FEELS
LIKE
SPINNING
SILK!



I CAN'T LET
YOU IN!
CAL'S STILL...

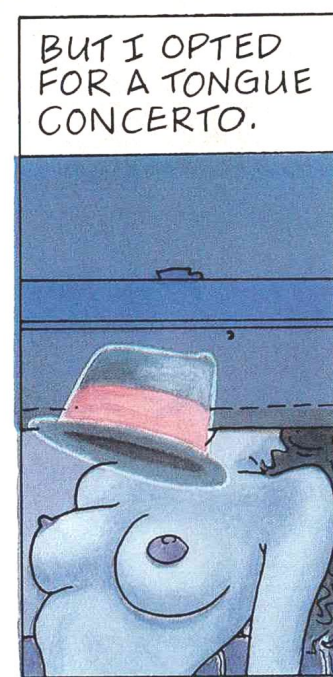


"DOUBLED UP
IN THE CORNER.

JUST
STICK OUT
YOUR
CHEST.



I COULD WRITE
A HYMN TO
BELLES BOOBS.

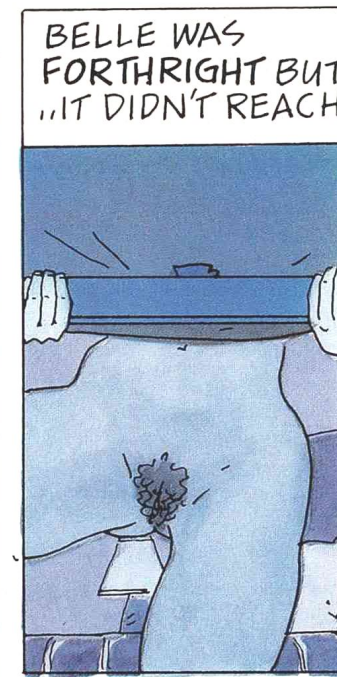


BUT I OPTED
FOR A TONGUE
CONCERTO.

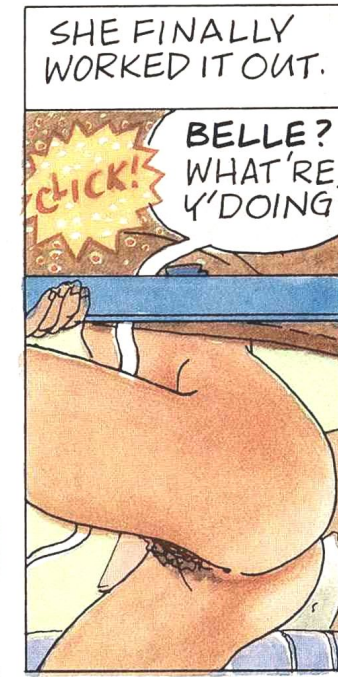


DO YOU COME
WITH THE WORKS?

INDEED
I DO!
BUT HOW...



BELLE WAS
FORTHRIGHT BUT
"IT DIDN'T REACH.



SHE FINALLY
WORKED IT OUT.

BELLE?
WHAT'RE
Y'DOING?



I'M BEING PORKED
BY AN ECTO-PLASM,
WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE

BELLE
YOU ARE
WEIRD!
"AND YOU'RE
MAKING ME
HORNY.

ZIP!



SO CAL
IS
WILLING
TO GAMBLE
AGAIN.



HE HELD THE
ONE EYED JACK



I PLAYED THE
ACE OF SPADES



BELLE HAD A
FULL HOUSE...



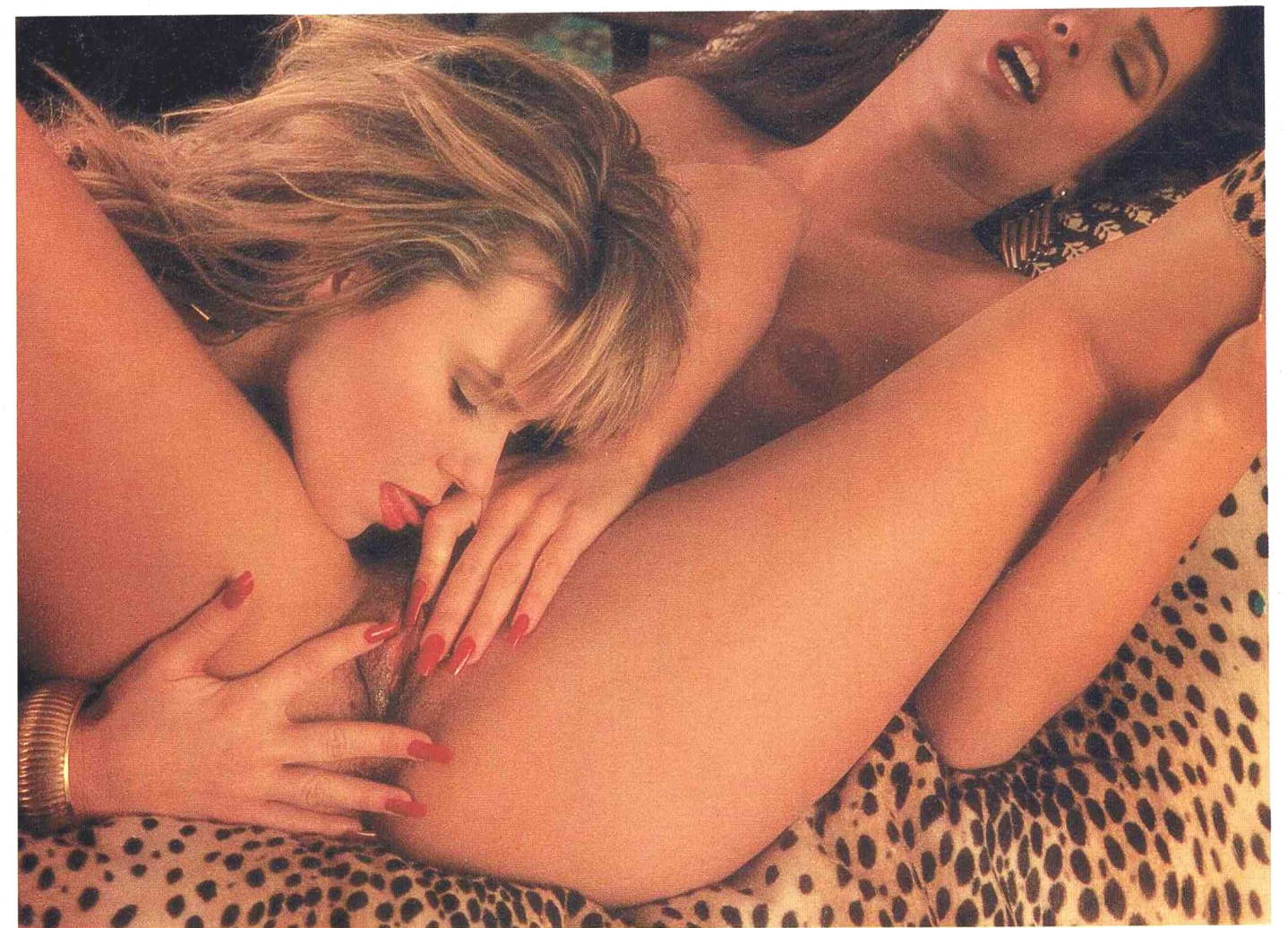
AND WE ALL
SHARED THE POT



CATS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON HARROLD

"As the cat lapses into savagery by night, and barbarously explores the dark, so primal and titanic is a woman with the love madness." Those words were written in 1916, but the female/feline analogy is timeless.



With the sensuality and surety of cats in the dark, two women writhe in adoring exploration of each other's body. It is pure fantasy. Erotic theatre played only for the eyes and minds of its audience. It says look but don't touch. That's showbiz.





FORUM

Continued from page 140

After about five hours of nonstop screwing and both of us coming more than we could keep track of, we finally relaxed and just lay beside each other. Rita then said, "Well, you won your 500 bucks, and I hope you're happy." I looked at her and replied, "I don't care about the money anymore," then lowered my head to her hot wet pussy to prove it. Well, the rest is another story, as we've been seeing each other ever since.—*Name and address withheld*

Helping hand

I am a 44-year old woman, married for 23 years. I have two children, both away. I am still attractive and in great shape physically. My tits and arse are still very firm. In all my married life I have never been unfaithful to my husband, which makes this story even more unusual.

Tom and I recently moved to a new area, and our house needed some painting and a lot of cleaning. We didn't know where to get help, so we were doing all the chores ourselves. One afternoon, on the third day we were there, Jimmy showed up and offered to help. Jimmy is a good-looking 18-year-old black man and is a student at the local uni. He was an incredible help, and my husband and I just loved him. A few days later when Tom went back to work, Jimmy continued to come over after his classes to help me.

After a few weeks our place looked like a home. I told Jimmy I had to pay him for his

help and I offered him some money. I told him I'd have to give him something or I'd feel guilty, and he said, "Okay, I want you." When I said I didn't understand, he said, "I want to fuck you." As you can imagine, I was shocked. I said I was flattered but that it was impossible for many reasons, and we left it at that. I didn't tell Tom because I knew he would be furious.

About a week later, I was out shopping when I got a flat tyre. I didn't want to bother my husband, so I called Jimmy. He must have run to get to my car so quickly, and it was a good thing he did because several young thugs had gathered around me and were making suggestive remarks. Jimmy took the tyre out of the boot and made them leave. He then fixed my tyre. He was sweaty and dirty and I was nervous, and we both decided that we needed baths. I took him home and then went home myself.

I was bathed and dressed when Jimmy came to the door to check on me. Again I insisted on paying him, and he insisted he would only accept fucking me as payment. I told him that we'd have to find some kind of compromise. He already knew that I hadn't told my husband, and I guess that knowledge had made him bold, because he said he would accept 30 minutes of very passionate French kissing. I said it was crazy, but then thought that those thugs at the car could have done a lot more, so I said five minutes. We settled on 15, and I took him up to my bedroom. I was actually very excited.

We lay down together on the bed. Jimmy became shy and waited for me to make the first move. I put my hands on his face and began to lick his lips. Soon he stuck out his

tongue, and in moments we were kissing passionately. I started to get very hot and sucked harder on his tongue. He became bolder and rubbed his hands all over me. He squeezed my tits, rubbed my arse and pussy, and pressed his hard cock against me. Here I was, a 44-year-old white housewife passionately kissing a black man more than 20 years younger than me. At first I protested, reminding him of my husband, but he just laughed and said, "If you don't tell, I won't."

When he came up for some air, I squeezed his cock and said he'd better find a nice young girl to help him get rid of his erection. He said he wanted to get rid of it by fucking me. I really wanted to see his dick, so I said I would compromise again and give him a handjob. Jimmy agreed, but only if I'd agree to take all my clothes off. After some more kissing and feeling, I agreed to strip.

I watched Jimmy get undressed. I told him he was beautiful and his was the first black cock I'd ever seen. We lay back on the bed and kissed some more. This time he didn't touch my tits, so I asked him to squeeze and suck them. He tickled my nipples with his fingers, and I moaned in pleasure. When Jimmy began to suckle them, I sighed "Oh, yes" and pressed his head closer. I was getting too hot, and went for his cock. I was going to get some hand cream to rub on it, just like I do for my husband, but I thought I'd like to kiss it first. I kissed his cock and balls, and began to lick them up and down. I knew then that I had to bring Jimmy off with my mouth, and he knew it, too, because when I looked up at him he just grinned.

I simultaneously sucked and pumped his tool, and in moments my mouth was filled with his warm come. I swallowed quickly, anxious to get every drop. I'd never swallowed come before, not even my husband's, and I was proud of how I was pleasing my young lover. I caught the juice that dribbled out of my mouth with my fingers and licked it off.

We lay back and kissed some more. Jimmy started in on my nipples again, knowing how hot that got me. He rubbed my pussy, and commented on how wet I was. I moaned in pleasure as he began to finger my cunt, and I spread my legs to make it easy for him. I soon had a wild orgasm and just collapsed on the bed as Jimmy sucked on his finger. He asked, "Are you sure you don't want me to fuck you?"

I had to give in. "Yes, I want you. Please fuck me." He put his face between my legs and sucked my clit, driving me crazy. Suddenly, he swung around into a 69 position. It had been years since I'd done that with my husband. I licked his cock and balls as he continued on my pussy. At this point I couldn't wait any longer and asked Jimmy to fuck me. He moved on top of me and I guided his hard cock into my cunt. We pumped together, kissing furiously. Soon I

had multiple orgasms as Jimmy shot his load into me. I was exhausted and had to remind him of my age. We rested a while, then I had to tell Jimmy it was time to go.

Jimmy now comes to see me three or four times a week for more of the same. What he likes to do is French-kiss me or feel my tits or stick his hand up my skirt when Tom isn't looking. Several times when Tom was watching TV I've sucked Jimmy off or pulled up my skirt to let him fuck me from behind. The combination of cheating on my husband and getting it from such a beautiful young black man has made me young again. — *Name and address withheld*

On board

It all started when I was directed to escort a group of officials on a tour of my Navy vessel. Due to the size of the ship, the tour was rather long. The dignitaries became tired and we sat down to take a short break. As we sat down, the lady across from me crossed her legs, exposing about half of her inner thigh before adjusting her skirt. Glancing up, I caught her wink at me while wetting her lips with her tongue. This action sent blood directly to my groin, causing my cock to strain at attention.

At the end of the tour, the group began to disperse, returning to their staterooms for a rest. The lady, whom I'll call Ms Q, asked me if I could show her to the rest room designated for female use. As we

walked, her conversation became personal. She was interrupted, however, when the ship took a roll and she lost her balance. I reached out to break her fall, and my hand brushed her breast. I helped her to her feet and noticed an erect nipple protruding through both her blouse and lacy bra. She complained of feeling a bit woozy, so I offered to help her back to her cabin.

Once we got to her cabin, Ms Q asked me if I could help her with a heavy suitcase. I moved her valise and asked if there was anything else I could help her with. She smiled and said that the light above her bunk was giving her trouble. I bent over to inspect the problem. As I did, I felt her hand on my back. Turning around, my eyes met up with two of the firmest, roundest, upturned tits I have ever seen.

Ms Q licked her lips again and dropped to her knees. She began to bite off the buttons on the pants of my dress uniform. Yanking my pants and shorts down to my ankles, she gasped at the size of my torpedos. She cupped my walnut-sized testicles in one hand, and the shaft of my love gun with the other, flicking the tip with her expert tongue. I grabbed her head and pulled her toward me, groaning in delight as my big gun almost fully disappeared into her mouth. Her head bobbed furiously, and soon three months' worth of love juice filled her mouth. She swallowed as much as she could.

She stood up and began to disrobe be-

fore helping me out of the rest of my uniform. My monster muscle of love was still standing at full mast when she straddled my face and lowered her dripping honey pot on to my waiting mouth. My fingers worked on her clit as my tongue darted in and out of her love porthole. She screamed, "Eat me, you squid" a couple of times before her whole body tensed in orgasm. We were both ready for more.

I moved around and mounted Ms Q doggie style. I slowly slid my love missile into her warm, wet hole and pumped her wildly for a few minutes until we were both on the brink of coming. In order to prolong the pleasure, I pulled my cock out till the tip was penetrating her hot box. As she reached down to fondle her beautiful tits, I jammed my stiff staff all the way back into her twat. I fucked her wildly until we both collapsed in orgasm.

Ms Q was not finished, however. She sucked me back to life, asking me if I had any friends who would like to partake of her delights. I called a couple of drinking mates, Boots and Decker. By the time they arrived, I was once again buried deep in her hole. Boots gently removed me from my place of honor and rammed his member into her waiting cunt. They fucked and sucked in rhythm like a well-oiled machine until one by one they filled her to the gills with spunk. She collapsed on the floor, exhausted, and we quietly dressed and left.

— *Name and address withheld*

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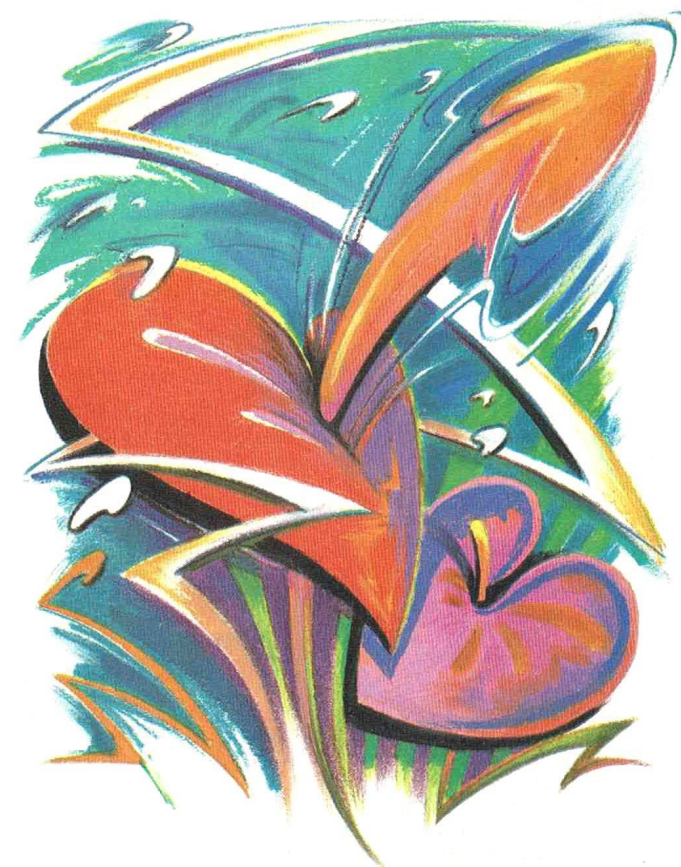
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LOOSE ENDS

**GIVE 'EM AN
INCH**



This very week an acquaintance has sought me out to confide that he is about to undergo a secret experimental technique to enlarge his penis. Through a series of treatments this method will hopefully lengthen and thicken his member until, before he can say *hot dickety*, he will be the proud possessor of not a willy but a **WANG**.

I am not at liberty at this stage to reveal details, though I will say this method involves no surgery, weighted attachments or suss vacuum gizmos. All this is straight up, by the way. I'm not telling you porkies.

He chose me as the recipient of his precious information because he perceived me to be A Woman Who Understands These Things. Indeed, as his story unfolded I was careful to maintain the most professional of countenances, and at intervals I would raise an eyebrow, tilt my head in an interested, empathetic manner and make encouraging doctorly noises at the back of my throat. These noises served the ulterior purpose of stifling the legions of insane giggles that were marshalling all the while in the region of my epiglottis. I figured that a bit of straight play-acting at that stage would pay off later on when he returned after the treatment and perhaps showed me his dick. Then I could take a good long look at it, blink a couple of times and say: "You mean *that's* enlarged?" and, like the sensitive gal that I am, fall to the floor cackling and wriggling like an epileptic hyena.

That was my initial cynical plan, because, you see, when he laid his secret info on me there was no doubt in my mind that the method wouldn't work. However, in the ensuing days I have been pondering the miracles of modern technology and now my confidence in its failure has been eroded to the point where I now worry that this may indeed be a bona fide boner improver. I have an image of him fronting up to flop a giant sea slug of a thing

upon the desk at which I now write. Surely, faced with a monstrous blue-veined *beche de mer*, C.J. (a woman who, truth be told, has never clapped eyes on a real live LAAARGE one in all her born days and even when she saw one on a dirty video had to replay it, oh, seven or eight times just to be sure), would for once be lost for words.

It is the wider implication that has me in a bit of a bother. Should this secret experimental technique indeed make salamis of cocktail franks, how long could my acquaintance and his fellow guinea pigs be expected to keep their pork swords under wraps? In their position, how long could anybody? They'll be shouting the news from the rooftops, they'll be beamed beaming into the loungerooms of the nation via an assortment of *Willesee* programs. Blue-rinsed audiences of the *Ray Martin Show* will watch, mouths agape, as the new-look wedding tackle is unfurled. And once the cat's out of the bag, every bugger's going to want one. There is a real danger that this thing could become bigger than all of us.

If there's one thing I've learned over the past few years it is that a great many men are dissatisfied with the proportions of their penis. Letters flood into this magazine from worried chaps who are convinced they were behind the door when the dongers were being dished out and soothing words to the effect of "It ain't the meat, it's the motion" cannot begin to salve a man who believes the very embodiment of his physical manhood is a bit light on. And who can deny that given half the chance any man short of John Holmes, so to speak, would leap at a safe, effective method of penis enlargement? Even relatively well-hung men would be obliged to sign up to maintain their locker room advantage. Add to those the battalions of well-adjusted types who would be pushed into it by their wives and you have a whole new perspective on this forthcoming

Bicentennial year. I can see the slogan now: "200 Years — From Dragging Chains To Dragging Dicks." Rid of their physical insecurities, an insufferably cocksure male population is an ugly speculation from this particular female's point of view.

But that's of course a very fanciful worst case scenario from a typically hysterical imagination. It is more likely that this new method will be as effective as all those that stretch behind it down through the ages of male penis fixation. Who knows what the next few weeks

will reveal? As they say in the classics, I await further developments.

And you know, despite my grim imaginings, there is a part of me that wishes all the best for my acquaintance's manly endeavor. By that, for once, I intend no pun. Who am I to deny him an extra inch if this or any other method can render it within his grasp? If it makes him happier and more sexually confident then so be it and good luck to him. At the very least he will have solved the problem of what to give his wife for Christmas. — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

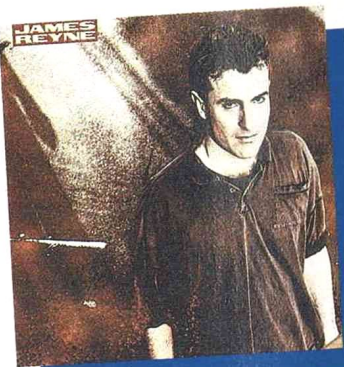
Bands sporting sibling front persons don't always have to be beaming, like-minded Mormons, as the defunct Split Enz and the very much alive and throbbing **Pardon Me Boys** prove. Ignatius Jones will be familiar to many through his efforts in the rock arena with Jimmy And The Boys and Arms And Legs — less familiar is his stylish, elegant sister Monica. She's the third chanteuse to grace the lineup following on the heels of accomplished actress Michele Fawdon and the outrageous upstager Nell Campbell (now the toast of New York with her own nightclub). Nell is one of the few people to have pulled focus from Ignatius — he may have been doing one of his extravagant dance routines and Nell would have flopped a tit out behind him. Monica presents the glamorous straight person to her brother's more fanciful flights of footed fancy. She's an independent mother of one (the baby travels on the road with the band), an occasional actress (virtually playing herself in Gillian Armstrong's *High Tide*) and an accomplished classical guitarist.

The third core member of this ensemble is keyboard player Bill Oriordan, who forged early schoolboy bonds with Ignatius with the proffering of a reel-to-reel tape of the complete works of Judy Garland. Early performance collaboration came in Elizabeth Zawinul And Our Lady Of The Fuhrers that was eclectic in the extreme (spanning David Bowie to the Andrews Sisters). Still, later, even when slaughtering chickens on the rock and roll circuit, Ignatius would go home and relax to Benny Goodman. His archival obsession with that period has allowed more obscure gems from the time to creep into their act, like "Do You Want A Hotdog For Your Roll?" from the widely known(?) Butterbeans And Susie. The first few releases, however, off their debut album *Pardon Me Boys* (Regular) are more obvious hits from the era — "Beat Me Daddy (Eight To The Bar)", "Aye, Aye, Aye" and "Embraceable You."

Having spent the last couple of years building themselves up as a live act "doing showbiz music from an era when music meant showbiz", they are now trying to assault the airwaves. A record of straight songs could never fully

capture the live whirlwind of the act (including the jitterbugging newly acquired for their first filmclip). Still, sympathetic recording by producer Charles Fisher using essentially live band takes and some zappy brass figures make the tracks sound nothing like the show soundtrack album it might have been. If you miss out on any of their extravaganzas you should definitely beat yourself eight to the bar.

Echoes from another era come with the release of more **Doors** antiquities on *Live At The Hollywood Bowl* (WEA). They are also ably recreated on a track of the *Lost Boys* (Atlantic) soundtrack by **Echo And The Bunnymen** ("People Are Strange"), whose own album *Echo And The Bunnymen* (WEA) sports a crashing sonority that demands credibility if not interest.



On the first solo bout of **James Reyne** (EMI) the singer still slides in and out of vowels like a model with showgowns where the effect is everything. Wisely the lyrics are included, for in his overseas travels in search of identity (and new management and record company) he has obviously had many world-weary late nights of soul searching. Some of it is cryptic to the point of stylish babble, some very revealing as in "Counting On Me", where his past colleagues seem fairly directly referred to. Musically the album has all the punch of Crawl at their most solid with some elements of funk they never utilised. It's still guitar city though, and he announces, "Yes, I'm home, slide



EIGHT TO THE BAR

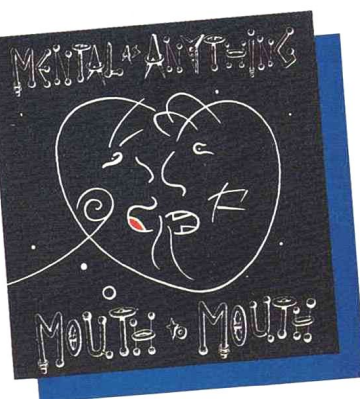
Clockwise from the top: **Pardon Me Boys'** whirlwind captured on vinyl; **No shocks from Michael Jackson**; **Light, bright ditties from The Mentals**; **Solid punching from James Reyne**.

over baby, your bad dream's back again" to a pushy boogie beat.

Mental As Anything are a band that everyone wants to like — they're such a likeable bunch with (thank heavens) a sense of humor. Their latest *Mouth To Mouth* (CBS) seems to be based on the premise that 11 light bright single-sounding ditties make a great album. To these ears the effect is like the breakfast cereal that gravitates more towards the ceiling than the table. Good music for upset stomachs.

Michael Jackson wants to be liked so *Bad* (Epic) it has taken him four years and much plastic surgery (he's looking more like the highly unlikely offspring of Iva Davies and Diana Ross) to follow up his mega *Thriller*. There are no stylistic shocks here: funky teppers with occasional doses of syrup all constructed with great finesse by ace producer Quincy Jones to sound effortless. The only real worry is Jackson himself. He sounds like such a wimp when he's trying to be so tough with sentiments like "Your butt is mine ... gonna hurt your mind ... because I'm bad" — and I'm going to eat dirt and worms until you believe me.

That unprecocious antipodean ensemble **GANGajang** are here to be our *gangAGAIN* (Mercury). Vocal and writing chores seem more split between Mark Callaghan and keyboard/guitarist Geoff Stapleton this time round, with Callaghan mining some sense of Celtic roots and Stapleton proving to be no slouch with the larynx. — *Jeremy Cook*



Waving just this once the cardinal rule of "No Poofters in *Penthouse*," let me introduce to you **Prick Up Your Ears**, a seedy and compelling portrayal of the life and death of English playwright Joe Orton. Orton, for those not acquainted with his work and ways, was a bad boy of the London theatrical scene for much of the Sixties. His blackly humorous plays *Loot* and *Entertaining Mr Sloane* unleashed a moral ambiguity and bent sexuality on a public whose open interest in such things was just beginning to stir.

Orton practised what he preached. From tacky beginnings in working class sleaze he pulled himself up through the English echelons via the literary route until he basked like a grinning satyr in the very best sleaze that money could buy. A notoriously promiscuous homosexual, he was hammered to death in 1967 by his jealous and mentally disturbed live-in lover Kenneth Halliwell. Halliwell overdosed on barbiturates immediately after the murder and wrote before dying: "I loved him. I must have loved him, for I chose him to kill me."

A happy little yarn or what? Oddly enough, *Prick Up Your Ears*, directed by Stephen Frears (*My Beautiful Laundrette*, *The Hit*) is a happy little film, if it's possible to say that about one which opens with a grisly murder scene. As Orton celebrated life, iconoclasm and the thrills of illegal and anonymous sex so does this film celebrate likeable, warts-and-all Orton. There has been some criticism by those who knew Orton himself to the effect that the film's portrayal of him is too kind, that the man was a true prick, in every sense of the word.

The film itself, however, small and intimate as it is, is hard to fault. As Orton, the increasingly remarkable Gary Oldman (he was Sid in *Sid And Nancy*) grins, rollicks and roots his way through yet another superb chameleon performance. Alfred Molina is sublimely ugly and cloying as the neurotic Halliwell, the man who shared his life and his claustrophobic Islington flat with Orton for 15 years. The supporting cast includes Vanessa Redgrave, Wallace Shawn and

Julie Walters.

Evocative cinematography by Oliver Stapleton is in large part responsible for the rollercoaster effect in this portrayal of Orton's life. Forever changing, it continually juxtaposes the dismal and the delightful, taking the viewer from the horrific to the haunting to the laughable. *Prick Up Your Ears* was written by Alan Bennett from the biography by John Lahr. It is produced by Andrew Brown and music is by Stanley Myers. Perhaps not for homophobes, but highly recommended for cinemaphiles.

If haunting sleaze is your scene, man, you can do a whole lot worse than to get yourself along to **Down By Law**, writer/director Jim Jarmusch's (*Stranger Than Paradise*) lyrical study of a friendship between three New Orleans lowlifes. It stars John Lurie, Roberto Benigni and Tom Waits. Lurie also scored the film and living treasure Waits provided songs. Indeed, *Down By Law* is not unlike a Waits song set to film as it drifts in scungy homage to life in Louisiana gutters, in Louisiana prisons and in its bayous before delivering its audience at last into the freedom and fresh air of a happy, friendly ending. Its generous injection of off-beat humor comes in the main from the quirky performance by Italian comic Benigni. Riveting photography is provided by Robby Muller. This is a sad and beautiful film.

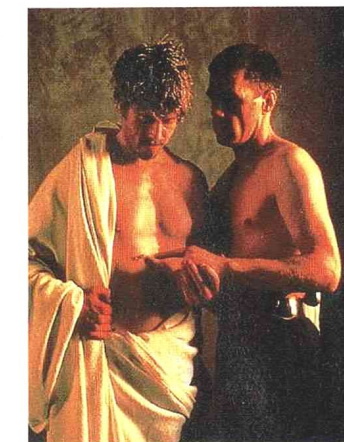
More gorgeous sleaze about to hit the art cinema circuit comes in the form of **Caravaggio**, a deliriously sensual cinematic study of the life of one of Italy's most renowned and most raunchy Renaissance artists. It is directed by Derek Jarman and stars Nigel Terry, Sean Bean and Garry Cooper. For slaving, exquisite cinematography (Gabriel Beristain) and styling *Caravaggio* takes not just the cake but the whole damned patisserie. But as far as storyline goes, it left this little black duck in a bit of a muddle. I'm just glad that they didn't ask questions on the life of the artist after the show. Perhaps if I'd worn a beret, all would be clear. I didn't and it wasn't.

FILM

BREAKING ALL THE RULES



From the top: **Alfred Molina and Gary Oldman in a scene from director Stephen Frears' Prick Up Your Ears**; **Two scenes from the deliriously sensual Caravaggio**; **A gormless gaggle of geeks from Revenge Of The Nerds II**.



Enough of the artsy fartsy stuff already. Anyone wearing a beret to **Revenge Of The Nerds II: Nerds In Paradise** will not be admitted. Dress requirements insist on white socks, polyester slacks (mid-calf with a hint of flare) and a nice nylon short-sleeved shirt with peekaboo singlet. Now, I'm not above admitting that I was kinda partial to those lovable wimps in the first Nerd adventure. But the gormless charm wears a bit thin in this routine spin-off. Director Joe Roth and writers Dan Gunzelman and Steve Marshall would have been better off quitting while they were ahead, or behind, depending on your viewpoint. Strange as it may seem, Virginia, there is such a thing as too many sex and snot jokes. — *C.J. Mackay*





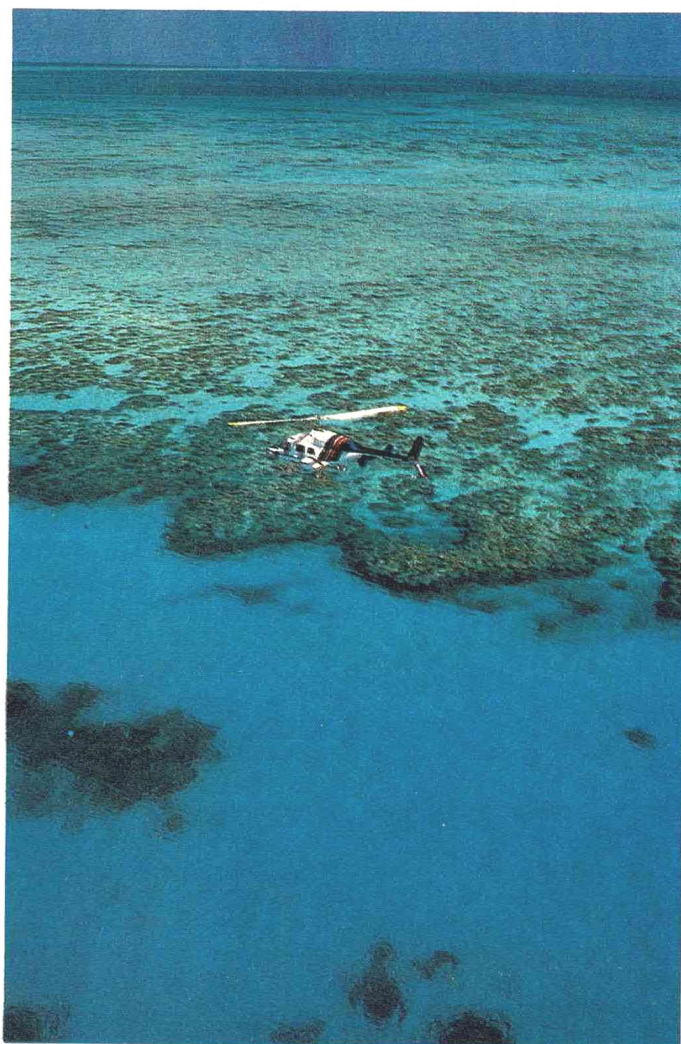
NOTHING COULD BE FINER

Now you don't have to visit the Oktoberfest to get your hands on one of these magnificent two-litre steiners of West German Braunkaiser beer. Traditionally served up by big-bosomed frauleins in rowdy beer halls, these steiners are now available in Australia through Mac's Cellars and selected bottle shops. Why not put your order in for one this Christmas? The beer itself is a prestigious drop which is a favorite among connoisseurs for its full flavor and malty character. The steiner, as you can see, is a mighty handsome piece of beer drinker's equipment. It's a refillable conversation piece! Look at paying about \$68. For stockist information phone (02) 698 2319.



TIME ON YOUR HANDS

The word "Swatch" has now become a generic term for all colorful, fun, hard-wearing, and above all fashionable plastic watches. Little wonder. Thirty million of the little buggers have invaded 20 countries since the first one rolled off the Swiss production line five years ago, and Swatch is now the largest single unit item exported from Switzerland, even leaving the famous Swiss Army Knife for dead. The newest collection, available in all good jewellery and department stores for Christmas, includes 20 different models. Once again fashion, sports and classic designs are the featured themes, making for a range that's both classic and topical. The price is still only \$60 and, of course, they're shockproof, waterproof, featherlight, quartz precise with a three-year battery. Photographed here is the Blake's.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

Who will ever forget the scene in *Apocalypse Now* when helicopters soared into battle with classical music blazing along with the missiles? The tropical surrounds of Cairns are a long way from jungles crawling with gooks, but for those who enjoy the smell of palms in the morning and have visited the tropical north accordingly, a must-do and must-listen is the helicopter flight-seeing experience of Lloyd "Birds of Paradise" tours out of Cairns. Lloyd offer the options of flights emphasising the reef or the rainforest, and all are fully musically accompanied. Don the stereophonic headset and soak up the incredible views only a chopper allows. The service and refreshments along the way are first class. Ring 070-52 1244.

AUSSIE COSSIES

Brief is the brief for swimwear chic on the beaches and by the pool this summer, and if you thought last summer's men's briefs were brief, wait till you see what Speedo has in stores around the country — and the world. Once the preserve of Mean Machines et al, even seven-stone weaklings are cleaning up their act and getting away with minimal threads this year. Don't miss them.



WIN BICENTENNIAL TEST TICKETS

You know, there's only one chance every 200 years to see a Bicentennial Test, and here's the chance for you and a friend to be in on the prestigious event free. Yardley Classic Gold men's toiletries and *Australian Penthouse* are giving away two tickets to the historic Australia-England cricket clash that begins on the Australia Day long weekend. At the Sydney Cricket Ground from Saturday, January 23, to Thursday, January 28, you and a buddy will be watching from premium reserved seating on the Mezzanine Deck as history is made. Ten runners-up will receive a complimentary gift pack of Yardley toiletries from the Classic Gold range. What are you waiting for? Send your entries to Bicentennial Test Competition, *Penthouse* Loose Ends, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Entries close last mail on Friday December 17, so get 'em in quick.

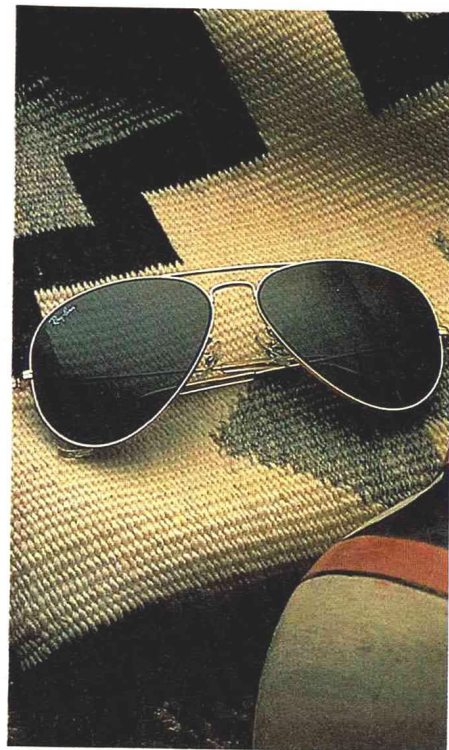
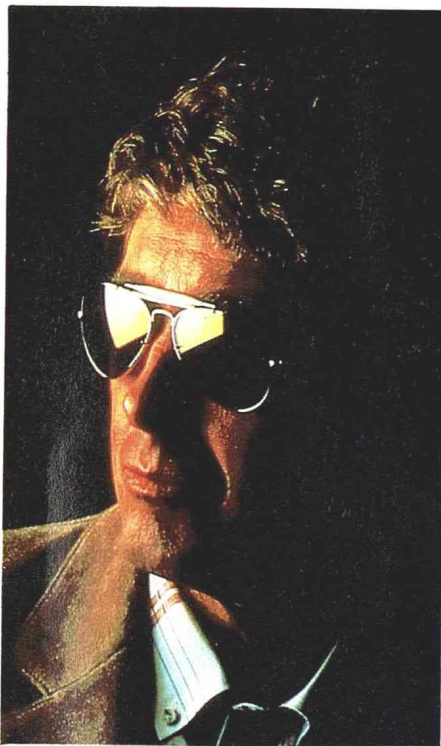
WAKE IN FLIGHT

In the continuing battle of one-upmanship on the water, Kawasaki has pulled out all the stops with its Jet Ski 650SX, the most powerful Jet Ski watercraft ever to attack the morning calm. Also a new V-shaped hull harnesses the extra power for a more responsive craft all round. This high performance machine is loaded with special features which your Kawasaki dealer would be only too happy to explain to you. Remember, even the name Jet Ski is the registered trademark of Kawasaki, and thus it leaves many of the imposters in its wake. Not cheap at \$6499, but you know you're buying quality.



EYE FLYING

Distinctive Ray-Ban sunglasses went to war with millions of servicemen and women, perhaps the most prominent among them the American Caesar himself, General Douglas MacArthur. This year, to celebrate its 50th anniversary, Ray-Ban launches The General — a commanding sunglass that combines the original 1937 “aviator” or “MacArthur” styling with all mod cons. This new style features rich 24K gold plating, accentuated by a thicker eye wire, pearl finish on the brow bar, nose pad and temple tip and a stylish flat temple, laser engraved with the Ray-Ban trademark. The General also offers hi-tech RB-50 lenses that provide 100 percent ultraviolet protection, photochemical adjustment from 20 percent transmittance for moderate glare to 15 percent transmittance for brightest glare, anti-reflective mirror coating, and blue light filtering. It's a look that never goes out of style. Ray-Ban from Bausch and Lomb are available at better optical stores.



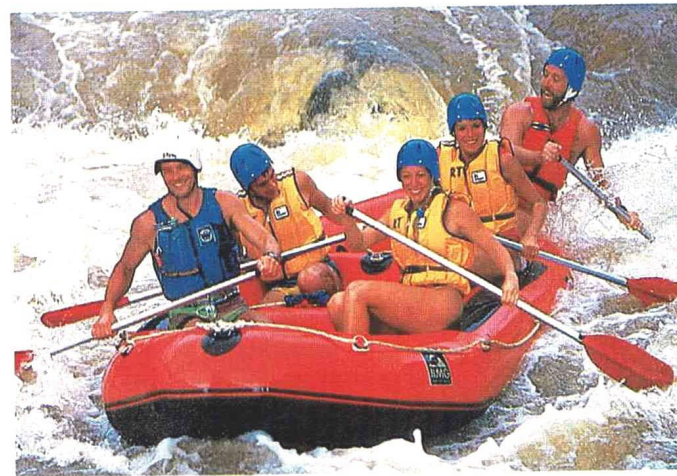
THE ULTIMATE

You've heard it all before, right? The ultimate camera? Sound familiar? Professional results? You can't believe everything you read — so the best idea is to pick up one of Minolta's Autofocus Professional 9000 SLRs in a shop near you and ask for a demo, and then thumb through the lengthy brochure provided. It's hard to do this astounding camera justice in these few lines. The Minolta 7000 was its predecessor, rapidly becoming one of the world's best-selling SLR cameras after its release, and for very good reasons. The 9000 takes the concept a step further, and is designed for the professional. See for yourself the continuous autofocus; 1/4000 sec; 1/250 sec flash syncs; 5fps sequence with motor drive unit . . . and more, more, more.



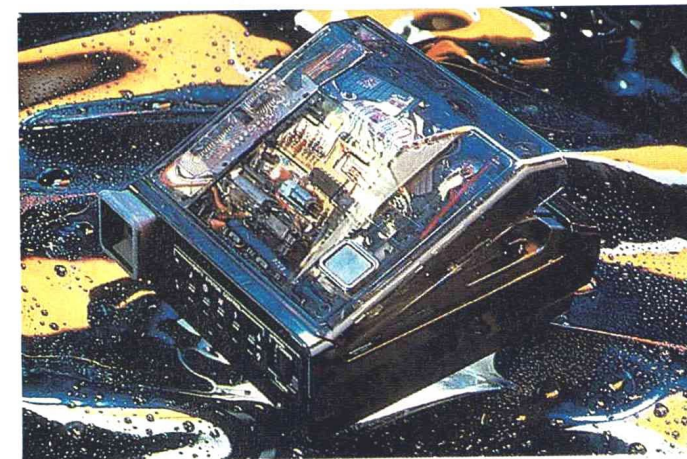
THE BEAR ESSENTIALS

You might wonder why a Real Man's magazine like *Australian Penthouse* would want to feature something as namby pamby as a bunch of teddy bears in their Christmas issue. Well, we'll let you in on a little secret. Teddy bears drive women wild! When these ones were delivered to *Penthouse* for photography every female on staff and half a dozen *Penthouse* Pets were seen to fight one another to grab ahold of one. The squeals of girlish delight were audible three offices away. We kid you not — you see before you a little known female attractant to add to your standards like the French champers in the fridge, the low lights, soft music and the rest. Use your imagination and fling one in the corner of the lounge room, the bedroom, the back seat of the car and Bob's your uncle. Giant top quality bears like these from Teddy and Friends, Australia's renowned bear boutique, don't come for peanuts. Ophelia the polar bear, and Augustus, the big brown chap, retail for \$298, while Rumpold, the cuddly bowtied fellow, sells for \$119.95. Still, for value and efficacy where you need it most, they're a lot cheaper than a black Porsche.



WHITE WATER HEAVEN

Are you a man or a mouse? Feeling up to a rafting expedition on North Queensland's mighty North Johnstone River, reckoned by many to be Australia's hairiest adventure trip? Dave Wilson, managing director of Raging Thunder in Cairns, says the only way into this river is by chopper and the only way out is by raft. In the wet season, Raging Thunder rafting fools run standing waves up to 15 feet high with rapids up to half a mile long. Graded from 3 to 6, this stretch of wild water is affectionately known as the ultimate adventure. If the idea of the North Johnstone makes you swallow your tongue, Raging Thunder also conducts five-hour rafting trips on lesser grades of white water near Cairns. Other trips offered by this progressive young company include: 7-day sea kayak journeys off the coast of Mission Beach, which make for a week's relaxed paddling through the Coral Sea; a 12-day Wild Encounter to the tip of Cape York by 4WD; and 3, 5 and 7-day bicycle tours through the Cairns hinterlands. For the ultimate tropical adventure, contact Raging Thunder at PO Box 2172, Cairns, Qld 4870 or phone them on (070) 514911.



THE INSIDE STORY

Electronics or photography buffs seeking something different this Christmas might like to consider the world's first fully functional transparent camera. The new Spectra system Onyx instant camera from Polaroid features a tinted transparent top which reveals the advanced electronic circuitry housed inside. Polaroid has designed the onyx tint hues and black lacquered gunmetal surfaces of this latest addition to the Spectra system to appeal to the buyer who appreciates fashion and function. Like the opaque bodied Spectra, the Onyx has all the advanced features that make possible the instant images that Polaroid claims rival the color quality of 35mm photography. But with the Onyx, they're all on full view. Suggested retail price is \$368.95.

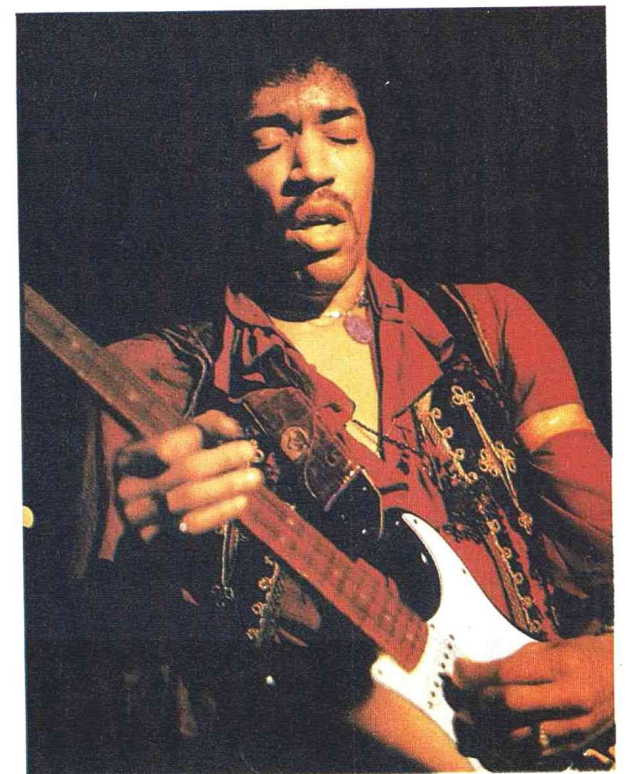
BOYS' TOYS

The Toy is one of the latest breed of watersport fun machines, a unique alternative to Jet Skis, dinghies and small runabouts. Relatively inexpensive, efficient and easy to drive, and designed and built in Australia for the flagwavers among us, it can be trailed or transported on roof racks. Foot throttle adds to the feeling of control at the wheel. The name Toy should not belie its solid workmanship nor the serious aspect of its fun capabilities. Even Pet Of The Year candidate Emma Stone takes a back seat to its sleek design. Almost. Ring Trinity Marine on (02) 327 8984 for more information.



MUSIC VIDEO

What would Jimi Hendrix be doing if he were alive today? Banging on the lid of his coffin? Pumping out the standards in clubland? Or producing training videos to assist all would-bes to emulate his original style? If you answered the last, and were right, Jimi would be in very good company, with other artists such as Mick Taylor, John Entwistle, Larry Carlton and Carmine Appice leading the charge. Imagine sitting down for an hour's tuition, step by step, through these guys' hottest licks. This is the thrust of the video teaching revolution, music training being particularly suited to the medium. You actually play along as the experts blaze the way on screen. Freeze frame, tablature, and Jimi doesn't even have to be alive to participate, as another ring-in takes you through his repertoire in great detail. Ring Music Sales on (02) 267 7433 for more information. Oh, and fellas, remember: you have to turn down the amplifier if you want to hear the television.





Sydney's Virginia Fox

COMING IN JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Adventures Of Reggie Spiers — The former Australian javelin champion, currently on death row in a Sri Lankan prison, is not your average Aussie dope dealer. This exclusive story documents the remarkable and often dangerous antics of a conman and comedian whose high-rolling inter-continental adventures ended in a tiny maximum security cell in Colombo's Welikada prison.

John Williamson Interview — The Mallee Boy's vocals have become identified with a new age of Australian nationalism as Williamson enjoys success on the record charts which reflects decades of dedication to his craft. On the eve of the bicentenary year, the singer and composer of "True Blue" has his say on the future of the lucky country.

The Harley Davidson Story — This decade has seen the legendary American bike's reputation transformed from that of a technically obsolete cult machine into one of the few bright two-wheeled performers. While the Japanese are cutting back on production, this American company is one of the few bike manufacturers pushing ahead. January *Australian Penthouse* tells you why so many Australian men are getting hard-ons over the Harley Soft-tail.

Modern Romance — You might think that being rich and single in Hollywood would be like heaven. Think again. In the late Eighties, the rules of the singles game have changed as the sexual revolution's survivors realise that there's no such thing as a nice girl who gives *really* good head. You want to know about 1988's sexual status quo? Then read January *Australian Penthouse*.

Whiplash Smile — Virginia Fox was originally scheduled to appear in this month's issue, but Queensland's Fifi The French Maid's strip routine resulted in Virginia postponing her appearances until January. Catch a glimpse of her in next month's centrefold and you'll agree that Virginia was worth waiting for.

ILONA STALLER

Continued from page 59

priests that loved Cicciolini . . . I should have given out posters!" One of her ecclesiastical *compari* even enjoyed the distinction of having a nude photo dedicated in his honor.

But when it comes to sex, that's where Ilona and *Il Papa* part ways. "The Pope is certainly intelligent, and maybe even nice . . . but I don't agree with him when he prescribes sex only for procreation. I think one should make love for pleasure. Do you think the Hindus make love only for procreation?"

When asked to shed some light on more private affairs, such as her brief marriage, Ilona cagily responds, "I am married to all the little darlings who help me with my 'spectacles.' For the moment, I don't have a sweetheart all to myself. When the feeling hits . . . another ten come along sweeter than the last, until I find myself in love with ten or 20 men in one evening."

In addition to her new duties as deputy, Ilona also employs several other porn actresses in her own video company. Future projects on board include a film titled, aptly enough, *Cicciolina Goes To Parliament*.

Almost immediately after her stunning victory at the polls, Ilona took to the stage once more, performing her erotic revue before an audience of hundreds at the northwest beach resort of Viareggio, outlandishly outfitted in a costume that featured a winged back and a completely bare chest. During the show, however, attempts to pepper her routine with political rhetoric were ill-received by patrons. "I want to forge ahead, like Joan of Arc, with my battle against censorship," she announced. "We paid 50,000 lire [\$38] to see you perform," cried the audience. "Save your speeches for Parliament." Authorities had threatened legal action prior to the performance, but as usual, Ilona had the last laugh. Her new status as deputy conferred immunity!

She stands up to her detractors with characteristic pluck. "I'm a true revolutionary, a transgressor, and incidentally, very sweet." Ilona contends that simply being a politician does not automatically guarantee a sterling moral makeup, any more than being a porn star makes one particularly evil or "immoral."

After all, politics is too serious a matter to be trusted to politicians, and in the midst of Italy's many political scandals, usually involving very highly placed officials, Cicciolina set out to make it known that raising one's dress or lowering one's pants is hardly the most reprehensible act a politician can commit. On the contrary, she claims swindlers, the dishonest, and the dubious can easily lurk beneath the deceptive facade of the three-piece suit. This lady is one politician with absolutely *nothing to hide!* —

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